

Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XVII., No. 1 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own." —Montaigne. JAN., 1895

City and Country

Boston and New York have both of them decided by vote of the people in favor of a system of passenger traffic within the city limits more rapid than that which they now possess. Boston is not satisfied with the trolley car and wants an elevated railroad. New York has decided that its elevated railroad is inadequate and wants something still more swift; something approaching the speed of the regular steam railroad, built upon a solid roadbed and able to make a speed of from forty to sixty miles an hour. The wonderful expansiveness of modern cities makes the question of quick locomotion imperative. People must live within a reasonable distance of their work in point of time, if not of actual distance. It is quite essential to modern methods that business offices should be huddled closely together; that the brokers should be near the exchanges, the merchants near those with whom they do their business. In order to make this possible the residential portions of great cities have depended altogether upon the question of accessibility. The time consumed in transit is practically wasted time. It is taken either from what might be devoted to business, or from time that might be better given to the pursuit of health or happiness. This waste in a city like New York now amounts to a very appreciable part of the day for those who live five or six miles from the business centre. The ideal transit toward which its inhabitants all look is, therefore, of necessity, the quickest that can be obtained regardless even of comfort. Instead of consuming from one half hour to one hour in going from office to home, this time must be reduced so much that the journey from heart to suburbs shall be a mere trifle. A half hour spent on a train should find a man well out into the country, for this after all is the place which the poor and rich alike should aim to live in. There the quiet induces complete repose for the mind and nerves; there the enjoyments are simple, the air is pure, and the social duties which now wear out the lives of those who live in cities are less exacting. There the problem of family life, too, and of education, of wholesome living, are all of them more readily solved, and thither there is now a strong impulse among the dwellers in all our great centres to make their permanent abodes. The city itself is the hive to which the industrious come in swarms from all directions, but the real country is in summer or winter, spring or fall, the only fit residence for the man that works.

A Loss to Literature

Philip Gilbert Hamerton's death has been a distinct loss both to literature and to art. Next to Ruskin he has enjoyed the greatest popular esteem of any English art critic. Much less a master of rhetoric than Ruskin, his treatises upon pictures and painters have not been without rhetorical charm. He wrote with great fluency, and with directness, never soaring above the heads of his readers, and

seldom mingling with the dangerous abstractions which have proved the ruin of so many writers upon artistic subjects. Hamerton, who was born in 1834, was of mixed French and English parentage—a combination which accounted for his breadth of mind. His first volumes, like the *Painters' Camp* and the *Intellectual Life*, were delightful sketches in narrative form. Later, he wrote more particularly upon technical questions in art, producing a number of highly esteemed volumes like his *Life of Turner*, his *Etching and Etchers*, and *The Graphic Arts*. As editor of the *Portfolio* he maintained for a number of years a periodical devoted to the highest art. More recently it was changed in character from that of a monthly magazine to a series of monographs upon artistic subjects of the highest excellence and value.

Civilization Wins

It has been generally conceded that the fall of Port Arthur will end the Chino-Japanese war, since resistance on the part of the Chinese would be futile. It has been repeatedly shown that their troops were unequal to the task of coping with the superior skill and ability of the Japanese, and it remains now only for the latter to dictate terms to their opponents. Earlier in the contest the Japanese disabled the Chinese navy completely at the mouth of the Yalu River. There is not enough of it left to pull together, and now, in addition, they have gained a foothold on the land, which places the capital of the Empire at their mercy. There will be little regret among Americans at the brilliant victory of the Japanese, for our sympathies are and have been with them. The Chinese with their stupid barbarities, their non-progressive population and arrogance, have been a contrast to the quick and intelligent inhabitants of Japan. This people long since appreciated the value of the civilization of Europe and America. They have been zealous in the prosecution of studies of American and European progress, and so well have they learned what they set out to acquire, that they have out-generated their enemies at every point and apparently in the easiest manner possible.

The Greatest Interpreter

Rubinstein's death will leave a sense of personal bereavement to many Americans who were privileged to hear him when on his concert tour in this country more than twenty years ago. One of the most remarkable pianists of the day, it was undoubtedly a source of annoyance to him that he was so regarded. He felt that this remarkable gift overshadowed his claims as a great composer, and he resolutely refused the most flattering and fabulous offers to make a second tour in this country as a virtuoso. Rubinstein was of Russian Jewish descent, having been born in Bessarabia. He was brought up in the Greek faith, and as a boy developed a remarkable

aptitude for music. He was an "infant prodigy" at ten years of age, but in spite of it his early life was a constant struggle against poverty. In later years he became a wealthy man, but will be remembered rather as a pianist than as a composer. In some respects he resembled Liszt, who was also virtuoso and composer, but Rubinstein was less of a creative genius. He was simply an emotional giant. As a writer puts it, "His emotional nature continually smouldered at a dull red heat, but when the breath of another composer's inspiration blew upon the mass it flared up, and the conflagration was always impressive and sometimes surprising. He then saw the master works from the inside—he made us feel that here were the very thoughts and emotions of the composer, not of the virtuoso. Hence, above all things, he was a great interpreter, perhaps the greatest interpreter who has lived." Rubinstein was the author of a number of beautiful melodies, of a grand opera, of symphonies and other large musical compositions, but it is generally conceded that these works of his were not such as to entitle him to any lasting fame.

The Useful Microbe

The development of the microbe as a useful aid to man has been lately exemplified in the use of bacteria to kill certain destructive vermin. The microbe has also been found to be at the bottom of the light-giving properties which have been observed in the flesh of dead fish and sometimes of ordinary butcher's meat. Possibly it may play some part in the attainment of the much sought for "cold light" upon which electricians are now spending so much energy. Whether it does or not, it appears at least to have proved an effective agent in the extermination of the small rodents that work havoc among the crops of France. The destruction caused by the common field-mouse is in certain regions enormous. According to a paper recently read before the Paris Academy by Jean Danysz, experiments were made to destroy the pest by cultivating and spreading certain bacteria, which produced a fatal epidemic among them. This was in the commune of Charny. The bacillus itself is not named, but it appears that it underwent the usual process of isolation and cultivation in a laboratory. A certain amount of bread was soaked with water which had been previously infected. This bread was then scattered over a large field and was placed near every hole showing recent traces of an occupant. Though it was estimated that the field at the start contained from 10,000 to 30,000 mice, ten days after the spreading of the infection not a trace of a living rodent could be found. The burrows were opened in places and found filled with dead mice. This experiment was repeated in other departments with equal success. One peculiarity of the bacillus is that, though destructive to all small rodents and highly contagious, it is harmless to dogs, cats, fowl, domestic animals, or human beings. It is inexpensive to propagate and thoroughly effective in its work. One of the benefits to be derived from this new use of the bacillus will be in the complete destruction of the rabbit pest of Australia.

The Canals of Mars are Natural

Professor Schiaparelli, whose discovery of twin, parallel markings on the surface of Mars, which have been called canals, contributed recently to an Italian journal, *Natura ed Arte*, a paper which represents his most recent conclu-

sions. In it he announces his firm conviction that these peculiar markings are actually canals, not made by human agencies, perhaps, but by geological transformations and natural causes. The normal appearance of these canals is dark, like that of the seas, and it is a peculiarity of them that they all terminate in estuaries and bays without any interruption of color. Their character of huge furrows destined for the passage of a liquid mass he finds to be especially confirmed by observation of them at the time of the melting of the Northern snow. Then the canals of the surrounding region appear blacker and wider, as if distended by the waters released from the pole by the summer sun. The yellow mass of land then grows smaller, and is broken up as if into islands, and this condition continues until winter sets in again. As to the doubling of these canals Schiaparelli feels unable as yet to give any satisfactory account. This doubling, or "gemination," occurs just before and just after the melting of the polar snows. The process is rapid, occupying only a few days, at the end of which time a given canal is transformed in its whole length into two canals separated by distances of from thirty to three hundred miles, and in all respects as parallel as the two rails of a railroad. The duplication is also observed in the lakes, and may appear one season and not the next. Observation of them has consequently been very difficult, but it seems probable that the duplication is not a fixed geographical formation on the surface of the planet. The suggestion that this duplication is caused by atmospheric divergences of the rays of light has been made, and to the layman will seem a reasonable supposition. The distinguished astronomer is unwilling to accept it. With the possibility of human agency and skill in the construction of these great waterways removed, the latest and most hopeful sign of the presence of a race of beings upon our neighbor is discredited, and we are no nearer a solution of the problem of the possible habitation of other worlds than ours than before.

Our Daily Food

The suggestion has been recently made that the alarming prevalence of the disease known as appendicitis is due to the common use of certain dangerous preparations of flour. This directs attention to the prevalence of adulterations in our food products, and the work which has recently been done in different States by local food commissions. According to a report of the Ohio Food Commission mentioned in the Outlook, a crusade was instituted against the grocers of the State for selling fraudulent articles. It was found that they were commonly selling vinegar that was a chemical compound, jellies and jams with but a small percentage of fruit in them, lemonade made without any lemons, but with tartaric acid, and so on. They then moved on the druggists, who were selling tonics that were mere concoctions of alcohol; "predigested" foods that were dangerous to the system, and tablets purporting to contain certain medicines, when only the merest trace of such drugs could be found in them. There are hundreds of articles of household use which are now prepared in this fraudulent way. A few vigorous commissions to look into them and prosecute the makers and sellers would be of lasting benefit to the race. The English Parliament put an end to this dangerous practice in the United Kingdom some years since by the enacting of the Food Adulterations Act.

LADY STUART'S INTERVIEW WITH NAPOLEON III.

BY PIERRE DE LANO

The following dramatic scene between Louis Napoleon and one of the most beautiful members of his Court is taken from a new work translated from the French of Pierre de Lano, and published by J. Selwin Tait & Sons. It is entitled *Napoleon III. and Lady Stuart: an Episode of the Tuileries*. It describes an interview which took place between the Emperor and Lady Stuart after their child had been stolen through the machinations of the Empress Eugénie.

The day after her sad discovery Lady Stuart went to the Tuileries at the risk of meeting the Empress, and imperiously demanded an interview with Napoleon III. The sovereign received her immediately, but when he saw her he made a gesture of despair:

"You here!" he softly chided, "you here! What imprudence; what folly!"

Lady Stuart, wan and grief-stricken, advanced toward him.

"Yes, I am here at the Tuileries. Do you not understand, sire, that I must have a powerful motive to risk this imprudence—this folly?"

The young woman's voice trembled, and was almost inaudible. The Emperor looked at his mistress, and his dawning smile disappeared; the dramatic attitude of the Countess Ellen alarmed him.

"*Mon Dieu!* what is the matter? What misfortune has happened to you?"

"An awful misfortune, sire; my child has been stolen."

The sovereign trembled.

"Your child has been stolen!"

"Yes; it happened fifteen days ago, and I only learnt it yesterday, when I went to La Verrière."

The young lady then gave her lover a full account of the abduction.

The Emperor turned pale as he listened to her. He tugged at his mustache and feverishly paced his cabinet.

Then he stopped, and stammered:

"Your child has been stolen! Who could have committed this theft, and for what end? Do you suspect anybody who would be capable of taking revenge in such a way?"

Lady Stuart, with an effort, let fall one word: "Yes."

Napoleon III. was impatient and nervous.

"Speak, madam; the name of this person?"

"Your Majesty insists on the name?"

"I must have it—the guilty person, whoever it be, shall not go unpunished."

"The guilty person will not be punished, sire; if your Majesty sees that my son is restored, I shall be satisfied."

"Undeceive yourself, madam, the guilty person shall be chastised. Again, I say speak."

"The person who has caused my son to be carried off and is hiding him, sire, is the Empress."

At these words the sovereign became intensely pale. The accusation made against his wife was sudden and unexpected. He was shocked, and quickly going up to the young woman he took her by the arm.

"Silence, madam, silence!" he said in a very low voice, "and never repeat what you have said to me."

Lady Stuart disengaged herself, and, gathering courage from the genuine emotion of the Emperor, she replied:

"Pardon my language, sire; but my child has been taken from me. I want my child; I want to see him again, dead or alive; and until I see him I will not cease to proclaim to you the name of her whom I consider to be the interested instigator of the misfortune which has befallen me.

"You impose silence upon me and you are right, for you can do nothing in regard to this revelation; for your justice is powerless against the rank of the guilty person. You do not doubt my assertions; you know, as well as I, the hand which has struck this blow. I have been banished from the Tuileries, but she desires more: she desires our separation, and to attain this end she has plotted to torture my mother-heart. She thought that my grief would henceforth interpose between you and me, and she was right. From to-day I am only a weeping mother, resolved by any sacrifices to regain possession of her missing child."

The Emperor was sincerely moved at the depth and sincerity of her affliction.

"The misfortune which has happened to you is abominable—frightful," he said, "and you may rely upon my support to obtain ample satisfaction. Your child shall be found and returned to you. Calm yourself, then, I pray you; and for my sake, who have loved you, and still love you, do not bring the name of the Empress into this horrible affair. I believe and am certain that you are wrong, besides being prompted by your grief to blame the Empress in this case.

"From a very natural and perfectly legitimate feeling she banished you from court. She was desirous, perhaps, of finding some excuse to bring about a rupture between us. But she is a good woman and a mother, and it is inadmissible to impute designs to her of which she would be incapable, and to charge her with a crime. The Empress is a mother, I repeat; and a mother, madam, does not strike a woman, even though she detests her through her mother's heart."

Lady Stuart shook her head sadly.

She had no confidence in the maternal instincts and affections of the Empress under such testing conditions as the present, when jealousy sweeps away all that is sweet and tender in even the best.

"A woman who hates, sire, is capable of attempting anything against the object of her hate. The Empress is a woman in the expression of her feelings in the same manner as the rest of her sex."

"Do not say that, madam; do not say that," murmured the Emperor.

And he resumed his pacing up and down in his cabinet, relapsing into a meditative silence as of one who feels he must act but cannot see the way.

The Countess Ellen was well aware that the interview she had solicited that morning could only result in a vague promise of help, and affectionate exhortation and the offer of an uncertain hope.

She thanked Napoleon III. for his sympathy and took her leave.

IN THE ARENA: AT A BULL-FIGHT IN SPAIN

BY HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

A selected reading from *The Bull-fight*, a story in *Lillian Morris and Other Stories*. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Little, Brown & Co. After a vivid description of the crowds outside the circus, the hurry, confusion, and movement of the gala-day, the action moves to the arena, where the sport is about to commence.

The crowds enter the circus, and we enter with them.

Now we are in the interior. It differs from other interiors of circuses only in size, and in this—the seats are of stone. Highest in the circle are the boxes; of these one in velvet and in gold fringe is the royal box. If no one from the court is present at the spectacle this box is occupied by the prefect of the city. Around are seated the aristocracy and high officials; opposite the royal box, on the other side of the circus, is the orchestra. Half-way up in the circus is a row of armchairs; stone steps form the rest of the seats. Below, around the arena, stretches a wooden paling the height of a man's shoulder.

One-half of the circus is buried in shadow, the other is deluged in sunlight. On every ticket, near the number of the seat, is printed "sombra" (shadow) or "sol" (sun). Evidently the tickets "sombra" cost considerably more. It is difficult to imagine how those who have "sol" tickets can endure to sit in such an atmosphere a number of hours and on those heated stone steps, with such a sun above their heads.

In northern countries the contrast between light and shadow is not so great as in Spain; in the north we find always a kind of half shade, half light, certain transition tones; here the boundary is cut off in black with a firm line without any transitions. In the illuminated half the sand seems to burn; people's faces and dresses are blazing; eyes are blinking under the excess of glare; it is simply an abyss of light, full of heat, in which everything is sparkling and gleaming excessively; every color is intensified tenfold. On the other hand, the shaded half seems cut off by some transparent curtain, woven from the darkness of night. Every man who passes from the light to the shade makes on us the impression of a candle put out on sudden.

At the moment when we enter the arena is crowded with people. Before the spectacle the inhabitants of Madrid, male and female, must tread that sand on which the bloody drama is soon to be played. It seems to them that thus they take direct part, as it were, in the struggle. Numerous groups of men are standing, lighting their cigarettes and discoursing vivaciously concerning the merits of bulls from this herd or that one. Small boys tease and pursue one another.

Along the paling pass venders of oranges proclaiming the merits of their merchandise. This traffic is carried on through the air. The vender throws, at request, with unerring dexterity, an orange, even to the highest row; in the same way he receives a copper piece, which he catches with one hand before it touches the earth. Loud dialogues, laughter, calls, noise, rustling of fans, the movement of spectators as they arrive, all taken together form a picture with a fullness of life of which no other spectacle can give an idea.

All at once from the orchestra come sounds of trumpets and drums. At that signal the people on the arena fly to their places with as much haste as if danger were

threatening their lives. There is a crush. But after a while all are seated. Around, it is just black; people are shoulder to shoulder; head to head. In the centre remains the arena empty, deluged with sunlight.

Opposite the royal box a gate in the paling is thrown open, and in ride two "alguazils." Their horses white, with manes and tails plaited, are as splendid as if taken from pictures. The riders themselves, wearing black velvet caps with white feathers, and doublets of similar material, with lace collars, bring to mind the incomparable canvases of Velasquez, which may be admired in the Museo del Prado. It seems to us that we are transferred to the times of knighthood long past. Both horsemen are handsome, both of showy form. They ride stirrup to stirrup, ride slowly around the whole arena to convince themselves that no incautious spectator has remained on it. At last they halt before the royal box, and with a movement full of grace uncover their heads with respect.

Whoso is in a circus for the first time will be filled with admiration at the stately, almost middle-age ceremonial, by the apparel and dignity of the horsemen. The alguazils seem like two noble heralds, giving homage to a monarch before the beginning of a tournament. It is, in fact, a prayer for permission to open the spectacle, and at the same time a request for the key of the stables in which the bulls are confined. After a while the key is let down from the box on a gold string; the alguazils incline once again and ride away. Evidently this is a mere ceremonial, for the spectacle was authorized previously, and the bulls are confined by simple iron bolts. But the ceremony is beautiful, and they never omit it.

In a few minutes after the alguazils have vanished the widest gate is thrown open and a whole company enters. At the head of it ride the same two alguazils whom we saw before the royal box; after them advance a rank of capeadors; after the capeadors come "banderilleros," and the procession is concluded by picadors. This entire party is shining with all the colors of the rainbow, gleaming from tinsel, gold, silver, and satins of various colors. They come out from the dark side to the sunlit arena, dive into the glittering light, and bloom like flowers. The eye cannot delight itself sufficiently with the many colors of those spots on the golden sand.

Having reached the centre, they scatter on a sudden, like a flock of butterflies. The picadors dispose themselves around at the paling, and each one drawing his lance from its rest, grasps it firmly in his right hand; the men on foot form picturesque groups; they stand in postures full of indifference, waiting for the bull.

This is perhaps the most beautiful moment of the spectacle, full of originality, so thoroughly Spanish that regret at not being a painter comes on a man in spite of himself. How much color, what sunlight might be transferred from the palette to the canvas!

Soon blood will be flowing on that sand. In the circus it is as still as in the time of sowing poppy-seed; it is barely possible to hear the sound of fans, which move only inasmuch as the hands holding them quiver from

impatience. All eyes are turned to the door through which the bull will rush forth.

Suddenly the shrill, and at the same time the mournful, sound of a trumpet is heard in the orchestra; the door of the stable opens with a crash, and the bull bursts into the arena like a thunderbolt.

That is a lordly beast, with a powerful and splendid neck, a head comparatively short, horns enormous, and turned forward. Our heavy breeder gives a poor idea of him; for though the Spanish bull is not the equal of ours in bulk of body, he surpasses him in strength, and above all in activity. At the first cast of the eye you recognize a beast reared wild in the midst of great spaces; consequently, with all his strength, he can move almost as swiftly as a deer.

After he has burst into the arena, the bull slackens his pace toward the centre, looks with bloodshot eyes to the right, to the left—but this lasts barely two seconds; he sees a group of capeadors; he lowers his head to the ground, and hurls himself on them at random.

The capeadors scatter, like a flock of sparrows at which some man has fired small shot. Holding behind them red capes, they circle now in the arena, with a swiftness that makes the head dizzy; they are everywhere; they glitter to the right, to the left; they are in the middle of the arena at the paling, before the eyes of the bull, in front, behind. The red capes flutter in the air, like banners torn in the wind.

The bull scatters the capeadors in every direction; with lightning-like movements he chases one—another thrusts a red cape under his very eyes; the bull leaves the first victim to run after the second, but before he can turn, some third one steps up. The bull rushes at that one! Distance between them decreases; the horns of the bull seem to touch the shoulder of the capeador; another twinkle of an eye and he will be nailed to the paling—but meanwhile the man touches the top of the paling with his hand, and vanishes as if he had dropped through the earth.

What has happened? The capeador has sprung into the passage between the paling and the first row of seats.

The bull chooses another man; but before he has moved from his tracks the first capeador thrusts out his head from behind the paling, like a red Indian stealing to the farm of a settler, and springs to the arena again. The bull pursues more and more stubbornly these unattainable enemies, who vanish before his very horns; at last he knows where they are hidden. He collects all his strength; anger gives him speed, and he springs like a hunting-horse over the paling, certain that he will crush his foes this time like worms.

But at that very moment they hurl themselves back to the arena with the agility of chimpanzees, and the bull runs along the empty passage, seeing no one.

The entire first row of spectators incline through the barrier, then strike from above at the bull with canes, fans, and parasols. The public are growing excited. A bull that springs over the paling recommends himself favorably. When people in the first row applaud him with all their might, those in the upper rows clap their hands, crying, "Bravo el toro! muy buen!"

Meanwhile he comes to an open door and runs out again to the arena. On the opposite side of it two capeadors are sitting on a step extending around the foot of the paling, and are conversing without the slightest anxiety. The bull rushes on them at once; he

is in the middle of the arena—and they sit on without stopping their talk; he is ten steps away—they continue sitting as if they had not seen him; he is five steps away—they are still talking. Cries of alarm are heard here and there in the circus; before his very horns the two daring fellows spring, one to the right, the other to the left. The bull's horns strike the paling with a heavy blow. A storm of handclapping breaks out in the circus, and at that very moment these and other capeadors surround the bull again and provoke him with red capes.

His madness passes now into fury: he hurls himself forward, rushes, turns on his tracks; every moment his horns give a thrust, every moment it seems that no human power can wrest this or that man from death. Still the horns cut nothing but air, and the red capes are glittering on all sides; at times one of them falls to the ground, and that second the bull in his rage drives almost all of it into the sand. But that is not enough for him—he must search out some victim, and reach him at all costs!

Hence, with a deep bellow and with bloodshot eyes, he starts to run forward at random, but halts on a sudden; a new sight strikes his eye—that is, a picador on horseback.

The picadors had stood hitherto on their lean horses, like statues, their lances pointing upward. The bull, occupied solely with the hated capes, had not seen them, or if he had seen them he passed them.

But now he has had capes enough; his fury seeks eagerly some body on which to sate his vengeance.

The bull lowers his head and withdraws a number of paces, as if to gather impetus; the picador turns the horse a little, with his right side to the attacker, so the horse, having his right eye bound with a cloth, shall not push back at the moment of attack. The lance with a short point is lowered into the direction of the bull; he withdraws still more. It seems to you that he will retreat altogether, and your oppressed bosom begins to breathe with more ease.

Suddenly the bull rushes forward like a rock rolling down from the mountain. In the twinkle of an eye you see the lance bent like a bow; the sharp end of it is stuck in the shoulder of the bull, and then is enacted a thing simply dreadful: the powerful head and neck of the furious beast is lost under the belly of the horse: his horns sink their whole length in the horse's intestines; sometimes the bull lifts horse and rider, sometimes you see only the upraised hind part of the horse struggling convulsively in the air. Then the rider falls to the ground, the horse stumbles upon him, and you hear the creaking of the saddle; horse, rider and saddle form one shapeless mass, which the raging bull tramples and bores with his horns.

Faces unaccustomed to the spectacle grow pale. In Barcelona and Madrid I have seen Englishwomen whose faces had become as pale as linen. Every one in the circus for the first time has the impression of a catastrophe. When the rider is seen rolled into a lump, pressed down by the weight of the saddle and the horse, and the raging beast is thrusting his horns with fury into that mass of flesh, it seems that for the man there is no salvation, and that the attendants will raise a mere bloody corpse from the sand.

But that is illusion. All that is done is in the programme of the spectacle.

Under the white leather and tinsel the rider has armor which saves him from being crushed; he fell purposely under the horse, so that the beast should protect him with his body from the horns. In fact the bull, seeing before him the fleshy mass of the horse's belly, expends on it mainly his rage. Let me add that the duration of the catastrophe is counted by seconds. The capeadors have attacked the bull from every side, and he, wishing to free himself from them, must leave his victims. He does leave them: he chases again after the capeadors; his steaming horns, stained with blood, seem again to be just touching the capeadors' shoulders. They, in escaping, lead him to the opposite side of the arena; other men meanwhile draw from beneath the horse the picador, who is barely able to move under the weight of his armor, and throw him over the paling.

The horse, too, tries to raise himself: frequently he rises for a moment, but then a ghastly sight strikes his eye. From his torn belly hangs a whole bundle of intestines, with a rosy spleen, bluish liver, and greenish stomach. The hapless beast tries to walk a few steps, he falls, digs the ground with his hoofs, shudders. Meanwhile the attendants run up, remove the saddle and bridle, and finish the torments of the horse.

On the arena remains the motionless body, which, lying now on its side, seems wonderfully flat. The intestines are carried out quickly in a basket which is somewhat like a washtub, and the public clap their hands with excitement. Enthusiasm begins to seize them: "Bravo el toro! Bravo picador!" Eyes are flashing; on faces a flush comes, a number of hats fly to the arena in honor of the picador. Meanwhile "el toro," having drawn blood once, kills a number of other horses. If his horns are buried not into the belly but under the shoulders of the horse, a stream of dark blood bursts onto the arena in an uncommon quantity; the horse rears and falls backward with his rider. A twofold danger threatens the man: the horns of the bull or, in spite of his armor, the breaking of his neck. But, as we have said, the body of the horse becomes a protection to the rider; hence, every picador tries to receive battle at the edge of the arena, so as to be, as it were, covered between the horse and the paling.

All these precautions would not avail much, and the bull would pierce the horseman at last, were it not for the capeadors. They press on the bull, draw away his attention, rush with unheard boldness against his rage, saving each moment the life of some participant in the fight. Once I saw an espada, retreating before the raging beast, stumble against the head of a dead horse and fall on his back; death inevitable was hanging over him; the horns of the bull were just ready to pass through his breast, when suddenly between that breast and the horns the red capes were moving, and the bull flew after the capes. It may be said that if it were not for that flock of chimpanzees waving red capes, the work of the picadors would be impossible.

It happens rarely that a picador can stop a bull at the point of a lance. This takes place only when the bull advances feebly, or the picador is gifted with gigantic strength of arms, surpassing the measure of men. I saw two such examples in Madrid, after which came a hurricane of applause for the picador.

But usually the bull kills horses like flies; and he is terrible when, covered with sweat, glittering in the sun, with a neck bleeding from lances and his horns painted

red, he runs around the arena, as if in the drunkenness of victory. A deep bellow comes from his mighty lungs; at one moment he scatters capeadors, at another he halts suddenly over the body of a horse, now motionless, and avenges himself on it terribly—he raises it on his horns, carries it around the arena, scattering drops of stiff blood on spectators in the first row; then he casts it again on the stained sand and pierces it again a second time. It seems to him, evidently, that the spectacle is over, and that it has ended in his triumph.

But the spectacle has hardly passed through one-half of its course. Those picadors whose horses have survived the defeat, ride out, it is true, from the arena; but in place of them run in with jumps, and amid shouts, nimble banderilleros. Every one of them in his upraised hands has two arrows, each an ell long, ornamented, in accordance with the coat of the man, with a blue, a green, or a red ribbon, and ending with a barbed point, which once it is under the skin will not come out of it. These men begin to circle about the bull, shaking the arrows, stretching toward him the points, threatening and springing up toward him. The bull rolls his bloodshot eyes, turns his head to the right, to the left, looking to see what new kinds of enemies these are. "Ah," says he, evidently, to himself, "you have had little blood; you want more—you shall have it!" and selecting the man, he rushes at him.

But what happens? The first man, instead of fleeing, runs toward the bull—runs past his head, as if he wished to avoid him; but in that same second something seems hanging in the air like a rainbow; the man is running away empty-handed with all the strength of his legs, toward the paling, and in the neck of the bull are two colored arrows.

After a moment another pair are sticking in him, and then a third pair—six altogether, with three colors. The neck of the beast seems now as if ornamented with a bunch of flowers, but those flowers have the most terrible thorns of any on earth. At every movement of the bull, at every turn of his head, the arrows move, shake, fly from one side of his neck to the other, and with that every point is boring into the wound. Evidently from pain the animal is falling into the madness of rage; but the more he rushes the greater his pain. Hitherto the bull was the wrong-doer; now they wrong him, and terribly. He would like to free himself from those torturing arrows; but there is no power to do that. He is growing mad from mere torment, and is harassed to the utmost. Foam covers his nostrils, his tongue is protruding; he bellows no longer, but in the short intervals between the wild shouts, the clapping, and the uproar of the spectators, you may hear his groans, which have an accent almost human. The capeadors harassed him, every picador wounded him, now the arrows are working into his wounds; thirst and heat complete his torments.

It is his luck that he did not get another kind of "banderille." If—which, however, happens rarely—the bull refuses to attack the horses and has killed none, the enraged public rise, and in the circus something in the nature of a revolution sets in. Men with their canes and women with their parasols and fans turn to the royal box; wild, hoarse voices of cruel cavaliers, and the shrill ones of senoritas, shout only one word: "Fuego! fuego! fuego!" (Fire, fire, fire!)

The representatives of the government withhold their

consent for a long time. Hence "Fuego!" is heard even more threateningly, and drowns all other voices; the threat rises to such an intensity as to make us think that the public may pass at any instant from words to a mad deed of some kind. Half an hour passes: "Fuego! fuego!" There is no help for it. The signal is given, and the unfortunate bull gets a banderille which when thrust into his neck blazes up.

The points wound in their own way, and in their own way rolls of smoke surround the head of the beast, the rattle of fireworks stuns him; great sparks fall into his wounds, small congreve rockets burst under his skin; the smell of burnt flesh and singed hair fill the arena. In truth, cruelty can go no farther; but the delight of the public rises now to its zenith. The eyes of women are covered with mist from excitement; every breast is heaving with pleasure, their heads fall backward, and between their open moist lips are gleaming white teeth. You would say that the torment of the beast is reflected in the nerves of those women with an answering degree of delight. Only in Spain can such things be seen.

The daring and skill of the banderilleros surpass every measure. I saw one of them who had taken his place in the middle of the arena in an armchair. He had stretched his legs carelessly before him—they were in rose-colored stockings; he crossed them, and holding above his head a banderille, was waiting for the bull. The bull rushed at him straightway; the next instant I saw only that the banderille was fastened in the neck, and the bull was smashing the chair with mad blows of his head. In what way the man had escaped between the chair and the horns, I know not.

On the arena comes out the "matador" himself—that is, the espada. He is dressed like the other participants in the play, only more elaborately and richly. His coat is all gold and tinsel; costly laces adorn his breast. He may be distinguished by this, too—that he comes out bareheaded always. His black hair, combed back carefully, ends on his shoulders in a small tail. In his left hand he holds a red cloth flag, in his right a long Toledo sword. The capeadors surround him as soldiers their chief, ready at all times to save him in a moment of danger, and he approaches the bull, collected, cool, but terrible and triumphant.

In Barcelona and Madrid I saw the four most eminent espadas in Spain, and in truth I admit that besides their cool blood, dexterity, and training, they have a certain hypnotic power which acts on the animal and fills him with mysterious alarm. The bull simply bears himself differently before the espada from what he did before the previous participants in the play. It is not that he withdraws before him; on the contrary, he attacks him with greater insistence, perhaps. But in former attacks, in addition to rage, there was evident a certain desire. He hunted, he scattered, he killed; he was as if convinced that the whole spectacle was for him, and that the question was only in this, that he should kill. Now, at sight of that cold, awful man with a sword in his hand, he convinces himself that death is there before him, that he must perish, that on that bloody sand the ghastly deed will be accomplished in some moments.

This mental state of the beast is so evident that every man can divine it. Perhaps even this, by its tragic nature, becomes the charm of the spectacle. That might organism, simply seething with a superabundance of

vitality, of desire, of strength, is unwilling to die, will not consent to die for anything in the world! and death, unavoidable, irresistible, is approaching; hence unspeakable sorrow, unspeakable despair, throbs through every movement of the bull. He hardly notices the capeadors, whom before he pursued with such venom; he attacks the espada himself, but he attacks with despair.

The espada does not kill him at once, for that is not permitted by the rules of the play. He deceives the bull with movements of the flag, himself he pushes from the horns by turns slight and insignificant; he waits for the moment, withdraws, advances. Evidently he wishes to sate the public; now, this very instant, he'll strike, now he lowers his sword again.

The struggle extends over the whole arena; it glitters in the sun, is dark in the shade. In the circus applause is heard, now general, now single from the breast of some *senorita* who is unable to restrain her enthusiasm. At one moment bravos are thundering; at another, if the espada has retreated awkwardly or given a false blow, hissing rends the ear. The bull has now given some tens of blows with his horns—always to the flag; the public are satisfied; voices are crying: "Mata el toro! mata el toro! (Kill the bull! kill the bull!)"

And now a flash comes so suddenly that the eye cannot follow it; then the group of fighters scatter, and in the neck of the bull, above the colored banderilles, is seen the red hilt of the sword. The blade has gone through the neck, and, buried two-thirds of its length, is planted in the lungs of the beast.

The espada is defenseless; the bull attacks yet, but he misleads him in the old fashion with the flag; he saves himself from the blows with half turns.

Meanwhile it seems that people have gone wild in the circus. No longer shouts, but one bellow and howl are heard, around, from above to below. All are springing from their seats. To the arena are flying bouquets, cigar-cases, hats, fans.

A film is coming over the eyes of the bull; from his mouth are hanging stalactites of bloody saliva; his groan becomes hoarse. Night is embracing his head. The glitter and heat of the sun concern him no longer. He attacks yet, but as it were in a dream. It is darker and darker for him. At last he collects the remnant of his consciousness, backs to the paling, totters for a moment, kneels on his forefeet, drops on his hind ones, and begins to die.

The espada looks at him no longer; he has his eyes turned to the spectators, from whom hats and cigar-cases are flying, thick as hail; he bows; capeadors throw back to the spectators their hats.

Meanwhile a mysterious man dressed in black climbs over the paling in silence and puts a stiletto in the bull, where the neck-bone meets the skull; with a light movement he sinks it to the hilt and turns it.

That is the blow of mercy, after which the head of the bull drops on its side.

All the participants pass out. For a moment the arena is empty; on it are visible only the body of the bull and the eviscerated carcasses of four or five horses.

But after a while rush in with great speed men with mules, splendidly harnessed in yellow and red; the men attach these mules to the bodies and draw them around so that the public may enjoy the sight once again; then with speed equally great they go out through the doors of the arena.

CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

The White Tsar...Henry Bedlow....The White Tsar (J. Selwin Tait)

The following remarkable poem is written by Mr. Henry Bedlow, formerly Mayor of Newport, Rhode Island, and is printed by permission of J. Selwin Tait & Sons, who are issuing an *édition de luxe* of some of Mr. Bedlow's selected poems, under the title of "The White Tsar, and Other Poems." In grandeur of conception, in the stately majesty of its language and its wonderful presentment of a striking picture "The White Tsar" is without a parallel.

He was cubbed in a cave of Arctic snow,
Among ruthless kin of that region froze;
He is king where the Norland whirlwinds blow,
And the toppling Ice-cliffs plunge and roar.
He sits alert where the hummocks crowd;
When the Boreal Cyclone churns the sea,
And the rending Ice-pack thunders loud—
To the growl of his grizzly majesty.

Where the white-fox barks and the Spitz-dog howls—
At the phantom gleams of Auroral light,
Over hummock and drift he roams, or prowls—
In the stabbing cold of the Polar night.
In gorges rent by the turbulent deep
He's a fearless Hunter in weltering gloom,
O'er the Cairn's grim Warder, where bold men sleep—
Embalmed by frost till the crack of doom.

Right royal his state on the Ice-foot's peak,
Unmoved by the chaos and coil below,
The swirl of the sleet . . . the shrill wind's shriek,
Appareled in ermine of spangled snow.
His is a kingdom forever patrolled
By ghastliest agents of Death, as fell
In tyrannous charter of endless cold—
As the gelid circle of Dante's Hell.

His haunts are the Earth's magnetic pole,
And its loadstone Alps he clammers on,
Weird tracts, where the racing snow-waves roll,
Before the Arctic Euroclydon,
He prowls by light of the North's false dawn,
O'er deserts of silence and waste-wide steppes
Where fissure and chasm abysmal yawn,
Mocking the sight with unspeakable depths.

'Tis He who is Lord of that baleful zone,
Usurped by the measureless cold of space,
An Empire chartless—a realm unknown—
And Glacier-barred from the human race.
From his frosty lair in the mountain's rift,
He sees the squadrons that northward go,
Gored by the cusps of the Berg adrift,
Or brayed in the crush of the grinding Floe.

He clammers over their cribbled decks,
The embodied grimness of Arctic night!
And nuzzles their dead on the battered wrecks,
A tragic and grewsome Troglodyte!
Grappling the Walrus or clutching the Seal,
By the Ice-Blink's pale and spectral glow,
Of perilous foes no fear to feel
Save the sledded and Spitz-drawn Esquimaux.

The unattainable, uttermost North,
Where the Ptarmigan's flight has never gone,
Whence the cruel frosts of the World go forth,
And man has not been, since Eocene dawn.
No Ocean flashing in radiant brine,
But frozen Chaos, petrific, profound,
Where gaunt, grim Crags in their death-cold shine
Reverberate Horror, as if 'twere Sound.

He is Feudal Lord of that lonesome clime,
From its Ice-capped verge to its solid sea;
His vassals are Tempests and Ice and Rime,
They guard his fastness inexorably
Which man shall forever in vain assail!
As proof to assault, as to Sap and Mine!
For its glacier-bastions none can scale,
Nor vanquish its Ice-pack's serried line.

Alone in that winnowed wilderness,
Fearless he ranges o'er waste and wold,
By chasms rent in resistless stress
Of steadfast, inconceivable cold.
In Stygian gloom or Boreal light,
By fixed-star fires or midnight sun,
He's Tsar of a realm, immaculate white,
Death, Silence, Horror and He all one.

The Ride....May Kendall....Songs from Dreamland (Longmans)

Do you recollect the August day
We rode so far and we rode so fast,
And only the sunset bade us stay—
We rode together, first time and last?
Now, even in my dreams, the same
Wild, reckless gallop again we urge.
The sun is sinking, a ball of flame,
To the far horizon's level verge.

And on we fleet through the deepening glow,
The rose of the sunset on your face,
And the breeze about us as we go.
Our horses' hoofs in the tireless race
Make maddening music as we ride.
Though the windy plain is lone and wide,
We never speak though we ride so near
And only the wind could ever hear.

You do not turn, and you do not tire:
So lightly your bridle rein you hold:
Your windblown hair by the sunset fire
Is touched with glimmers of ruddy gold.
Right on you look at the flashing west,
And peace is mine at my being's core,
Because I know that I love you best
For ever and ever and evermore!

The Cowboy.....John Antrabus.....American Song (Putnam)

"What care I, what cares he,
What cares the world of the life we know!
Little they reck of the shadowless plains,
The shelterless mesa, the sun and the rains,
The wild, free life, as the winds that blow."

With his broad sombrero,
His worn chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds,
Where the wild bull feeds;

And he laughs ha, ha! who cares, who cares!

Ruddy and brown—careless and free—
A king in the saddle—he rides at will
O'er the measureless range where rarely change
The smart gray plains so weird and strange,
Treeless, and streamless, and wondrous still!

With his slouch sombrero,
His torn chapparejos,
And clinking spurs
Like a Centaur he speeds
Where the wild bull feeds:

And he laughs ha, ha! who cares, who cares!

He of the towns, he of the East,
Has only a vague, dull thought of him;
In his far-off dreams the cowboy seems
A mythical thing, a thing he deems
A Hun or a Goth, as swart and grim!

With his stained sombrero,
His rough chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds
Where the wild bull feeds;

And he laughs ha, ha! who cares, who cares!

Often alone, his saddle a throne,
He scans like a sheik the numberless herd;
Where the buffalo-grass and the sage-grass dry
In the hot white glare of a cloudless sky,
And the music of streams is never heard.

With his gay sombrero,
His brown chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds,
Where the wild bull feeds;

And he laughs ha, ha! who cares, who cares!

Swift and strong, and ever alert,
Yet sometimes he rests on the dreary vast;
And his thoughts, like the thoughts of other men,
Go back to his childhood's days again,
And to many a loved one in the past.

With his gay sombrero,
His rude chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
He rests awhile,
With a tear and a smile.

Then he laughs ha, ha! who cares, who cares!

Sometimes his mood from solitude
Hurries him heedless off to the town!
Where mirth and wine through the goblet shine,
And treacherous sirens twist and twine
The lasso that often brings him down;

With his soaked sombrero,
His rent chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
He staggers back
On the homeward track,

And shouts to the plains—who cares, who cares!

'Tis over late at the ranchman's gate—
He and his fellows, perhaps a score,
Halt in a quarrel o'er night begun,
With a ready blow and a random gun—
There's a dead, dead comrade! nothing more.

With his slouched sombrero,
His dark chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
He dashes past,
With face o'ercast,

And growls in his throat—who cares, who cares!

Away on the range there is little change;
He blinks in the sun, he herds the steers;
But a trail on the wind keeps close behind,
And whispers that stagger and blanch the mind
Through the hum of the solemn moon he hears;

With his dark sombrero,
His stained chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
He sidles down,
Where the grasses brown

May hide his face, while he sobs—who cares!

But what care I, and what cares he—
This is the strain, common at least;
He is free and vain of his bridle-rein,
Of his spurs, of his gun, of the dull, gray plain;
He is ever vain of his broncho beast!

With his gay sombrero,
His brown chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds,
Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs, ha, ha! who cares, who cares!

An Autumn Sunset.....Edith Wharton.....Scribner's
Leaguered in fire

The wild black promontories of the coast extend
Their savage silhouettes;
The sun in universal carnage sets,
And, halting higher,
The motionless storm-clouds mass their sullen threats,
Like an advancing mob in sword-points penned,
That, balked, yet stands at bay.
Mid-zenith hangs the fascinated day
In wind-lustrated hollows crystalline,
A wan valkyrie whose wide pinions shine
Across the ensanguined ruins of the fray,
And in her lifted hand swings high o'erhead,
Above the waste of war,
The silver torch-light of the evening star
Wherewith to search the faces of the dead.

Lagooned in gold,
Seem not those jetty promontories rather
The outposts of some ancient land forlorn,
Uncomforted of morn,
Where old oblivions gather,
The melancholy, unconsoling fold
Of all things that go utterly to death
And mix no more, no more
With life's perpetually awakening breath?
Shall Time not ferry me to such a shore,
Over such sailless seas,
To walk with hope's slain importunities
In miserable marriage? Nay, shall not
All things be there forgot,
Save the sea's golden barrier and the black
Close-couching promontories?
Dead to all shames, forgotten of all glories,
Shall I not wander there, a shadow's shade,
A spectre self-destroyed,
So purged of all remembrance and sucked back
Into the primal void,
That should we on that shore phantasmal meet
I should not know the coming of your feet?

*Too Late....Francis Saltus Saltus....Dreams After Sunset Moulton**

Jot stood upon my threshold mild and fair,
With lilies in her hair.
I bade her enter as she turned to go,
And she said, "No."

Fortune once halted at my ruined porch,
And lit it with her torch;
I asked her fondly, "Have you come to stay?"
She answered, "Nay."

Fame robed in spotless white before me came;
I longed her kiss to claim;
I told her how her presence I revered.
She disappeared!

Love came at last—how pure, how sweet!
With roses at her feet.
I begged her all her bounty to bestow—
She answered, "No."

Since then Joy, Fortune, Love and Fame
Have come my soul to claim;
I see them smiling everywhere,
But do not care.

* During the short life of the author, writing, in many languages, over five thousand poems, *Too Late* was his last poem.

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

Edward W. Townsend, Edward W. Townsend, whose *Author of Chimmie Fadden* Chimmie Fadden, Major Max and Others, is about to issue from the press, is the last of the small band of Californians to make a reputation on this side. Ballard Smith said of the Chimmie Fadden papers when they were running in the New York Sun that never in his newspaper experience had anything of the sort made such a hit. Men would carry them to fashionable dinners to read aloud after the ladies had left the table, and it was always safe to assume on Sunday mornings that more than one blasé club man was delivering the latest from his window or corner. They are unhesitatingly conceded to be the best studies from the East Side ever made. Mr. Townsend not only studied his types from life, but brought to the task of reproduction the pen of the skilled story-writer and a brilliant and facile mind. For a number of years connected with the San Francisco press, the greater leisure which a newspaper man of the first rank has in that city found him the opportunity to do a large amount of creative work. The taste of the Argonaut in stories is too well known to need emphasis here, and that it published more stories and sketches from Mr. Townsend's pen during the years that he contributed to it than from that of any other one writer is a striking illustration of its own acumen and of the cleverness and versatility of its most welcome guest. His last work for the Argonaut was a series of sketches of San Francisco Bohemian life, which were largely copied. He also wrote for that paper one of the two serials it has ever published, The Gates Family Mystery. Mr. Townsend was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and began newspaper work in Virginia City, but soon drifted to San Francisco, and, as birth-place cuts no figure on the Western Slope, is in every sense a notable Californian type: with his lack of conventionality, his snap, virility, breadth, and facility. In addition to general newspaper work he was at one time business manager of the Examiner. About four years ago he went to Washington as correspondent of a San Francisco paper, and from there came to New York and to the Sun. Scribner's recently published one of his East Side sketches, and Harper's Young People, in its prospectus for 1895, announces four stories from his pen dealing with the newsboy character. He also has a novel in prospect which has an amount of plot calculated to stagger our current fictionist of the simple and straightforward method, and dealing with a field which he bids fair to make as notably his own, as other writers have made other fields more brilliantly jeweled by nature than the East Side of New York City.

Bret Harte in England Although he has been a resident of Great Britain for a number of years, the personality and genius of the author of the Heathen Chinee is as interesting to the American public to-day as when those famous verses first came out of the West. Since Mr. Bret Harte was appointed Consul to Glasgow he has made his home on the other side, but apparently these foreign affiliations have made no impression whatever upon his imagination or writings. Seated in his luxurious London study, surrounded by every evidence of the most modern elegance and culture, Mr. Harte

loves to recall those early days when the Pacific Coast attracted every adventurous spirit in the United States. Instead of being, as the reader usually conceives, one of the long-bearded, loose-jointed heroes of his Western Walhalla, he is a polished gentleman of medium height, with a curling gray mustache. In lieu of the recklessness of frontier methods in dress, his attire exhibits a nicety of detail which in a man whose dignity and sincerity were less impressive would seem foppish. Notwithstanding his identification with British life and manners, there is little of the Englishman about Mr. Harte. Rather he reminds one of a French aristocrat whose cosmopolitan contact with the world adds to the charm of his presence. Over his cigar, with a gentle play of humor and a variety of unconscious gestures, which are always graceful and never twice the same, he touches upon this very subject, the impressions made upon him by his first sights of gold-hunting in California, and the mind which he brought to bear upon the novel.

Mr. Harte was a native New Yorker who, when scarcely more than a boy, found it impossible to resist the fascinations of gold-digging in the far West. He went by way of Panama, and was at work for a few weeks in San Francisco in the spring of 1853, but found the town unsatisfactory, and finally reached Sonora in Calaveras County. Here he lived the rough, precarious life of the ordinary day laborer, and says "on my arrival in the mining camp I took my pick and shovel and asked where I might dig. They said anywhere, and it was true that you could get 'color,' that is, a few grains of gold, from any of the surface earth with which you chose to fill your pan. In an ordinary day's work you got enough to live on, or, as it was called, 'grub wages.' I was not a success as a gold-digger, and it was conceived that I would answer for a Wells-Fargo messenger. A Wells-Fargo messenger was a person who sat beside the driver on the box-seat of a stage-coach, in charge of the letters and 'treasures,' which the Wells-Fargo Express Company took from a mining camp to the nearest town or city. Stage robbers were plentiful. My predecessor in the position had been shot through the arm and my successor was killed. I held the post for some months, and then gave it up to become the schoolmaster near Sonora. For several years after this," Mr. Harte continued, "I wandered about California from city to camp, and camp to city, without any special purpose. I became an editor and learned to set type, but, strange to say, I had no confidence until long after that period in literature as a means of livelihood. I have never in my life had an article refused publication, and yet I never had any of that confidence which in the case of many others does not seem to be impaired by repeated refusals."

Mr. Harte has a grievance, and complains rather ruefully of the personal mention of him which floats through the press now and then. He says, "I don't object to being written about as I am, but I particularly dislike being described as I am not. And, for some strange journalistic reason, the inventions concerning me seem to have much greater currency and vitality than the truths. Some years ago, without the slightest effort on my part, I had the reputation of being the

laziest man in America. At first the compliment took the form of an extended paragraph deploring my fatal facility, and telling in deprecating sentences how much I could possibly do if I were not so indolent. This grew smaller and smaller, until it took a concise and easily annexable form, viz.: 'Bret Harte is the laziest man in America.' A polished critic, an epicure, a man of the world, and carrying everywhere the independence of a distinct literary personality, Bret Harte talks as he writes, like a gentleman. This is a subtle attribute, but one which England never fails to recognize and value, and it is one prime cause of his popularity in the United Kingdom. Continually in evidence, also, is his distinguishing characteristic, one which is only described by the word "nicety." Nicety in dress, nicety in speech, nicety in thought, this artistic precision and thoughtful attention to details is the most marked attribute of the man, and from it you understand the plan and power of his work. It is a singular quality to be found in combination with his emotional breadth and dramatic sweep as a writer, but it is the one that finishes and polishes as a whole his splendid genius.

William Hamilton Hayne, The Southern Poet William Hamilton Hayne is a young man, about half-way down the thirties, but his name has for many years been a familiar one to the readers of the prominent magazines and papers of the country. As is probably well known, he is the only child of the distinguished Southern poet, Paul Hamilton Hayne (died 1886), and, by some happy working of the laws of heredity, he has fallen heir to that most evanescent and intangible of talents, the gift of song. Since the death of his mother, some three years ago, Copse Hill, the cottage of the Haynes at Grovetown, a summer resort near Augusta, Ga., has been closed, except for brief intervals during the summer months, and Mr. Hayne has made Augusta his headquarters. From that point he makes, from time to time, trips to the literary centres of the North and East, where he has a wide acquaintance among the writers of the day. In person Mr. Hayne is small and slender, smooth-shaven, with black hair, slightly silvered, and fine brown eyes. Gentle in manner, he does not lack the resolution characteristic of his race—a name famous in the lists of patriots, orators and literati; the discovery is quickly made that he is a friend to be valued and that his sincerity is no pretense. Well versed in the literature of the day, both domestic and foreign, Mr. Hayne has the invaluable faculty of an apt memory, especially for poetry; of this he makes agreeable use in conversation, illustrating his remarks about authors with quotations of their most striking passages.

A year ago, Mr. Hayne's first volume of poems was issued from the press of the Frederick A. Stokes Company, under the title of *Sylvan Lyrics and Other Verses*. A dainty book, externally as well as internally, it has met with the pleasant reception it deserved. The collection contains but a small portion of the author's published poems, and we should like to see included in a second volume many verses which have come under our notice and which well merit reproduction in permanent form. The work which Mr. Hayne has already done has secured for him a high position among the younger poets of the country, and he is also no stranger in the field of criticism and review. His poetical work is marked by concise, felicitous expression, polished

versification and delicate fancy. A deep feeling for the beauties of nature pervades his art, and his lyrics have the lilt and the melody of true songs. We have not space for reproduction in this column, or we should be tempted to cite some of this author's quatrains, a line of composition in which he has developed marked power. It is reported that Mr. Hayne is contemplating an extended trip through the Orient, an experience which cannot fail to be of great benefit to his art, apart from the pleasures of travel.

Hartley Courtlandt Davis Zola and other successful novelists never tire of reiterating the incalculable advantage of early newspaper training to the future man of letters. Conversely, the newspapers of late years have become more and more literary in tone. The brilliant and ambitious young men who are making them—not the editors, but the reporters—write their "stories" as carefully as they would fiction and much on the same lines. They perfect their style, individualize their characters, arrange their incidents and lead up to the climax as if they were aiming at one of the great magazines. Some few of them realize that they are writing current history, and certainly many of the great dramatic events of the day treated by the "crack" men of the New York newspapers could be lifted bodily into the future chronicle. Of these young men one of the most notable in New York to-day is Hartley Courtlandt Davis of the World. He has been called by more than one editor the Maupassant of reporters. His French blood guides him unerringly along the thorny path of style and gives his pen the light, almost effervescent touch of the race that has brought the literary art to its highest perfection. The Quaker in him keeps his head cool at all times and saves him from the mad breaks that retard the progress of so many young writers. Those that know Mr. Davis's work cannot imagine his ever, under any circumstances, making a fool of himself. The natural destiny of such a man, if he happens to have the saving creative faculty, is letters. This faculty Mr. Davis has in a marked degree. He has written a number of tales no one of which could have been written in quite the same way or from quite the same premises by any one else. They are too psychological to be popular, but when published will bring him the recognition of the clever up-to-date young readers of the day. So far he has written only for his own amusement, and it took the strong insistence of friends to induce him to copy two and send them out—one of them appeared in the Winter Number of *Vanity Fair*, London, in 1893.

Mr. Davis delights in working out a deduction from his original point of view, in studying out the meaning of things, and in making his characters as human as he knows men and women are, but he is irritatingly without ambition to make a reputation as a writer of tales. Aside from his natural gifts, Mr. Davis, in spite of his youth—he is twenty-eight—brings the varied experience of the "crack reporter" to the assistance of his work. He has interviewed nearly every great American of the day, and hundreds that are not great, but equally valuable as studies; depicted almost every phase of American life, reported, day after day, and with a clear insight, the extraordinary movements that are changing our history and national character, written from the heart of such dramatic and tragic events as the Johnstown flood, the Homestead riots, the Carlyle Harris murder trial;

lived with the poor on the East Side for weeks at a time, and been associated with fashionable women during their sporadic uprisals for reform. It is doubtful if he could not give a comprehensive pen-picture at short order upon every man and woman of note in New York to-day. Mr. Davis is very proud of being a reporter, a man who is helping to write the history of his time, and considers himself a genuine product of the great school of journalism; but he is a type plus a good deal more. In spite of the fact that he entered journalism at the age of seventeen, he has found time for much reading, and his literary gods are Whitman, Hugo, Goethe, Heine, Tourgenief, Carlyle, Ibsen and Kipling. It might be added that only this last quarter of the nineteenth century could have produced Hartley Davis. He is modern, up-to-date, fin-de-siècle or nothing. Whatever he may write, original as he may be, his work will always be the reflex of the forcing-house civilization of our day. Even his admirable critical judgment of literary values is peculiarly modern.

Percy Hemingway, Author of Out of Egypt The publication of *Out of Egypt: Stories from the Threshold of the East*, says the London Star, places its author, Percy Hemingway, amongst those writers from whom lasting work of high aim is to be expected. The first story, Gregorio, and the succeeding sketches, The Egyptians, are full of the very spirit and atmosphere of the East. Men and women stand out in all their weakness, all their strength, with the distinctness of reality. Egyptian scenery becomes vivid with life under Mr. Hemingway's pen, sternly repressed, yet careful of detail. The succinctness of style, delicacy of touch, and grace of diction revealed in almost every sentence, presage much for the future; deeper or more tragic passion could not be found in the human heart than that which is the motif of Gregorio; but should Mr. Hemingway give the world a study of a more equable temperament than that of the hysterical Livadas, it is safe to prophesy a most admirable and convincing piece of workmanship. Gregorio Livadas, despite his criminality, his biased and depraved nature, is fascinating by reason of the skill with which he is limned. He is like a willful child who destroys the toys he loves in a fit of temper, only Gregorio kills. For love of his son he drives his wife into the streets, there to earn the bread he himself is powerless to procure, but she learns from the man into whose arms he has thrown her the depth of the degradation to which she has been forced. "I have learnt what love is these last few days," she tells him; "I know you to be a . . . cur, and a coward . . . I am happier than I have ever been, and far, far wiser. When a woman learns what a man's love is, she becomes wiser in a day than if she had studied books for a hundred years." Gregorio's son is stolen from him, and in his fury he murders a Jewish money-lender whom he suspects, with all his household, and his wife. Fleeing to the desert, he dies miserably of thirst, an oath upon his lips. The severity and crispness of the style in which this tale of crime and passion is written give it a firmness and power the value of which can scarcely be exaggerated. In the sketches, *Birds of Passage* and *In the Fagallah* are beautiful. The picture of the old woman sitting under "the shadow of a garden wall in the Fagallah quarter of Cairo," waiting for the son who, in the stormy days of Arabi Pasha,

treacherously betrayed his brother, that she may be revenged upon him, feverishly tearing off her clothes that she may clothe his naked child, is pathetic with the pathos of tears. These stories and sketches touch human nature too deeply to be called clever. Mr. Hemingway approaches literature very reverently, his work proclaims him a devotee, and it will be remembered by its terseness, its graphic descriptions, and that quality which is best expressed by the word sympathy.

Whistler and the Millionaire

The popularity that Trilby helped give to Whistler and that Whistler helped give to Trilby, justifies the printing of this true version, from the New York Sun, of an oft told story of Whistler, the distortion bearing only a faint racial likeness to the original. A man from nowhere made a large fortune in London and at once proceeded to indulge a genuine, if somewhat crass, love of art. He sent agents the length and breadth of Europe to purchase the highest-priced pictures to be had; old masters, if possible; if not, copies by first-class artists, if they could be got to do the work. Modern artists were patronized in the original; in fact, he set up a private Luxembourg crossed with a spurious Louvre. The home he built him was magnificent. No man in London with leanings toward art had such a house. Everybody, or nearly everybody, who was invited went to see it, to remain, to feast, even to gaze upon the millionaire at his easel, brush in hand, the robes of Japan or of Greece flowing about him.

But one crumpled roseleaf had the millionaire. Whistler would not go to his home. Millais, Tadmara, Sargeant, and a hundred lights only a trifle or so less distinguished, had graced his board, but Whistler could not be got through the front door. When he saw the millionaire coming he whisked around a corner; his notes of invitation, of adulation, he did not condescend to open; he turned a deaf ear to the importunities of mutual friends. The art millionaire was in despair. His wine turned to gall, his palate grinned at him, his sleep was infected with nightmare, which wore the disdainful smile of Whistler. Even the famous white lock seemed to assume an air of lofty unattainableness. In short, he was miserable, for until Whistler, the exigent, the eccentric, the impossible, set the cachet of his approval, the art millionaire's position in the world of art was open to dispute.

One day Whistler abruptly sent him word that he would call upon him the next morning at 10 o'clock. What actuated the great man will never be known. The simplest explanation is that it was one of his many freaks. The art millionaire, fairly palpitating with joy, received Whistler at the entrance of his palatial home, effusive with welcome. Whistler bowed gravely. He uttered never a word. The millionaire offered his arm. Whistler took it impassively and permitted himself to be conducted over the house. He walked through rooms filled with the treasures of Japan, of India, of Turkey; rooms hung with priceless tapestries, inlaid with rare porcelains; rooms representing apartments in ancient Greece, Rome, Pompeii. He stared with fixed eyes and said never a word. A dining-room taken from a feudal castle, a hall arched like Cleopatra's, bedrooms whose silken hangings could have gone through the eye of a needle—never a word.

The host, much perturbed, but willing to make all

allowance for the eccentricities of genius, finally flung aside the portières of a great studio. In it were such couches and stuffs and curios as artists dream of. The easels were solid rosewood. Two guinea-an-hour models awaited the leisure of the millionaire. Never a word. Whistler permitted his stony stare to roam from one object to another, then swung his host about, led him through the portières, and made for the entrance. As they descended the grand staircase the millionaire burst forth: "Great heavens, Mr. Whistler! ain't you going to say anything?" Whistler turned abruptly and regarded him for a moment with a solemn stare. Then he brought his hand heavily down on the millionaire's back and exclaimed hoarsely: "It's amazing! And—there's—no excuse—for it."

Mrs. Susan Marr Spalding,
Author of "Fate" Mrs. Susan Marr Spalding, says the Montreal Witness, is both best and least known by her poem, *Fate*. The poem itself has been widely copied and claimed, and its title has sometimes been changed to *Kismet*, but not until one year ago was Mrs. Spalding's right of authorship absolutely settled. Mr. Edwin Milton Royle, who used it in his play of *Friends*, has been inundated with letters from persons purporting to be its author, so that he now places Mrs. Spalding's name upon all his programmes. The lines first appeared in print in the New York Graphic, in 1876. "I happen," said Mrs. Spalding, "to have still in my possession the note from Mr. Crofut—one of the Graphic's editors—accepting the poem, speaking of it in the highest terms, and expressing his regret that the Graphic would not pay for poetry, which letter has more than once quenched a too-insistent claimant. It is, by the way, the only bit of blank verse I ever wrote."

Mrs. Spalding was born and educated in Bath, Me. She married early and most happily; she was a wife, however, only a few years before she became a widow. For the past few years her winters have been spent in Wilmington, Del., where she enjoys the love and esteem of a large circle of friends. During the past season, however, she made her home in Boston, and at present is abroad. Personally Mrs. Spalding is a charming woman. Her rare conversational powers and simplicity of manner are both endearing and delightful. Her sonnets have been characterized by one of the best of critics as among the finest in the English language. A singular charm pervades all her verse. Its art is always sure, her methods of composition being invariably conscientious and painstaking, while its spirit—whether dealing with pathos or passion—is of rare grace and beauty. One sonnet in particular, *The Singers*, fairly takes one's breath away with its pity and power.

Joanna E. Wood and Her Work Wherever *The Untempered Wind* is read there is a sincere interest to know something about its author, Joanna E. Wood. Here is what Gilson Willets, who knows everybody, has to say of her by way of a character sketch: There is nothing in Miss Wood's romance or tragedy that reveals her personality, unless it is its infinite pathos. All the pathos of one who lives in honest earnestness is in Miss Wood's face; there's a trace of tears there—they are not tears of self-pity. "I look into some faces," she says, "and feel that the world is fairly vibrant with anguish, and yet I find the world's countenance turned so

kindly toward me." Could any off-hand remark be more pathetic—convey more unselfish interest? In her book, however, she has turned the world's countenance, with malice and hypocrisy, scorn and contempt in it, toward an unhappy and unknowing transgressor of the moral code. But the story of *The Untempered Wind* is familiar—a verdict couched in no uncertain terms in its favor has not been handed down from the literary courts for nothing—and there is no question that Miss Wood has made something more than a mere literary hit—more than merely hitting the literary target; she has scored a fine shot near the bull's-eye. And she's in Boston this winter preparing to make her next shot. She's hard at work on her new book—a happier one. She has no regular hours for work, knowing full well that there can be no ten-hour-a-day sort of thing when there's a life-work to accomplish, ambitions to fulfill, success to attain. Miss Wood labors with love of the work, yet she writes not for notoriety. She was trained in the severest school—the honest criticism of a brother. She believes, we hope correctly, that there is time for good work, and that good work pays best after all. She is never commonplace. Unconventional in the most charming way—that is, unconsciously—she would be a favorite in Bohemia. Indeed, she is a Bohemian of the modern type. She would not vote if she could, she can actually sew, always dresses well and with no taste but the best, and can see no reason why a woman can't be literary and wear good boots, too. Woman characterizes every thing she says and does, even in the most important things, and that's unusual. She likes all the frills and frocks that make femininity human; insists upon all the irresistibilities of, and attentions due, a woman. She likes punctiliousness of dress in men, too; prefers men to talk to her as a man to a man, freely, so long as the men do not drop courtliness, and all the assumptions of superior strength that men arrogate to themselves. Altogether she has all the combinations of impulsiveness and dignity that make a "good fellow." And as for her next book—every one who has read her first effort is anxious to see it. If she holds to the high standard which she has set for herself, and for her sister story-writers, too; adheres to her fidelity to the human in us and the beauty in nature; she will—indeed she already has, knocked on the doors of the temple with well-earned credentials.

Walter Blackburn Harte Walter Blackburn Harte, whose gossipy and fantastically humorous essays have just been published by the Arena Publishing Co., under the title of *Meditations in Motley: A Bundle of Papers Imbued With the Sobriety of Midnight*, writes Fanny Lothrop, is one of the many young American writers who are breaking down the old barriers between journalism and literature, by passing from the one to the other. The contents of the book are in keeping with the quaint, old-fashioned title—reminding one of the political pamphlets of the furious days of Georgian politics. The papers are occasionally suggestive of eighteenth century days and the old essayists, but they are also intensely modern in their droll, veiled commentary on social and literary questions, without being at all offensively "up to date." Mr. Harte is not at all decadent in his point of view. The pervading key of the book is given in the quotation from *As You Like It*, "Motley's the only wear," and another from King Henry IV., "I am now of all

humors that have show'd themselves humors since the old days of goodman Adam to the pulpit age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight." Some hint of the fantastic character of these light and bubbly papers is afforded by a glance at the contents. A few of the titles are: On Certain Satisfactions of Prejudice, Jacobitism in Boston—a rather enigmatical title for a very amusing bit of fooling, with enough of seriousness running through it to give it point and savor; About Critics and Criticism: With Other Matters Incidental and Irrelevant; Some Masks and Faces of Literature; and the Fascination of New Books.

Mr. Harte's work is familiar to some readers of current periodical literature. While he was the assistant editor of the *New England Magazine*, some two years ago, his monthly essays under the general caption of *In a Corner at Dodsley's*, were a regular feature of that magazine, and about the time they were stopped they had established his name in the kindly regard of most readers who still cherish a partiality for the essay in the belles-lettres. Mr. Harte, in his prefatory note in the *Meditations*, refers to these earlier papers in a vein of genial reminiscence. He says: "I first took down the shutters at Dodsley's in October, 1891, in the darkest, poorest, dismalest alley-way in all Grub Street, and for over two years I was to be found there by all those who cared to adventure in the literary slums. I chose the name partially out of a contradictory humor, my shop being situated so very far away from Pall Mall, where Robert Dodsley's smart book-shop stood in Pope's and Dr. Johnson's day, and partly because obscurity and squalor are forever associated with the attractions of antiquarianism, and I could only hope in such a quarter to attract the curious."

Of Mr. Harte himself there is not more to tell than there is of most men who have spent their lives in the mill of journalism. He has had no adventures; but he has served as a reporter for ten years on different papers in Canada and the United States. In spite of the generally admitted bad effect of reportorial writing, day and night, upon a man's literary style, most readers of *Meditations* in *Motley* will at least be willing to concede that Mr. Harte has a good command of strong idiomatic English, and a vocabulary that is apt and extended without being willful or affected. The reason of this is partly, perhaps, that, without taking any writer as a model, he has made a close and sympathetic study of the old English essayists, and his favorite authors have always been Sir Thomas Browne, Dean Swift, Goldsmith, De Quincey, Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, the Old Testament writers and Shakespeare; and among the American classical writers, Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Washington Irving and Lowell. He is not yet thirty years old, and is now in the office of B. O. Flower, the editor of the *Arena*, as his literary assistant. In addition to his regular business routine, Mr. Harte contributes a monthly causerie—really a continuation of the Dodsley series—to the *Arena*.

Edward N. Wood,
The Southern Author

Edward N. Wood's beautiful poem, *If I Should Lose You*, published in the December number of *Current Literature*, was, though mistake, credited to another writer. The poem originally appeared in the *Atlanta Constitution*, and was supposed to be the work of one of the regular staff of that paper. Mr. Wood is a resident of Atlanta, and

his bright work frequently enlivens the columns of his home paper as well as those of leading Eastern dailies. He is a young writer whose poems, short stories and sketches have had a wide circulation for some years past, and his friends are confident that if he would devote himself entirely to literature he would be very successful. Mr. Wood devotes his leisure moments to poetry and stories, and he dashes them off with great rapidity. His verses are distinguished by their flowing rhythm and tender sentiment, and his stories are remarkable for their exciting plots and their graphic style. Several newspapers have made efforts to capture this promising young writer by offering him a permanent position on their staffs, but he has not yet given his consent to give up the world of business for the world of letters. But it is evident to all who have watched his course that he will not be able much longer to resist the temptations held out by journalism and literature; sooner or later, he will take up his pen in earnest and make up his mind to live, or die, by it, as the case may be. His first contributions to the *Constitution* attracted the attention of the late Henry W. Grady, and it is largely due to the advice and encouragement of that brilliant man of genius that Mr. Wood has given so many of his productions to the press.

Bill Nye, Humorist and
Historian

Bill Nye probably has an audience larger than that of any other living humorist. Anyway, his name is known to nearly everyone, from the men about him in New York to the little farmer out in Arizona. Everybody knows that Bill Nye is funny, even if they have never read a line of his works. He has been introducing himself to audiences in person for the last ten years, however. He has been lecturing and reading from his own works in association with James Whitcomb Riley and others; has been making big money and many friends. No one in the "show" business has ever been as little roasted by the press; and now he has dropped lecturing, temporarily, leaves the field to his brethren, in which he believes there is plenty of room for the right talent. So Mr. Nye has settled on his farm—his upright farm, he calls it—in North Carolina, and there with his wife and four children is resting after his ten years on the road. At the same time, though, he is at work on one or two literary schemes, and of course that funny column of his that is sent North every week.

He has been in the city once or twice recently. When here he is an honored guest at more than one important dinner or other event. His *Comic History of the United States* has done so well—it has been taken seriously—that Mr. Nye contemplates a European trip soon, during which he will gather material for comic histories of France and England, and even of Italy. One very gratifying feature in the sale of his *Comic U. S.* is its large demand among schools and colleges. Mr. Nye has the good fortune—or misfortune?—to be easily recognized by Mr. McDougal's caricatures of him; but in the face only. Many suppose that Mr. Nye is a long, lean, lank, awkward fellow, wearing trousers reaching only to his shoe tops, and perpetually burdened with an umbrella. On the contrary, Bill Nye is a big, broad-shouldered man, with perhaps nearly two hundredweight to his credit. His shoulders, I say, are broad, but they are bent in rather a literary way, and his face is quite pale. He chose the field of work best suited to his tal-

ents, and with hard and conscientious work has achieved success, even fame, and it's not saying too much to say that some day he will be taken seriously. There's a deal of subtle philosophy underlying those humorous lines of his.

*Mrs. Humphry Ward
and Her Home*

Mrs. Humphry Ward is, says the Boston Transcript, a woman of medium height, slender in frame, plain in appearance, yet, withal, marked by a certain character. Some call it stateliness, some call it affability. Her hair is dark and wavy, parted in the middle and brushed back from her forehead. Her eyes are brown; their chief characteristic is a searching expression. Her nose is aquiline and slightly pinched. Her dress is as severe as her appearance. Her manners are of an older school, and her movements are so quiet that when the writer first met her at a country rectory he felt convinced that she must be the wife of one of the deans. Mrs. Ward's home is in Russell Square. It is an old-fashioned literary house, with large rooms, ornamented by massive mirrors in elaborate gilded frames, heavy cornices, and heavy curtains, that make the rooms dark and give one the sense of being in a close atmosphere. Everything else—tables, sofas and chairs—are of a grand pattern and size. Coming from one of the large and fine old houses of London into this, one is struck by the idea that there also is a wish to be fine, and the grandeur is of an oppressive sort that suggests its unreality. This picture is given in no unkindly spirit, for this is but one of the many old-fashioned houses occupied by London authors. To it resort many of the men and women whose names are universal—Matthew Arnold, who was Mrs. Ward's cousin; Mr. A. J. Froude, Max Müller, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. James Russell Lowell, Henry James, have been or are frequent figures at her afternoons.

Mrs. Ward is an affable hostess and ready in all directions to make every guest happy by confronting each of them with some other congenial spirit. She is extremely kind in nature, and this trait is reflected in her face, which always wears a smile. Indeed, the pleasantness of her expression is so constant that it strikes one almost painfully after being a long time in her society. The sweetness of her smile becomes too sweet, and subjects itself unconsciously to criticism. There are two noticeable features in her temperament that are closely allied to this expression of countenance. She is, in the first place, of a most forgiving disposition, and also of an inquiring frame of mind, which last quality often makes her appear inquisitive, and for appearing inquisitive she becomes apologetically soft in manner. To illustrate the first of these features it will be sufficient to quote two brief examples. A certain lady who knew Mrs. Ward well and confided the ordinary details of her daily life to her, was afterward made the heroine of one of Mrs. Ward's novels and was much annoyed to find some of her characteristics faithfully credited, while others were exaggerated. The heroine was a sufficiently good portrait of the lady to be recognized by those who knew her well, but many of the characteristics being foreign to and unworthy of her, she naturally resented being placed under such false lights.

On next meeting Mrs. Ward she looked straight at her, but declined to recognize her old acquaintance. This greatly disturbed Mrs. Ward, who immediately afterwards wrote a long explanatory letter. On meeting her again the lady still felt her old resentment, but see-

ing Mrs. Ward looking wistfully at her, and noticing that her eyes were moist, she went up to her, extending her hand. Mrs. Ward was so affected by this relenting act that she burst into tears. After David Grieve was published a man of literary taste wrote to his sister, who is an extremely clever woman, to ask her opinion of the book. She wrote back, "It is very long, dry, and sometimes boring, though after an hour's wading one sometimes finds a good salmon, you know, and so it is with David Grieve." Her brother, who was a friend of the Wards, and who partly agreed with his sister, sent this letter on to the author of David Grieve. Instead of being angry or put out, Mrs. Ward sat down and wrote a most charming note to the lady who had so frankly criticised her work. Admitting many of her charges against it, and adding that her opinion had been of real service to her, she further said that it would influence her in modeling her next book.

Mrs. Ward is at present in Rome collecting matter for a new work. It is probable that this book will be her best, as it is the first she has studied on the very ground the plot is laid upon. Heretofore, when she wished to write about a set of people or some particular place, she would not go to the country nor mix with the people, but dig up every possible book on the subject and content herself with devouring them. By these means she has probably lost much local color and not a little character in her past works. Seeing the advantage of drinking at the fountains, and not being content with bottled waters, has been the motive for Mrs. Ward's sojourn in Rome, and with her quick perception and ready fancy, there is every justification for supposing that the forthcoming novel, the greater part of the scene of which is to be laid in Rome, will transcend all her former productions. For many years Mr. and Mrs. Ward resided at Oxford and heartily participated in all the fads, manias, and rages of the university, such as the Spencerian craze, the Lotze mania, and the idolization of Amiel, whose splendid *Journal Intime* Mrs. Ward has with such great ability, insight, and sympathy translated into our language.

*How Professor Aytoun
Proposed*

The New Orleans Picayune has this interesting story of two literary celebrities in a recent issue: The late Prof. Aytoun was uncommonly diffident when making proposals of marriage to Miss Jane Emily Wilson, who afterwards became his wife. The lady reminded him that before she should give her absolute consent it would be necessary that he obtain her father's approval. "You must speak for me," said the suitor, "for I could not summon courage to speak to the professor on the subject." "Papa is in the library," said the lady. "Then you had better go to him," said the suitor, "and I'll wait till you return." The lady proceeded to the library, and taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that the professor had asked her hand in marriage. She added, "Shall I accept his offer, papa? He is so diffident that he won't speak to you about it himself." "Then we must deal tenderly with his feelings," said the hearty old Christopher. "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper, and pin it to your back." "Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane, as she entered the drawing-room. Turning round the delighted suitor read these words: "With the author's compliments."

CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

Writers and Painters

EDGAR FAWCETT.....THE INDEPENDENT

A number of years ago I recall having paid a visit upon that strangely brilliant artist, Elihu Vedder, in his studio on Broadway. Mr. Vedder received me with all his wonted graciousness, but as I found him paint-brush in hand before his easel, I felt keen embarrassment at having intruded upon him in one of his active professional moods. Mr. Vedder, however, straightway quieted my fears and regrets. He went on painting while he talked to me, and I soon found that my presence did not at all detract from his powers of accomplishment. "So then," I at length said, "you can talk and paint at one and the same time?" "Yes," answered this highly imaginative artist, while he added a new touch of color to one of his open-air Italian gems. With the late Arthur Quartley, that most poetic of marine painters, it was very much the same. Quartley could illumine and beautify and transfigure his expanses of ocean, making them silvery or golden or dreamily mist-clad while you sat beside him and talked with him on topics that his exquisite aquatic portraiture rendered ordinary indeed.

Painters have this faculty of completing their pictures while conversing on other subjects; but, unless I am greatly wrong, they require solitude for the working out, the inception, and even the conception of their pictorial ideas. Afterwards they must pass through a great deal of effort that they realize as semi-mechanical and entirely technical; for, when all is said, the greatest painters, however in the main they work with their hearts and heads, recognize the tremendous amount that is required of them with their fingers and wrists. No artist of the first rank can escape being an artisan as well; and when once his dream, his endeavor, has become definite in his brain the handling of his brush and the cool judgment between values of pigments insistently claim him. For this reason, I imagine, so many artists are socially what is called "successful." Nearly all of them are wise enough not to paint at night, and night is the time when most of the really pleasant and important happenings mark the reunions of their friends. Receptions and suppers and club gatherings become a diversion to them rather than a retardment. If they are young and unmarried, dances, and the most flippantly fashionable dances as well, now and then engage them. Especially is this true of the popular and accepted portrait painter. The painting of portraits is indeed in every sense an occupation full of wholesome sociality. In any case it almost antagonizes solitude, and may be said to demand both diplomacy and gregariousness as two of its primary conditions.

But with the novelist, the poet, the essayist, the historian, how radically different! Tradition declares that Theophile Gautier was wont to write some of his most enchanting *feuilletons* (and in that classic French which so few writers have equaled) while the babble of a Parisian café was reigning all round him, and even sometimes when friends had grouped about him, with their cigarettes and their various refectations, from "eau sucrée" to absinthe. But Gautier, if the tales of him be true, was a literary worker of most exceptional facility. Very

probably he did not write his best prose in this amazingly spontaneous way, and it is almost certain that few of his delicious poems were born with no pang of travail. The intense ease with which Victor Hugo wrote all his verse (and we must remember that a very great deal of it is gloriously fine) cannot, I should say, be contradicted. Our own Longfellow once told me that he never toiled in the least over his poetry, and that the "numbers came" to him, as they came (in a much less noteworthy manner) from the juvenile pen of Alexander Pope.

But ordinarily the writer requires conditions of silence and sequestration. Thousands of people cannot write the simplest letter if disturbed by sounds of voices in the same apartment. How much more difficult, then, to deal with subjects involving careful and creative treatment! I know of few marriages more pathetic than those of women who love society and long to shine in it, with men wedded to literary occupation and bent upon achieving there honor and repute. Does not this kind of incompatibility explain many a separation and divorce between famous husbands and their wives in past records of distinguished writers? Usually the man of letters will cut a sombre and anomalous figure in society. The better he writes, as a rule, the worse he talks, or, rather, it should be added, the less able is he to talk in that airy, genial, lightsome way which society demands of him. What the French call the "esprit de salon" may be in itself a very trivial and unimportant talent, but it is nevertheless a distinctive and demanded one. "Small talk" has its microscopic traits of felicity and neatness and easy fluency. Because they are microscopic they are none the less needful among meetings of persons who are all intellectually in a sort of undress uniform. Some of the greatest writers have possessed them, collaterally with powers that have charmed the reading world, as for instance, Lord Macaulay, although the London fashionable throngs whom he delighted by his graces of suavity differed, no doubt, in material degree from our New York and Newport "swim." But, as a rule, writers have rarely possessed these graces; they have rarely been able to say dainty "nothings" to women below the blaze of chandeliers and amid the perfume of flowers. When the writer feels like talking he feels like talking seriously. It is not by any means true that he feels like "talking shop"; he often desires to escape from the "shop" altogether, for hours at a time. But his conversational impulses, both with his own sex and the other, are under the spell of the thoughtful, the discursive, even the argumentative impulse. And all this kind of impulse is to society totally uninteresting.

The man who has not the capacity of forgetting himself, of pleasing himself by pleasing others, and, moreover, of pleasing others by the expression of mere buoyant and random pleasantries, had far best bide at home, in the warmth of his fireside and below the lustre of his household lamp. Most men of letters do thus bide at home, and they are wise in taking such choice; for at home or in the company of domestic, unworldly friends, they are often delightfully native and authentic. Abroad, among the pretensions, flippancies and levities, they are not only ill at ease and awkward; they are "déclassés,"

as the French phrase goes, or, as the English one has it, "fish out of water." In all my experience of gentlemen and ladies, I have never met more perfect ones than those to be found among the literary men and women. But the "man of the world" and the "woman of the world" do not necessarily imply either "gentleman" or "lady" in its finer and ampler sense. When we hear it frivolously stated that our modern drawing-room is no place for people of brains, of genius, of large and living mental capacity, we must accept this verdict as undoubtedly true; but with furtive yet sincere afterthought we should not forget to add: "So much the worse for our modern drawing-room!"

The Pastel: A Literary Query

AGNES REPPLIER....IN THE DOZY HOURS (HOUGHTON)

I should like to be told by one of the accomplished critics of the day what is—or rather what is not—a pastel? Dictionaries, with their wonted rigidity, define the word as "a colored crayon," ignoring its literary significance, and affording us no clew to its elusive and mutable characteristics. When Mr. Stewart Merrill christened his pretty little volume of translations "Pastels in Prose," he gave us to understand, with the assistance of Mr. Howell's prefatory remarks, that the name was an apt one for those brief bits of unrhymed, unrhythmical, yet highly poetic composition in the execution of which the French have shown such singular felicity and grace. Some of these delicate trifles have the concentrated completeness of a picture, and for them the name is surely not ill-chosen. Sombre, or joyous, or faintly ironical, they bring before our eyes with vivid distinctness every outline of the scene they portray. Padre Pugnaccio and Henriquez, by Louis Bertrand, and that strange lovely Captive, by Ephraim Mikhael, are as admirable in their limitations as in their finish. They show us one thing only, and show it with swift yet comprehensive lucidity. But if Padre Pugnaccio be a pastel, then, by that same token, Solitude is not. It is a moderately long and wholly allegorical story, and its merits are of a different order. As for Maurice de Guerin's Centaur, that noble fragment has nothing in common with the fragile delicacy of the pretty little picture poems which surround it. It is a masterpiece of breadth and virility. Its sonorous sentences recall the keener life of the antique world, and it stands among its unsubstantial companions like a bust of Hermes in a group of Dresden figures, all charming, but all dwarfed to insignificance by the side of that strong young splendor. To call the Centaur a pastel is as absurd as to call Endymion an etching.

However, Mr. Merrill's translations are far from defining the limits of the term. On the contrary, we have M. Paul Bourget's group of stories, Pastels of Men, which are not prose poems at all, nor brief pen pictures; but tales of a rather elaborate and unclean order, full of wan sentiment, and that cheerless vice which robs the soul without gratifying the body. Occasionally, as in the sketch of the poor old teacher living his meagre life from hour to hour, M. Bourget draws from us, with melancholy skill, a single scene from the painful drama of existence. This is perhaps a pastel, since the word must be employed; but why should an interminable and shifting tale about a rich young widow, who cannot make up her mind in less than a hundred pages which of her four lovers she will marry, be called by the same

generic title? If it be equally applicable to every kind of story, short or long, simple or involved, descriptive or analytic, then it has no real meaning at all, and becomes a mere matter of capricious selection. *Wandering Willie's Tale*, and *The Cricket on the Hearth* could with propriety have been termed pastels.

Nor does the matter stop here. In Mr. Gosse's recent volume of essays, he has included two admirable criticisms of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's poetry, and on Mr. Rudyard Kipling's prose. These papers, discriminating, sympathetic, and exhaustive, are called pastels. They do not differ in any way from other critical studies of equal length and merit. They abound in agreeable quotations, and show a clear and genial appreciation of their themes. They are simply reviews of an unusually good order, and if their title be correctly applied, then it is serviceable for any piece of literary criticism which deals with a single author. Macaulay's *Madam D'Arblay*, Mr. Birrell's *Emerson*, Mr. Saintsbury's *Peacock*, might all have been named pastels.

By this time the subject begins to grow perplexing. Miss Wilkins wanders from her true gods, and from the sources of her genuine inspiration, to write a handful of labored sketches—pen pictures, perhaps, albeit a trifle stiff in execution—which she calls pastels. Mr. Brander Matthews gives us, as his contribution to the puzzle, a vivid description of Carmencita dancing in a New York studio, and calls it a pastel. If we stray from prose to verse we are tripped up at every step. Nebulous little couplets, songs of saddening subtlety, weird conceits and high-pacing rhymes are thoughtfully labelled pastels, so as to give us a clew to their otherwise impenetrable obscurity. Sullen seas, and wan twilights, and dim garden paths, relieved with ghostly lilies, and white-armed women of dubious decorum, are the chief ingredients of these poetic novelties; but here is one, picked up by chance, which reads like a genial conundrum:

"The light of cigarettes
Went and came in the gloom;
It was dark in the little room.

Dark, and then in the dark,
Sudden, a flash, a glow,
And a hand and a ring I know.

And then, through the dark, a flush,
Ruddy and vague, the grace—
A rose—of her lyric face."

Now, if that be a pastel, and Mr. Gosse's reviews are pastels, and Maurice de Guerin's Centaur is a pastel, and Mr. Brander Matthews' realistic sketches are pastels, and Ephraim Mikhael's allegories are pastels, I should like to be told, by some one who knows, just where the limits of the term is set.

The Pathological Novel

MEDICAL SIDE OF FICTION....AMER. MEDICO-SURG. BULLETIN

Among physicians *The Heavenly Twins* is looked upon not as a literary venture to be judged by artistic standards, but as a readable presentation of symptoms which suggest definite pathological conditions. *Ships that Pass in the Night* is admirable as a pulmonary record, and *The Yellow Aster* affords an insight into the psychic phenomena resulting from neglect of natural instincts and desires, which, surviving the appropriate period of life, subsequently assert themselves in the form of belated maternal love and ex post facto philoprogenitiveness.

As to Miss Harraden's book, while we find it useful in the profession for its glimpses into refined sickroom conversation and pulmonary persiflage, we regret, from a medical point of view, that after giving such a careful history of the heroine's case, the author permitted her to be killed by an omnibus. It is humiliating, after following attentively the course of the disease and the method of treatment, to be told that an omnibus was the cause of death and to be dismissed without hearing the result of the autopsy. Moreover, we found her style so delightful that we would have gladly followed the hero to the last hemorrhage, but that, too, was denied us.

Sarah Grand's cases are open to the same objection of incompleteness. She starts out enticingly with such a character, for instance, as Edith's husband, but leaves the later and more interesting phases of his pathological history untold. As a general rule, however, she comes up to the requirements of modern fiction; the cases of her characters can be diagnosed, and with a little clinical experience we have no doubt that her future novels will be above reproach. There is danger lest in the first stages of the medical movement in literature young writers will attempt to cover too wide a pathological area in their novels and forget the inexorable laws of specialism that obtain in the medical profession itself.

To introduce a paretic or ataxic patient in a dermatological novel would not only destroy the unity of the story, but would justly expose the author to a suspicion of want of thoroughness. If the writer has determined upon appendicitis as his plot he should not waste his energies upon irrelevant diseases in his minor characters. He could gain variety by introducing other forms of enteric disorders, but should never exceed the limits of the abdominal region. Until he has had a thorough medical training we think the course of a single disease should supply him with all the medico-literary material that he can handle in an intelligent manner. A blow on the head supplied the author of *God's Fool* with all the plot that he needed. Ibsen's *Ghosts* is simply the dramatization of an inherited brain disease, and many a successful story is based upon a case of simple mania with delusions.

Concerning Originality

HAMILTON W. MABIE.... *MY STUDY FIRE* (DODD, MEAD & Co.)

No modern man has said so many masterly things about art and the creative side of life as Goethe. His comments and reflections form the finest body of maxims, suggestions, and principles extant for one who seeks to know how to live fully and freely in the intellect. It is easy to point out his limitations, but it is not easy to discover the boundaries of his knowledge and activities, or to indicate the limits of his influence. He created on a great scale; but on a still greater scale he rationalized and moralized the education, the materials, the methods, and the moods of the creative man among his fellows. He was not a Titan struggling fiercely with intractable elements; he was, rather, an Olympian, easily and calmly doing his work and living his life with a masterful obedience to the laws of the mind and a masterful command of his time, his talent, and his tools. In all that concerns art in its fundamental relations to the life of the artist and to society he is the greatest modern authority.

Goethe had not only the insight, but the courage and the frankness, of genius; for genius, unlike talent, has

no tricks, dexterities, or secrets of method. It is as mysterious as the sunlight and as open and accessible. It is true he sometimes took a mischievous delight in mystifying his critics, but he made no secret of his methods. There was no sleight-of-hand about his skill; it was large, free, elemental power. He used the common artistic material as freely as Shakespeare, and with as little concealment. He did not take pains to be original in the popular sense of the word. In a letter to his friend, Professor Norton, Mr. Lowell says: "The great merit, it seems to me, of the old painters was that they did not try to be original. To say a thing, says Goethe, that everybody else has said before, as quietly as if nobody had ever said it, that is originality." The great German, who was the most profoundly original of modern men, has put this idea in several forms, and given it, by repetition, an emphasis which indicates the importance he attached to it. "There is nothing worth thinking," he says, "but it has been thought before; we must only try to think it again." In another maxim he declares that "the most foolish of all errors is for clever young men to believe that they forfeit their originality in recognizing a truth which has already been recognized by others."

The greatest minds see most clearly the long process of education which lies behind a new thought, and are quickest to know, therefore, that in the bringing of new truth to light there is always a wide division of work and a general sharing of the honor of discovery. It is, indeed, only a small mind that can produce something new in the sense that the like of it has never been seen before; for such a bit of newness can never be other than a touch of individualism, an unexpected turn of expression, a quaint phrase, an odd fancy, a fresh bit of observation. A deep thought, a wide generalization, are always based on something greater than individualism; they involve wide communion with nature or humanity. The quickly appreciated writers often have a kind of superficiality—a telling and effective way of putting things. A fresh touch makes a familiar commonplace shine, and it passes current for the moment as a new coin; but it remains, nevertheless, the old piece whose edges have been worn these many years by much handling.

The fresh touch is something to be grateful for, but it does not evidence the possession of that rare and noble quality which we call originality. If we go to the great writers for illustration of originality, we do not find it in eccentricity of thought, in piquancy of phrase, in unusual diction, in unexpected effects of any kind. The original writers are peculiarly free from those taking mannerisms which are so constantly mistaken for evidences of originality and so often imitated. These masters of original thought and style are singularly simple, open, and natural. Their power obviously lies in frank and unaffected expression of their own natures. For originality, like happiness, comes to those who do not seek it; to set it before one as an aim is to miss it altogether. The man who strives to be original is in grave peril of becoming sensational, and therefore, from the standpoint of art, vulgar; or, if he escapes these dangers, he is likely to become self-conscious and artificial. There is nothing more repulsive to genuine spiritual insight than the cheap and tawdry declamation which sometimes passes in the pulpit for originality, and nothing more repugnant to true artistic feeling than the pos-

ing and straining which are sometimes accepted for the moment as evidences of creative power. Power of the highest kind is largely unconscious, and partakes too much of the nature of the divine power to be made the servant of ignoble and petty ends; and the artist whose aim is simply to catch the eye of the world will not long retain the power that is in him.

Originality of the highest and most enduring type has no tricks, mannerisms, or devices; it is elemental; it is largely unconscious; it rests, not upon individual cleverness, but upon broad and deep relationships between the artist and the world which he interprets. Homer, Dante, Goethe, and Shakespeare are the most original men who have appeared in the history of literature; but they are singularly devoid of novelty in the customary sense of the word. They are, on the contrary, singularly familiar; every reader feels that they have somehow gotten the advantage of him by expressing at an early age the thoughts and feelings which he had supposed to be peculiarly his own. Nothing really great is ever unexpected; for the really great work is always based on something universal, in which every man has a share. A conceit, a bit of quaintness, a cunning device, a sudden turn of thought or speech, takes us unawares and puzzles us: it is individual, and we have no share in it. But a great idea or a piece of great art finds instant recognition of its veracity and reality in the swift response of our souls. It not only speaks to us; it speaks in us and for us. It is great because so vast a sweep of life is included in it; it is deep because it strikes below all differences of experience into the region of universal experience. Homer and Shakespeare are, in a way, as elemental as the sky which overarches all men, and which every man sees, or may see, every day of his life. But the sky is not the less wonderful because it belongs to the whole earth and is as much the possession of the clown as of the poet. The power which hangs it before every eye has furnished no more compelling evidence of its mysterious and incalculable resources. In like manner, the highest power illustrated in art demonstrates its depth and creative force by the elemental simplicity and range of its creations; by its insight into those things which all men possess in common. The distinctive characteristic of the man of profound originality is not that he speaks his own thought, but that he speaks my thought; not that he surprises me with novel ideas and phrases, but that he makes me acquainted with myself.

Novels as Sedatives

BELOW TRUE LITERATURE....LONDON SPECTATOR

What is the kind of novel best suited for sedative purposes, is a difficult question, and one which cannot be fully answered on the present occasion. It is as much a question of men as of books. One man finds rest in the "tendencies novel," another in the tale of adventure, a third in the study of manners. As a rule, we should say that the form of fiction best suited for the purpose of keeping the mind occupied, but yet not actively at work, is the novel which is neither too clever nor too stupid—the book which is in fiction what the man of moderate views and moderate talents is in public life. If the story is too clever it may prove a stimulant instead of a sedative. Mr. Meredith's works, for example, are far more likely to tire than to rest the brain. The man who wants to

tackle Lord Ormont and his Aminta must sit up to a table and put himself mentally at attention. Even Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Kipling, though so alluring, are apt to stimulate too highly. On the other hand, the sedative novel must not be actively stupid. Foolishness, irrelevance, lack of coherence, bad grammar, are irritants, which should have no place in the novel which is meant to give rest to the mind. The man who is made to grind his teeth and mutter "what infernal bosh," is not getting his sedative, nor is the woman soothed who is perpetually being forced to declare that she never read such English. In truth, the sedative novel ought to conform to the description of the Thames in Denham's immortal couplet:

"Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full."

In other words, there must be a pleasant flow of unimpassioned narrative, along which the boat of the mind must be carried without effort or fatigue. A rapid in which careful steering is required, or a piece of slack water in which it is necessary to punt or row, are equally objectionable. A smooth current, yet with plenty of variety, is the desideratum.

No doubt, plenty of people who indulge in the novel habit will protest against this view, and will declare that they like the strongest novels that they can get; and that, if possible, they would like a new Mill on the Floss, or a reincarnation of David Copperfield or Penderennis every day. Such persons are, however, either exceptions or else the victims of literary debauchery. They have so entirely given themselves up to the use of the fiction-fiend as to be unable to appreciate what is mild and soothing. They are like the men who can only smoke cut cavendish, who lace their champagne with cognac, and who have put to cayenne-pepper with everything they eat. Fortunately for them, however, it is not easy to get a perpetual supply of the strong wines of fiction, and whether they will or no they have, as a rule, to put up with the vin ordinaire which the libraries disseminate. In any case, the circulating libraries are secure. As long as the demand for fiction as a mental sedative continues—and it will continue till we are all perfectly dull and virtuous, and never tire ourselves by any form of over or under-work—they will be required to supply it. You may publish at sixpence, and still the real novel readers will prefer the circulating system. It is a dream, this scheme of getting rid of Mudie and Smith. The novelists' ideal could only be fulfilled in a world in which the population was, according to Edward Lear's immortal phrase, reduced to conditions of "abject happiness." As long as worry and overwork and nerves hold their place in the world, so long will those dispensers of sedatives, the circulating libraries, flourish and abound. In answer to the question "What do the English read?" a writer in the Forum says: "The great bulk of the English read nothing, literally nothing, and he who knows something of rural England will agree to this; the casual and occasional reader reads, as we have shown, fiction, biography, history, travels, and no small amount of theology in a diluted form; the great middle class read, and trust, their periodical literature and their newspapers; the students, the real readers, who feed their minds as other men their bodies, read with more thoroughness and patience than our students."

IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

"For My Sake".....Hester M. Poole.....The Churchman

Three little words, but full of tenderest meaning;
Three little words the heart can scarcely hold;
Three little words, but on their import dwelling,
What wealth of love their syllables unfold!

"For my sake" cheer the suffering, help the needy;
On earth this was my work; I give it thee.
If thou wouldst follow in thy master's footsteps,
Take up my cross and come and learn of me.

"For my sake" let the harsh word die unuttered
That trembles on the swift, impetuous tongue;

"For my sake" check the quick, rebellious feeling
That rises when thy brother does thee wrong.

"For my sake" press with steadfast patience onward,
Although the race be hard, the battle long.
Within my father's house are many mansions;
There thou shalt rest and join the victor's song.

And if in coming days the world revile thee,
If "for my sake" thou suffer pain and loss,
Bear on, faint heart; thy master went before thee;
They only wear his crown who share his cross.

The Charioteer.....Amos R. WellsThe Outlook

O God, take the reins of my life!

I have driven it blindly, to left and to right,
In mock of the rock, in the chasm's despite,
Where the brambles were rife,
In the blaze of the sun and the deadliest black of the night.
O God, take the reins of my life!

For I am so weary and weak.
My hands are a-quiver and so is my heart,
And my eyes are too tired for the teardrops to start,
And the worn horses reek [smart,
With the anguishing pull and the hot, heavy harness's
While I am all weary and weak.

But Thou wilt be peace, wilt be power.
Thy hand on the reins and Thine eye on the way
Shall be wisdom to guide and controlling to stay,
And my life, in that hour,
Shall be led into leading, and rest when it comes to obey;
For Thou wilt be peace and all power.

Now, Lord, without tarrying, now!
While eyes can look up and while reason remains,
And my hand yet has strength to surrender the reins,
Ere death stamp my brow [of my veins—
And pour coldness and stillness through all the mad course
Come, Lord, without tarrying, now!

I yield thee my place, which is Thine.
Appoint me to lie on the chariot floor;
Yea, appoint me to lie at Thy feet, and no more,
While the glad axles shine, [door—
And the happy wheels run on their course to the heavenly
Now Thou hast my place, which is Thine.

Four Words.....Elizabeth AkersBecause I Love You (Lee & Shepard)

Beloved, the briefest words are best;
And all the fine euphonious ways
In which the truth has been expressed
Since Adam's early Eden days,
Could never match the simple phrase—
Sweetheart, I love you!

If I should say the world were blank
Without your face; if I should call
The stars to witness, rank on rank,
That I am true although they fall—
'T would mean but this—and this means all—
Sweetheart, I love you!

And so, whatever change is wrought
By time or fate, delight or dole,
One single, happy, helpful thought
Makes strong and calm my steady soul,
And these sweet words contain the whole—
Sweetheart, I love you!

I will not wrong their truth to-day
By wild, impassionate vows of faith,
Since all that volumes could convey
Is compassed thus in half a breath,
Which holds and hallows life and death—
Sweetheart, I love you!

Rest.....Waiting for Life's Release.....Boston Transcript

Love, give me one of thy dear hands to hold;
Take you my tired head upon thy breast;
Then sing me that sweet song we loved of old—
The dear, soft song about our little nest.
We knew the song before the nest was ours;
We sang the song when first the nest we found;
We loved the song in happy after-hours,
When peace came to us, and content profound.

Then sing that olden song to me to-night,
While I, reclining on thy faithful breast,
See happy visions in the fair firelight,
And my whole soul is satisfied with rest.
Better than all our bygone dreams of bliss
Are deep content and rest secure as this.
What though we missed love's golden summer time,
His autumn fruits were ripe when we had leave
To enter joy's wide vineyard in our prime—
Good guerdon for our waiting to receive.

Love gave us no frail pledge of summer flowers,
But side by side we pass the winter hours,
And day by day new blessings are revealed.
The heyday of our youth, its roseate glow,
Its high desires, and cravings manifold,
The raptures and delights of long ago,
Have passed; but we have truer joys to hold.
Sing me the dear old song about the nest—
Our blessed home, our little ark of rest.

Lovers Still..Sweet Companionship in Age..Chambers's Journal

His hair as wintry snow is white;
Her trembling steps are slow;
His eyes have lost their merry light,
Her cheeks their rosy glow.
Her hair has not its tints of gold;
His voice no joyous thrill;
And yet, though feeble, gray and old,
They're faithful lovers still.

Since they were wed, on lawn and lea
Oft did the daisies blow,
And oft across the trackless sea
Did swallows come and go;
Oft were the forest branches bare,
And oft in gold arrayed;
Oft did the lilies scent the air,
The roses bloom and fade.

They've had their share of hopes and fears,
Their share of bliss and bale,
Since first he whispered in her ears
A lover's tender tale;
Full many a thorn amid the flowers
Has lain upon their way;
They've had their dull November hours,
As well as days of May.

But firm and true through weal and woe,
Through change of time and scene,
Through winter's gloom, through summer's glow,
Their faith and love have been;
Together hand in hand they pass,
Serenely down life's hill,
In hopes one grave in churchyard grass
May hold them lovers still.

Forget Thee? ... John Moultrie ... Lover's Year Book of Poetry (Roberts)

Forget thee? If to dream by night,
And muse on thee by day;
If all the worship deep and wild
A poet's heart can pay;
If prayers in absence breathed for thee
To heaven's protecting power;

If winged thoughts that flit to thee,
A thousand in an hour;
If busy Fancy blending thee
With all my future lot,—
If this thou call'st "forgetting,"
Thou indeed shalt be forgot!

Forget thee? Bid the forest birds
Forget their sweetest tune.
Forget thee? Bid the sea forget
To swell beneath the moon;
Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink
The eve's refreshing dew.

Thyself forget thine "own dear land"
And its "mountains wild and blue;"
Forget each old familiar face,
Each long-remembered spot.
When these things are forgot by thee,
Then thou shalt be forgot.

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace,
Still calm and fancy-free;
For God forbid thy glad some heart
Should grow less glad for me!
Yet while that heart is still unwon,
Oh, bid not mine to rove,

But let it nurse its humble faith
And uncomplaining Love!
If these, preserved for patient years,
At last avail me not,
Forget me then; but ne'er believe
That thou canst be forgot!

We Two ... Margaret J. Preston ... Because I Love You (Lee & Shepard)

Ah, painful-sweet! how can I take it in!
That somewhere in the illimitable blue
Of God's pure space, which men call Heaven, we two
Again shall find each other, and begin
The infinite life of love, a life akin
To angels',—only angels never knew
The ecstasy of blessedness that drew
Us to each other, even in this world of sin.

Yea, find each other! The remotest star
Of all the galaxies would hold in vain
Our souls apart, that have been heretofore
As closely interchangeable as are
One mind and spirit. Oh, joy that aches to pain,
To be together—we two—forever more!

How Shall I Love You? ... Frank L. Stanton ... Ladies' Home Journal

How shall I love you? I dream all day,
Dear, of a tenderer, sweeter way:
Songs that I sing to you, words that I say,
Prayers that are voiceless on lips that would pray;
These may not tell of the love of my life:
How shall I love you, my sweetheart, my wife?

How shall I love you? Love is the bread
Of life to a woman—the white and the red
Of all the world's roses, the light that is shed
On all the world's pathways, till life shall be dead!
The star in the storm and the strength in the strife:
How shall I love you, my sweetheart, my wife?

Is there a burden your heart must bear?
I shall kneel lowly and lift it, dear!
Is there a thorn in the crown that you wear?
Let it hide in my heart till a rose blossom there!
For grief or for glory—for death or for life,
So shall I love you, my sweetheart, my wife!

Aurora Borealis ... May Riley Smith ... Sometime (Randolph)

The northern cheek of the heavens,
By a sudden glory kissed,
Blushed to the tint of roses,
And hid in an amber mist.
And through the northern pathway,
Trailing her robe of flame,
The queenly Borealis
In her dazzling beauty came!

I stood and watched the tilting
Of each dainty, rosy lance,
As it seemed to pierce the bosom
Of an emerald expanse;
And I thought if heaven's gateway
Is so very fair to see,
What must the inner glory
Of the "many mansions" be?

I thought of the "Golden City,"
Where the wondrous lights unfurl;
Of its sea of clearest crystal,
Of its gates,—each one a pearl;
Thought, till the glowing splendor
Had quietly passed us by,
And the track of Aurora's chariot
Bleached out from the northern sky!

At Century's End ... E. Nesbit ... The Athenaeum

How can I tell you how I love you, dear?
There is no music, now the world is old;
The songs have all been sung, the tales all told,
And all the vows broken this many a year.

Had we but met when all the world was new,
When virgin blossoms decked untrodden fields,
I had plucked all the buds that summer yields,
And woven a garland worthy even of you.

Or had I sung when rhymes were yet unwed,
And crowned their marriage in the songs I made,
I had laid them down before you unafraid,
Meet offering to your grace and goodlihead.

But all the dreams are dreamed, and no new heat
Touches life's altars—all the scents are burnt,
The truths all taught and all the lessons learnt,
And no new stars lead Kings to kiss Love's feet.

For now in this gray world, of youth bereft,
Love has no throne, no sceptre, and no crown;
His groves are hushed, his altars are cast down,
And we who worship—we have nothing left.

And yet—your lips! The god has built him there
An altar which has known no flower nor flame;
There may we burn the incense to Love's name,
There the immortal, virgin rose be fair.

So—since my lips have known but one desire,
And all my flowers of life are vowed to you—
For us, at least, the old world has something new—
For me the altar and for you the fire!

INEBRIETY A DISEASE: ALLIED TO INSANITY*

BY DR. NORMAN KERR

No disease is more common than inebriety, and yet none is so seldom or so slowly recognized. No disease is more widespread. In the whole circle of even an extensive acquaintance it may happen that no member has been known to have suffered from any of the leading diseases which prevail in our islands, that no one has been laid low by phthisis or by cancer. But there are very few families in the United Kingdom which have not had at least one relative who has been the subject of inebriety. In but too many instances this family failing has unhappily not been confined to one member of the domestic circle.

The busy general practitioner of medicine who in the course of his experience as a family medical attendant is called upon to treat a wondrous variety of human ailments, may have had a lengthened professional career without ever having been confronted with a case of hydrophobia or of typhus fever, of cholera or of true diphtheria. But, whatever be the case in such a comparatively sober country as Italy, it cannot be denied that in the United Kingdom, as in many other lands, no medical man, however small his practice, can hope to pursue his professional calling for any long period without being called to most piteous and intractable cases of some form of inebriety. How important, then, that there should be a clear understanding of the real nature of inebriety. Such knowledge is essential to the friends of the diseased one, that they may readily discern the development of the malady in its early and more curable stages. Such knowledge is essential to the physician, that he may be in a position to form an enlightened opinion of the case, and thus be prepared to devise a method of treatment calculated to arrest the progress of the disease, and to effect the permanent cure of the patient. Otherwise, if the existence of an underlying disease in the intemperate be not recognized and treated at the outset, the inebriate addiction will have time to become confirmed, and morbid degeneration of function and structure have time to be intensified, each additional day's delay adding to the ever present difficulties standing in the way of the reformation of the patient's life and of the cure of his disease.

Paramount as is the necessity for an early recognition of this disease, it is a saddening fact that in very few cases indeed has its existence been even suspected before it has acquired so great an intensity and chronicity as to have lessened in a marked degree the moral control. Rarely has the truth been realized either by the victim or by his friends till the will-power has been so weakened that the hope of cure has seemed faint and remote. Nay, and this is the most astonishing feature of the prevailing ignorance on the subject, when the malady has become incurable, and when the confirmed inebriate, after a long and painful illness, more painful even to the spectators than it has been to the

sufferer, is lingering in the last agony of death from some fatal form of inebriety, in many cases no underlying physically diseased state is seen! The presence only of the immediate morbid affection which is ending the drunkard's "pitiful, desperate struggle for life," is, except by the few who grasp the whole truth, the sole physical disorder observed, and the hapless mortal who has put on immortality is mourned by the survivors as one who has fallen a prey to his own vicious propensities, not as one who has been slain by a disease as insidious and as fell as any disease which has ever decimated the ranks of humankind.

Till these last few years drunkenness has generally been regarded but as an act of folly, a sin, a vice, or a crime. The finger of scorn has been pointed at the sot as an object of ridicule and contempt. The drunkard has been stigmatized as a good-for-nothing scapegrace who loves excess for its own sake, who lives but to gratify his vitiated tastes, who from his inherent depravity knowingly and unblushingly prefers vice to virtue, intoxication to sobriety. The theologian denounces the intemperate one as willingly guilty of heinous sin. The judge punishes the riotous drunkard as a criminal offender. Whatever his inherited tendencies, whatever his original weakness of will, whatever his inborn deficiency of moral control, whatever his natural susceptibility to the narcotic influence of intoxicating agents, contumely and reproach, pains and penalties have been the only means which has generally been employed in the treatment of subjects of alcoholic indulgence.

In one Home for Inebriates the average length of inebriate addiction of the patients, prior to their admission, was nine years. In my own private practice, five to ten, twenty, and thirty years have been the duration of the inebriate patient's indulgence, in a number of cases, before I have been consulted. The very mention of such a fact should suffice to suggest the valuable time that has been wasted, generally in seeking every kind of advice, and in desperately trying in turn every remedy asserted to possess the power of destroying what is popularly termed the "drink crave."

Five causes have operated to bring about this serious and sometimes fatal delay. Ignorance is the most powerful, neither the victim nor his relatives, generally speaking, discerning a physically diseased condition, either in the drunken manifestations, or in the antecedent deviations from health. The general levity with which non-inebriate eccentricities of conduct are regarded as foolish freaks, and drunken extravagancies of behavior as food for mirth, is another cause. A third cause is the reticence of the person and his relatives, who, as in insanity and specific disease, shrink from disclosing, so long as they can conceal, what they believe to be but moral delinquencies. Fourthly, there is the reluctance of the family medical attendant to volunteer information as to any symptoms of inebriety which he may observe, in consequence of the purely vice and sin view of intemperance involving opprobrium and reproach. Fifthly, there is the regrettable unacquaintance with the presence of a sub-stratum of disease in such cases, still too common in the medical profession.

* From *Inebriety or Narcomania; its Etiology, Pathology, Treatment and Jurisprudence*. By Dr. Norman Kerr. J. Selwin Tait & Co. This work is the most valuable, clear, and complete treatise on the subject ever written, and is filled with most interesting material. This extract but gives the point of view. It is a work that should be carefully studied by sociologists and reformers.

RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

Is Death Painful?

REV. E. J. HARDY....THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE

Many people, through fear of death, are all their lives subject to bondage. The questions, How shall we die? When shall we die? and Where shall we die? are continually worrying them. Indeed, there have been several suicides caused by this haunting terror of death. The thought of it made their lives insupportable, and they killed themselves in order to know the worst. And yet it is quite possible that in respect to the physical sensation of dying we resemble Don Quixote, when he hung by his wrist from the stable window and imagined that a tremendous abyss yawned beneath his feet. Fate, in the character of Maritornes, cuts the thong with light-some laughter, and the gallant gentleman falls—four inches. When Louis XIV. lay dying—"Why weep you?" he asked those who surrounded his deathbed. "Did you think I should live forever?" Then, after a pause, "I thought dying had been harder." Dr. Hunter was another who was agreeably surprised by his experience of dying. His last words were: "If I had strength to hold a pen I would write down how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die." A charming actress who had been twice almost drowned told a friend that dying was the nicest sensation that she knew. The late Archbishop of Canterbury, as his "agony" befell, quietly remarked: "It is really nothing much after all."

Hundreds of other last or nearly last sayings of dying persons might be cited to prove the truth of Pliny's remark that the departure of the soul frequently takes place without pain, and sometimes even with pleasure. If the dead could come to life again, they would all, or nearly all, we have no doubt, tell us that Walt Whitman spoke the truth when he said that

Whatever happens to anybody it will be turned to beautiful results,

And nothing can happen more beautiful than death.

And again—

All goes outward and onward, nothing collapses!

And to die is different to what anybody supposed—and luckier!

Every moment dies a man.

Every moment one is born.

The first experience—at least, in the case of death by old age—is as natural as the second. Why should we think that it must necessarily be more painful? Certainly, if some men died and others did not, death might be considered an enemy; but being universal it cannot be.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there—

he who hath done this can hardly fail to see evidence that in the case of the majority of people (most dead persons, even those who perish by violence, as, for instance, in battle, have this expression of rest and peace), death is not painful, or, at least, not as painful as it is

generally supposed to be. Perhaps, as there is said to be a sort of numbness which takes hold of an animal (Livingston felt it when in the grip of a lion) falling into the clutches of a beast of prey, so, by the arrangement of a merciful Providence, the swoop of the last enemy may have a narcotic effect upon its victim. I am, myself, much of the opinion of the ancient thinker who said that "death, of all estimated evils, is the only one whose presence never incommodes anybody, and which only causes concern during its absence."

A man said to Socrates: "The Athenians have condemned you to death." "And Nature," he replied, "has condemned them." We do not think that death should be looked upon as the condemnation of nature, but rather as its happy release. This was the light in which Columbus viewed it. When he was old and chained in prison it was a relief to him to think that soon he would "sail forth on one last voyage." Though more happy in her life than the great discoverer, the famous mathematician, Mrs. Somerville, could thus speak of the same voyage: "The blue peter has long been flying at my foremast, and now that I am in my ninety-second year I must soon expect the signal for sailing. It is a solemn voyage, but it does not disturb my tranquillity. I trust in the infinite mercy of my Almighty Creator." By the ancient Greeks death was considered simply as a destroyer. To them it was the last and most bitter of foes. Achilles in Hades says to Odysseus: "Nay, speak not comfortably to me of death. Rather would I live upon the earth the hireling of another than bear sway over all the dead that are no more." The Christian is saved from this "inward horror of falling into naught." To him death is not the king of terrors, but the tender consoler, not the end of life, but the beginning of a higher and nobler state. And surely to an over-wrought age this conception is very soothing:

Sleep after toyle, port after stormy seas.

Ease after warre, death after life, doth greatly please.

"I look upon death," says Franklin, "to be as necessary to our constitution as sleep. We shall rise refreshed in the morning."

"Death once dead, there's no more dying then." It is a friend and not an enemy, coming, as it does, from the love that loves on to the endless end. One by one God calls those bound to us by natural and endearing ties into His silence; He prepares a home and kindred for us yonder, while baring life for us here: and thus, in His tenderness, He delivers us from the fear of death. For many, when the "last enemy" comes to shake his insolent spear in their face, Agag's question is their answer: "Surely the bitterness of death is passed." "When thou passeth through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." When Bunyan in his immortal allegory draws a picture full of pathos and dignity, of Christian and Hopeful wading through deep waters to the Celestial City, he puts these words into Hopeful's lips to soothe the tremors of his friend. Every day thousands of God's true servants are sustained in their last earthly experience by being able to realize this Presence.

When death is bitter it is so, as a general rule, far more by reason of anxiety and remorse than from phys-

ical causes. A man, for instance, can scarcely die easily if he is leaving a widow and family for whom provision has not been made. The medical man who attended Oliver Goldsmith in his last hour asked him if there was anything on his mind, as he could not account for his temperature being so high. The poet admitted that there was. Debt was upon his mind. To some it is riches and not poverty that renders death painful. When Garrick showed to Dr. Johnson his palatial residence, the latter said: "Ah, David, these are the things that make death terrible." Yet, even in a palace life may be well led, and I have known rich men who had learned to sit loose to the things of earth and to be quite ready to give them up. A clever medical man once said to me: "You parsons do much harm by making people afraid to die. You should rather teach them to look upon death as their best friend." Of course, I told him that it is not clergymen but their own consciences that make people afraid to die, and that it is our business to point to Him "who hath abolished death and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel."

Think not I dread to see my spirit fly
Through the dark gates of fell mortality;
Death has no terrors where the life is true;
'Tis living ill that makes us fear to die.

A minister in a remote part of Scotland was once visiting the deathbed of an aged member of his congregation. "Well, my friend," said the minister, "how do you feel yourself to-day?" "Very weel, sir," was the calm and solemn answer—"very weel, but just a wee bit confused with the flittin'." If even a good man is in this way confused with the flittin', how can those who in youth and health and strength have never given a thought to that part of life's business which consists in preparing to leave it—how can they expect to be calm and collected on their deathbeds, and to have peace at the last? John Wesley was once asked by a lady: "Suppose you knew that you were to die at 12 o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" "How, madam?" he replied, "why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this night at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning. After that I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my bed at 10 o'clock, commend myself to my heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory." The way to have peace at the last is long before to take Jesus as our individual Saviour and try to serve Him, not in some extraordinary way, but in our ordinary every-day life.

The mother of the poet Goethe, who was a strong-minded and humorous woman, happened to receive an invitation to a party when on her deathbed from some one who did not know that she was ill. She thus replied to it: "Madam Goethe is sorry that she cannot accept your invitation, as she is engaged dying." It is not only when we come to our deathbeds that we are engaged dying. It is a physiological fact that

From hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot.

In this sense we all "die daily," whether we like it or not. Well for those who can use these words in the

higher sense in which St. Paul used them—who can feel that they are ready to die every day they live. This was the aim of the Christian soldier, Havelock, who said: "For more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear." Let us think for a moment of the view which He who is the Example of a godly life, and therefore of a godly death, took of departing from this world. One of the seven last sayings of Jesus from the cross was: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my Spirit." It is the free, spontaneous, unhesitating surrender of One who did not look upon death as an irresistible necessity, but as something that comes from a Father's love.

This was the feeling which enabled the American General, Stonewall Jackson, to die as he did. When told that he had only about two hours to live, he answered: "Very good; it is all right. Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action. Pass the infantry to the front rapidly. Tell Major Hawks——" Presently a smile of ineffable sweetness spread itself over his pale face, and he said quietly and with an expression of relief: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." And then, without pain or the least struggle, his spirit passed away. We should all be able to pass over the dark river of death bravely if we hoped and trusted as truly as did this Christian soldier, to rest under the Tree of Life upon the other side.

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of Death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
As one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

The Revolt of Reason

A STUDY IN THE REASON OF REVOLT.... LONDON WORLD

This form of insubordination is a favorite resource of noble minds. It has all the moral grandeur of a Hyde Park demonstration without the disagreeable smell, and is almost as effective an instrument of reform. It is an intellectual luxury which can be brought within reach of the humblest income, and, thanks to the predominance of irrational elements in this sorry world of ours, Reason need never want an excuse for taking the field. Revolts against petticoats, laws of nature, political economy, Mr. Gladstone's government, and other isolated monuments of error, are of course common enough; but the latest effort of die reine Vernunft is of a more heroic character and on a larger scale. A year or two ago the Thirteen Club arose to seize superstition by the throat, and it has lately celebrated the new year with a dinner which should certainly put the powers of evil on their mettle. Crashing mirrors, coffin-shaped salt-cellar, out of which salt was spilt with spoons like a sexton's shovel, peacock's feathers, and so forth, formed part of a programme of defiance which, if unavenged, ought to lay low some of our hardiest superstitions. The assortment of dangers was tolerably comprehensive, but we think that some additions might be usefully made. No spiders, for instance, seem to have been destroyed on this occasion; and to squash a spider is an easy and inexpensive method of challenging disaster, as well as an appetizing preliminary to dinner.

Again, a caged robin is understood to diffuse a good deal of misfortune and general inconvenience; and the absence of a magpie was surely a curious oversight.

It certainly is passing strange that such a grotesque protest on behalf of common sense should be necessary, or even possible, at the end of the nineteenth century. But the existence of the fantastic beliefs which have evoked it shows how deeply our modern civilization is rooted in a barbaric past. We need not go further back than the Middle Ages to find the influences which still inspire many of the superstitious fooleries of the present day. As Michelet points out, the great feature of mediæval life was fear: a living fear of men, of the State, of the Church, of the Devil, of death, and of hell. A chronic terror of this kind will soon manufacture appropriate objects even out of the most innocuous material, and a goodly crop of superstitions is the natural result. The grosser of these have withered under the spread of scientific knowledge; but the old spirit still animates the milder specimens which have survived. Moncure Conway tells us of a modern English matron who teaches her children to bow their heads at the name of the Devil, on the ground that it is "safer." This is simply a reappearance of the irrational fear of mediæval times, producing the same irrational incoherence of belief. Not one in a thousand of the good folks who revere the superstition of the thirteenth at table would own to any doubt of the universe being under moral and intelligent supervision, and their professions in most cases are perfectly sincere. But they are honestly incapable of perceiving the incongruity between their ostensible belief in a divinely ordered world and their superstitious dread of one that is more than half demoniac. Superstition, moreover, besides being repugnant to reason, is not unfrequently divided against itself. Among savage communities the totem animal of one tribe is quite commonly the religious bugbear of another; and, to come nearer home, the peacock feather, which in England is understood to exercise a malign influence over marriage, is regarded in Germany and in some parts of the East as the most appropriate nuptial decoration.

At the same time it is well to remember that reason itself, and the cheap substitutes which sometimes pass for it, must submit in the long run to the test of experience. Facts, as a rule, are provokingly indifferent to argument; and, notwithstanding a persistent tradition, it may be doubted whether the disputants who could argue the hind leg off a donkey are really historical. Scepticism is often quite as irrational as credulity (a reflection which we present with pleasure to philosophers of the cocksure school), and is almost as injurious to the progress of knowledge. History is full of the monumental discomfitures of scientists who have too hastily sat in the seat of the scornful, though we are somewhat slow to take the warning to heart. Galileo, Harvey, and Jenner were all ridiculed in their time by their scientific contemporaries. The Royal Society laughed at Franklin's theory of the lightning-conductor; scientific experts proved to their own satisfaction that Stephenson's locomotive could not travel twelve miles an hour; Sir Humphrey Davy scouted the idea of lighting London by gas; and, to come to our own times, hypnotism has at last triumphed over the contempt which scientific authorities formerly heaped upon it. But while errors like these are the accidents of reason, they are the essence of su-

perstition, and it is this which makes the task of uprooting the latter so hopeless. People are superstitious not from any reasoned conviction, but because they are built that way; and though evidence may occasionally displace some particular belief, it is powerless to affect a general habit of mind. Herein lies the weakness of the Thirteen Club and its methods. Individual superstitions may be easily disproved, but in a congenial mental soil they will speedily be replaced by new ones; and if superstition is to disappear it will be only when there are no more superstitious people to be convinced of their errors.

The Secret of Long Life

ROYAL ROADS TO LONGEVITY....BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL

M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, the famous French scholar and politician, who recently entered on his ninetyeth year full of physical and intellectual vigor, has been telling the inevitable interviewer how it is his days have been so long in the land. It is, we are told, the effect of strict adherence to the old precept "early to bed and early to rise," with steady work during waking hours. Every grand old man seems to have a secret of his own. Mr. Gladstone, we believe, attributes his longevity to his habit of taking a daily walk in all weathers, and to his giving thirty-two bites to every morsel of food. Oliver Wendell Holmes pinned his faith on equability of temperature. The late Major Knox Holmes swore by the tricycle, which, in the end, was the cause of his death. Dr. P. H. Van der Weyde, an American octogenarian, not long ago offered himself "as an example of the benign influence of the study and practice of music." Some aged persons give the credit of their long lives to abstinence from tobacco, alcohol, meat, or what not; others to their indulgence in all these things. One old lady of whom we read not long ago as having reached the age of 120 or thereabouts, maintained that single blessedness is the real "elixir vitæ," and she ascribed the death of a brother at the tender age of 90 to the fact that he had committed matrimony in early life. M. Ferdinand de Lesseps believes in horse riding. Mr. James Payn complains that in his boyhood he "got a little bored with too much horse." The Grand Français seems to think that one can hardly have "too much horse." In a letter recently published, M. de Lesseps delivered himself on the subject as follows: "I shall always feel deeply grateful to Larine, my riding-master, who from my earliest years made me share his keen passion for horses, and I am still convinced that daily horse exercise has in a large measure been the means of enabling me to reach my eighty-fourth year in perfect health." Carlyle was also a great rider almost to the end of his long life, and he not only rode, but, we believe, groomed his horse himself. On the whole, it must be concluded that the real secret of longevity is a sound constitution prudently husbanded. The only general rules that can be laid down are those set forth by Adam in *As You Like it*:

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly.

That is the whole secret of long life. Shakespeare knew it as well as anyone, yet he died at fifty-two.

CHARACTERISTIC STORIES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN*

COMPILED BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD

The Quality of Mercy—To a friend, who had obtained from him a pardon for a deserter: "Some of our generals complain that I impair discipline and subordination in the army by my pardons and respites, but it makes me rested, after a hard day's work, if I can find some good excuse for saving a man's life."

Drawing Down the Disease—At the very outset of the war sundry wise men from New York urged Mr. Lincoln to keep away Confederate armies from Washington by naval attacks upon Southern seaports. It reminded him, he said, of a New Salem, Ill., girl, who was troubled with a "singing in her head" for which there seemed to be no remedy, but a neighbor promised a cure if they would "make a plaster of psalm tunes and apply to her feet and draw the singing down."

The Firing at Knoxville—At the time when General Burnside's force was besieged in Knoxville, Tenn., with an apparent danger of being starved into surrender, a telegram came one day from Cumberland Gap announcing that "Firing is heard in the direction of Knoxville." "Glad of it!" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln. "Why should you be glad of it?" asked a friend who was present in some surprise. "Why, you see," he explained, "it reminds me of Mrs. Sallie Ward, a neighbor of mine. She had a very large family. Occasionally one of her numerous progeny would be heard crying in some out-of-the-way place and she would exclaim, 'There's one of my children that isn't dead yet!'"

A Second-Hand President—No doubt Mr. Lincoln sufficiently appreciated the good qualities of ex-President Fillmore, then living, but a mention of him one evening brought out a shot at the Vice-Presidential succession. Just after Taylor's death, when Fillmore succeeded him, Fillmore needed to buy a carriage. Some gentleman here was breaking up housekeeping and had one for sale, and Fillmore took Edward (the old doorkeeper of the White House) with him when he went to look at it. It seemed to be a pretty good turnout, but Fillmore looked it carefully over and then asked Edward, "How do you think it will do for the President of the United States to ride in a second-hand carriage?" "Sure, your Excellency," replied Edward, "you're only a second-hand President, you know."

At a Critical Moment—The result of the great conflict seemed to be in more doubt than ever, just after the Emancipation Proclamation. Mr. Lincoln expressed his own view of the situation with: "We are a good deal like whalers who have been long on a chase. At last we have got our harpoon fairly into the monster; but we must look out how we steer, or with one flop of his tail he will yet send us all into eternity."

Travelling Deadhead—Mr. Lincoln had several reasons for not admiring ex-President Tyler, and a mention of him on one occasion brought out an anecdote. "A year or two after Tyler's accession to the presidency," said Mr. Lincoln, "contemplating an excursion in some direction, his son went to order a special train of cars.

It so happened that the railroad superintendent was a very strong Whig. On 'Bob's' making known his errand, that official promptly informed him that his road did not run special trains for the President. 'What,' said Bob; 'did you not furnish a special train for the funeral of General Harrison?' 'Yes,' said the superintendent, stroking his whiskers; 'and if you will only bring your father here in that shape, you shall have the best train on the road.'

Perplexity Illustrated—Letter to General Hooker, June 5th, 1863: "In one word, I would not take any risk of being entangled upon the river, like an ox jumped half over a fence and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear, without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other."

A Presidential Blondin—Reply to Fault-Finders at Executive Mansion. "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara River on a rope, would you shake the cable, or keep shouting out to him: 'Blondin, stand up a little straighter; Blondin, stoop a little more; go a little faster; lean a little more to the north; lean a little more to the south?' No, you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The Government are carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in their hands. They are doing the best they can. Don't badger them. Keep silence, and we'll get you safe across."

Lincoln's Hatred of Oppression—To Newton Bateman, October, 1860. "I know there is a God, and that he hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that His hand is in it. If he has a place and work for me—and I think he has—I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know I am right because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God."

Quoting Scripture—Speech at Chicago, Ill., July 10, 1858. "My friend has said that I am a poor hand to quote Scripture. I will try it again, however. It is said in one of the admonitions of our Lord: 'As your Father in Heaven is perfect, be ye also perfect.' The Saviour, I suppose, did not expect any human creature could be perfect as the Father in Heaven; but he said: 'As your Father in Heaven is perfect, be ye also perfect.' He set that up as a standard, and he who did most in reaching that standard, attained the highest degree of moral perfection. So I say in relation to the principle that all men are created equal, let it be as nearly reached as we can. If we cannot give freedom to every creature, let us do nothing that will impose slavery upon any other creature."

Thanksgiving Proclamation—October 3, 1863. "No human council hath devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are most gracious gifts of the Most High God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy. It has seemed to me fit and proper that they should be solemnly, reverently acknowledged, as with one heart and voice, by the whole American people."

* From Table-Talk of Abraham Lincoln. Edited by William O. Stoddard. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES: HOME AND ABROAD

*Anton Rubinstein's
Musical Career*

To have a fairy godmother who literally smothers you with noble gifts was Anton Rubinstein's portion, says James G. Huneker, in the *Musical Courier*. If nature had been less prodigal with him, if she had dowered him less richly, as she did in Tschaikowsky's case, his garden of life would not have run to rank weeds and unfruitfulness. But his genius, for he was a man of marked genius, was never sufficiently controlled, and his temperament was one so passionate that it is to be doubted if even the possession of a more powerful will than Rubinstein's could have curbed and shaped it, and would we, all said and done, have had him otherwise? In our age of petty personalities and continual compromise with the world Rubinstein stands for all that is noble, powerful, even titanic. His heavily furrowed face—life was a harsh graver in his case—told a tale of enormous passions, enormous vigor and great goodness. He was at heart primarily a good man; he hated Wagner's music, but he never descended to the petty meanness of Wagner the man. He was absurdly generous, almost as generous as Franz Liszt, and his purse strings hung outside of his door. If you got within, if you could have met the man face to face, when you saw his great noble heart, with its sympathetic throb, you could say of him what Abraham Lincoln once said on seeing Walt Whitman: "There goes a man!"

As time remorselessly effaces memories, Rubinstein may be known in the future as a composer. But those of us who have heard him play the piano will ever rank him as one of the masters of the keyboard. A lineal descendant of Liszt, indeed his pupil, his individuality was so remarkable that he almost created a school of piano playing; but he was both the master and school, for no pianist alive to-day can more than faintly approximate the effects of his play. His touch was charming; like Chopin's, it would have had a charm if he had but drummed on a table. It was sensuous in cantabile, but amazingly light and graceful in rapid flights of passage work. We are so accustomed to think of Rubinstein, the thunderer, that the poetic Rubinstein is often forgotten. His Chopin playing was incomparable. Can one ever forget his reading of the *Barcarolle*? In this genre he was unexcelled. There was a sweetly feminine side to his nature which peeped forth in the nocturnes and mazourkas of Chopin, and which vanished when he played a Beethoven concerto. Sweetness and strength were his attributes, and for that reason his piano performances lay beyond the domain of mere virtuosity, and ranked as artistic creations. Like Liszt, Rubinstein had what Goethe called the "daemonic" impulse. He played like a man suffering from an obsession of spirits, and discoursed eloquently as a sybil on a tripod.

This gave to his interpretations a flavor of improvisation. Everything he touched was impregnated with his powerful personality. His were true Rubinstein readings, for he was intensely subjective. That this extravagance, this emotional fury, led often to distortion of classic and modern music at his hands must be confessed. He often tore passion to the veriest rags, and his admirers were saddened by his thunderous outbursts at the piano. These outbursts stirred one—like great

elemental catastrophes—as a tornado, as an avalanche, but they also revealed the rift in the lute which later made the man's music mute. These ungovernable gusts and caprices were the index of his character; a character in which good predominated, but in which emotionality in excess so shook the branches that sometimes the whole tree of his reason tottered. With more self control Rubinstein might have outshone Liszt and Taussig as a pianist; with more self criticism, which presupposes the highest development of self control, he would have died a peer of all latter-day composers. But this necessary element was lacking in his nature, and so with a temperament endowed with richest of musical gifts, the melancholy fact remains that Anton Rubinstein did not make the most of them, and that his life must therefore be adjudged an unhappy and an unsuccessful one in the higher, spiritual sense.

A Russian by birth, although Polish and German by descent, the Slavic in him was speedily vanquished by the Teutonic strain on the maternal side of his family. He was a Russian composer who composed German music, for, putting aside a few songs and dances, his music is infinitely less Slavic than Tschaikowsky's, and distinctly less Oriental than Karl Goldmark's. Rubinstein's long sojourn in Germany doubtless caused the trend of his composing to be in a general way German. A great admirer of Beethoven, he nevertheless did not assimilate that great man's music so thoroughly as Richard Wagner. He was really a reactionary in art, as his little pamphlet about musicians and music proves. His music is, however, the best evidence. Believing in the absolute potency of melody, he grew slipshod as to his methods of presentation. His harmonic framework is often commonplace, and his orchestral garbing was never individual except in a few instances. Rubinstein never, like Beethoven, Chopin, Tourgenieff, and Tschaikowsky, showed infinite patience about little things. He was impatient of detail; the force of his conception so possessed him, so carried him away, that he was in mortal suffering until he transferred the idea to paper. And alas! that idea was often not worth the pangs of such a parturition. These things are nature's paradoxes.

Rubinstein had such color, such glow of imagination, that he forcibly reminds one of those Venetian painters who hurled paint-pot at canvas, but with a passionate sincerity of aim. The surge, the rush, the full-pulsed throb is in Rubinstein's music, and so is the deadly banal, the dull, the commonplace and the padding that comes from habits of garrulity. If, like Flaubert, he had spent forty years over four masterpieces, then he would have left the world a legacy that could never be too highly estimated. Even as it is, thrown off at fever heat, some of his songs, at least two of his piano concertos, two of his symphonies and some of his chamber music could hardly be replaced. In ideas they are unique, although loose in texture, and not always worthily presented. Rubinstein, despite his German classical training, revealed his Oriental birth. He was rich in ideas, which he mistook for finished work, and he had the rhythmical traits of the East. As a composer he promised more than he fulfilled; as a pianist he always fulfilled more than he promised.

If he had bestowed half the patience of Tchaikowsky on his music we would be richer to-day. But mentally he was not constituted as Brahms or Tchaikowsky. His imagination, flooded with color and passion, often befogged his reasoning faculties. His judgment in matters musical was far from being clear headed. He disliked Wagner's music, yet he frittered and fretted away his life in his vain effort to emulate the successes of the great master of the music drama. That a man of such power, a man who had veritable dramatic moments in his purely instrumental music, did not succeed in mastering the idea of the music drama proves only that writing for the stage requires peculiar gifts, training and great experience. Like Schumann, Rubinstein never conquered what Henry James so aptly calls the "scenic idea." So his operas, one of which, *Nero*, we heard in this city, and his sacred operas, an anomalous form, were never successful. He could be prolix to a degree, and his steady repulsion of new doctrines, whether they emanated from Bayreuth or Weimar, was the cause of the just neglect of his works written for the stage. His oratorios are tedious as a whole, and it is in his piano music and songs that Rubinstein is at his best.

The distinguishing points of Rubinstein's piano music are noble, melodic ideas and great breadth of style. These became mere mannerisms in later years. But what a charm they possess in his D minor concerto, which is, all said and done, his masterpiece for the instrument! His first concerto in E minor suggests a strenuous study of Chopin, but the two, G major and E flat major (so wonderfully delivered by Eugene d'Albert) are superb specimens of writing in this form. Despite the freedom of his playing, Rubinstein was early imbued with a reverence for the classics, so that his departures from the traditional forms of the piano concerto were not so wide as one would naturally imagine. His smaller piano pieces are often gems. The melody in F made his name famous in the world of the Philistine, and his studies and preludes are a lasting contribution to piano technique. Rubinstein had none of the German Chopin's salon sentiment, nor did he file and finish his work like this genre painter.

Of the symphonies, the "Ocean" is the most spontaneous, but the supplementary movements kill it for the concert-room. The "Dramatic" comes next in popular favor, and is unquestionably a work of power and imagination. No one but Rubinstein could have conceived it. Rubinstein's life and works suggest one of those torsos vouchsafed us by time, which are convulsed by the enormous power of the sculptor. We see such fire and flux in some mediæval creations. All is incomplete, truncated, all is wreathed in passionate expression, in desperate yearnings; the throes of life, its sorrows, its joys are there, but the repose, the deep peace which passeth all understanding, is not to be found. With enormous potentialities, imperfect realizations, Rubinstein will ever stand as the type of an artist who dared, not wisely, but too well. Russia has suffered a double blow; almost within the year Tchaikowsky has gone, and soon was followed by his friend.

*Dr. James McCosh
and His Work*

A writer in the New York Evening Post gives this sketch of the life-work of Dr. James McCosh, ex-President of Princeton College, who died November 16th: Dr. McCosh was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, April 1, 1811. He was

educated at the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh. While at the latter he wrote an essay on the philosophy of the stoics for which, on motion of Sir William Hamilton, the honorary degree of A.M. was conferred on him. He was ordained a minister of the Church of Scotland at Arbroath in 1835, and in 1839 became pastor at Brechin. In 1843 he was prominent in the movement which resulted in the organization of the Free Church. While in the pastorate he published, in 1850, the *Methods of the Divine Government*, Physical and Moral, which made his reputation as a philosophical writer, and is considered by some his greatest work. In 1851 he was chosen to the chair of logic and metaphysics in Queen's College, Belfast, where he became eminent as an instructor. In 1856 he wrote jointly with Prof. George Dickie, M.D., *Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation*. His other published works at Belfast were *Intuitions of the Mind Inductively Investigated*; *The Supernatural in Relation to the Natural*; and *An Examination of Mill's Philosophy*. In 1868 he accepted the call to the presidency of the College of New Jersey and became a resident of Princeton. He quickly adapted himself to the new situation, and by his successful administration and wide reputation, secured for Princeton College the name and prosperity it now enjoys. Before entering upon his duties as president, he visited all the leading colleges and seminaries of the United States to inform himself of their character and systems of instruction. Writing from Queen's College his acceptance of the nomination as president, he said: "I devote myself and my remaining life, under God, to old Princeton and the religious and literary interests with which it is identified, and, I fancy, will leave my bones in your graveyard, beside the great and good men who are buried there, hoping that my spirit may mount to communion with them in heaven." The hope and promise of his coming were more than fulfilled in his faithful administration of twenty years. The curriculum of the college was greatly extended, the system of elective studies introduced and fellowships provided. The post-graduate department was established and the school of science added to the academic department. The number of professors and instructors increased from sixteen to over forty, and the roll of students was more than doubled. It was during Dr. McCosh's administration also that the school of philosophy was endowed through the munificence of the late Mrs. Robert L. Stuart, of New York City. The material prosperity of the college during these years kept pace with its growing needs. Large sums were added to the endowments and many of the finest buildings which adorn the spacious campus were erected. These, in the order of their erection, were the Halstead observatory, gymnasium, reunion hall; Dickinson hall, library, school of science, university hall; Witherspoon hall, observatory of instruction; Murray hall; Edwards hall; Marquand chapel, and the biological laboratory. The art museum was also begun, and Prospect, the handsome residence of the president, acquired by purchase.

Notwithstanding the demands of the lecture-room and the onerous duties of the presidency, Dr. McCosh continued a prolific writer, adding largely to the number of his published works. Besides frequent contributions to the Princeton Review and other periodicals in this country and Great Britain, he published, among others, *The Laws of Discursive Thought* and *A Treatise on*

Logic; Christianity and Positivism, a series of lectures delivered on the Ely foundation at the Union Theological Seminary, New York city; The Scottish Philosophy, A Reply to Professor Tyndall's Belfast Address, First and Fundamental Truths, Psychology, the Cognitive Powers, Psychology, the Motive Powers, The Emotions, The Religious Aspect of Evolution, and his two volumes of Realistic Philosophy. Dr. McCosh took a deep personal interest in the students, followed them affectionately after their graduation, and was proud especially of the large number who chose his own profession and became professors or teachers at Princeton and in a multitude of literary and educational institutions throughout the land. In 1888, in fulfillment, it would seem, of a purpose made by him when entering upon his work at Princeton, he resigned the presidency, having completed twenty years of administration, and was succeeded by President Patton. In anticipation, he had erected a handsome residence on Prospect Avenue, where he has lived during the last six years. He was made lecturer on philosophy, but has not appeared frequently in the class-room. His time has been employed largely in the review of such of his published works as he thought were of permanent value, and in the preparation of an autobiography, which, it is to be hoped, was completed. His intellect was keenly discriminating. He could justly claim to be the leading representative of the philosophy which has had its home in Scotland, though it was one of the cherished ambitions of his life to establish a distinctively American school of realistic philosophy. His mental scope was broad, and though ardently attached to the doctrinal system of the church of his choice, he held his views liberally.

As an instructor he must be accorded a front rank among the noted of American colleges. His style was simple and clear. There is a steady aim in his books to be understood. His illustrations are abundant and are taken from the most familiar facts and experiences of life, so that his philosophical works are level to the understanding of the ordinary reader. Dr. McCosh's long service in the class-room and his mental methods made him an instructive rather than a popular preacher. He never attained to eminence in the pulpit. He was, however, deeply interested in church matters, and soon after coming to this country labored diligently to secure the adoption of a sustentation scheme in the Presbyterian church modelled after that of which he had been an active promoter in Ireland. The scheme has only been partly successful, owing to the difference in conditions prevailing in a new country with rapidly increasing populations. He had been a director of Princeton Theological Seminary since 1869.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton

The world of art and literature, says Robert J. Wickenden, in *Harper's Weekly*, has sustained a serious loss by the death of Philip Gilbert Hamerton, which occurred at Boulogne-sur-Seine, near Paris, on the 5th of November. He was born on September 10, 1834, at Laneside, Lancashire, and began his education at Burnley and Doncaster. Deep love for nature and a strong creative instinct carried him at once into practical production in the field of art and literature. His powerful, almost athletic physique was balanced by great intellectual culture, and he loved an out-door life among the hills, if possible. Almost all his books were conceived and

carried to completion away from the life of cities. His first printed work, which appeared in *The Historic Times*, was entitled *Rome*, in 1849. He also contributed at this time to *The Fortnightly* and *The Saturday Review*, enjoying the acquaintance and advice of Lewes and George Eliot. A book called *Observations on Heraldry* appeared in 1857, and soon after a volume of verse, the *Islands of Loch Awe, and Other Poems of my Youth*. This not meeting with as complete a success as its author might have desired, he turned his attention toward the graphic arts, and went to Paris to study. Here, among others, he enjoyed the friendship and advice of the landscape painter William Wyld; and soon after, under the influence of the pre-Raphaelite school, he returned to Scotland, setting up his easel on the banks of Loch Awe. He even contemplated buying and restoring an old castle on one of its isles, as a place for a permanent residence. The literary results of this open air life appeared in that delightful book, *A Painter's Camp in the Highlands*. The theories of painting set forth therein Mr. Hamerton thought best to modify somewhat, later; but the conscientious desire to record natural truth and to seize its beauties as they pass, which he here expresses, will ever be fresh and new. *Thoughts about Art* appeared in 1862, and still remains a work of great educational value, both to the art student and the general public.

Returning to France, he lived first near Sens, and afterwards near Autun, a city rich in historic traditions, and surrounded by the hilly and picturesque country that always seemed a necessary environment for Mr. Hamerton. Here, through a number of years spent between books and nature, were written the greater part of his works. Notable among these stands *The Intellectual Life*, a classic in all that pertains to the higher life, both physical and moral. *Etching and Etchers* came in 1868, and won him the title of "The Apostle of Etching," which art has since become so popular. In 1869 he projected and started *The Portfolio*, which, continued through the intervening years, still holds its place as a dignified art periodical, and has been the means of bringing many noted etchers and engravers into fame and fortune. He was an indefatigable worker and book followed upon book as the years passed on, each gaining new friends and readers for its author among all classes, from the highest to the most humble. But few readers have failed to enjoy the strong common sense and refined feeling for nature, art, and humanity therein expressed. Among later works which might also be cited as examples of fine book-making were *Man in Art*, which appeared in 1892, and *Drawing and Engraving*, in 1893. Besides these numerous writings, he still found time to exercise his love for painting and etching, and has often illustrated his own books. I remember, as late as the end of September of the present year, he showed me a number of careful foliage studies, just made in the Bois de Boulogne with the utmost conscientiousness, which he intended to use in completing a large canvas of the Saône near Troyes, that stood on an easel by the side of his writing-table in the quiet study at the top of his house in the *Parc des Princes*. Here was painted the portrait, on which the writer worked from life during September. The end must have come somewhat suddenly, for in a letter received some two weeks previous he says, "I am now much better and enjoy regular sleep . . . this result has

been attained much sooner than the doctor promised," referring to a slight respiratory and heart trouble that had occurred some time previously.

In July, during a visit to Anvers, we passed over hill and dale, or sat talking of art, of "nature and the schools," by the quietly flowing Oise, and the sight of his strong tall figure and fresh-colored complexion gave promise of yet many summers. Again, in September, we took a long walk, with a friend, through the Bois to Suresnes, St. Cloud, and back to Boulogne, that would have tired out many a younger man; and now comes the news of his sudden end. Nature had succumbed before the energy of unceasing labor. For years he commenced work soon after five, and enjoyed little respite till evening. Mr. Hamerton never sought official honors; his greatest pleasure lay in evolving thought or seeking truth, and in imparting it to a sympathetic audience through his works. He was, however, a member of the Burlington Fine Arts club and an honorary member of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, of London, an Officier de l'Académie in France, and a D.C.L. of the University of Aberdeen. A profound thinker, an accomplished and genial writer, he has had a powerful influence on the art thought of our time, and his loss will be deeply felt by many friends and admirers on both sides of the Atlantic.

Baron Hirsch, the Philanthropist, at Home

Besides being one of the greatest financiers, generous philanthropists and richest men of all Europe, says the Chicago Evening Post, Baron Hirsch possesses an additional qualification in the eyes of his friends and acquaintances, namely, that of being the very perfection of a host and successful entertainer. His shooting parties at his Moravian place, the twelfth century castle at Eichorn; his modern country-seat of St. Johann, in Hungary; his chateau of Beauregard, in France; his mansion in the Rue de l'Elysee, at Paris, and his town house in London are famed throughout the length and breadth of Europe for the perfection of their organization, the abundance of the sport and for the lavish hospitality of the baron. It is generally in the early part of August that the baron arrives at Eichorn for the autumn, and as soon as the shooting season opens there is a constant succession of guests from every part of the world. Just at the present moment he has with him the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Earl of Dudley, Lord de Grey and a number of other personages of light and leading. Eichorn is perched on a rocky crag commanding a glorious panorama of country.

The road winds up the side of a mountain covered with oak and firs, and as soon as the ascent is made the carriage in which one has been fetched from the station at Brun rattles across a genuine drawbridge, passes beneath a frowning portcullis and enters a large courtyard, around which are grouped the stables, the gunhouses, the kennels and a newly built row of luxurious bachelor apartments. In the entrance hall one sees, among stag heads innumerable, the grim portraits of many dead and gone Lords of Eichorn. Ascending a broad staircase of rough, unpolished marble, one is confronted with two vaulted corridors leading off in different directions; one leading to the baron's study and to his wife's boudoir, the other to the banqueting hall, billiard-room, etc. The rooms are handsomely but unostentatiously furnished, and in many of them new windows have been pierced

in the massive walls to give more light and to enable the inhabitants of the castle to enjoy the different points of the superb landscape.

Baron Hirsch, who is but little over sixty years of age and wonderfully well preserved, rises early in the morning, while the majority of his guests are still sound asleep, and spends an hour in exercising with Indian clubs, dumbbells and aerostats before bathing and dressing. He then drinks a cup of black coffee and eats a slice of dry bread in a small turret veranda, from which he can see the sun rise in all its splendor across the low-lying plain at the foot of the mountain. At six o'clock in the morning he receives his secretary, M. Furth, and before the general breakfast bell sounds has got through a formidable batch of correspondence, interviewed his house steward and settled with his head gamekeeper the precise locality of the day's sport. Dressed, as usual, with scrupulous care, his costume is essentially English and exceedingly quiet. The baroness and her two adopted sons usually join the shooting party for luncheon in the middle of the day, wherever it may happen to be in the forest, and the sportsmen do not return home until six in the evening. After tea and a short siesta they sit down at eight to a dinner cooked by the baron's famous chef, who enjoys a European celebrity and accompanies the baron everywhere. In striking contrast with the mediæval castle of Eichorn is the baron's modern mansion of St. Johann, in the heart of Hungary, about half-way between Vienna and Pesth, whither the baron and his guests usually migrate after a couple of months spent in Moravia. On alighting at the station the guests find typical Hungarian carriages, with servants arrayed in Magyar costume, awaiting them, and drive along a magnificent ten-mile road constructed over a sandy stretch of country, and passing over no fewer than thirty-six bridges, to the village of St. Johann. This road was constructed by the baron.

The carriages halt beneath the pillared portico of a huge structure in the rococo style of architecture, and the guests find themselves surrounded by infinitely greater degree of luxury and brilliancy than when at the more sombre castle of Eichorn. The pictures are superb and there is an absolutely priceless "Holy Family," by Van Dyk, hanging in the library. I may add that at the time of the Prince of Wales' visit in 1890 the baron caused an entirely new wing to be added to the chateau within the space of a few weeks. It was on leaving St. Johann, to pay a promised visit to Count Tassilo Festetics at Kesthely, that the Prince of Wales wrote to the count, intimating that he was bringing Baron Hirsch along with him. To this Count Festetics replied that he must decline to receive the baron as a guest under his roof, whereupon, of course, the prince declined to put in an appearance at Kesthely. Baron Hirsch's unpopularity with the Austrian aristocracy is not so much due to the fact that he is a banker and a financier, who has made his own name and fortune, instead of inheriting them, but because he is popularly believed to be possessed of the evil eye and to bring ill luck to all who come into contact with him; this, too, notwithstanding that he is the most generous, kind-hearted and genial of men. And in support of this theory of the evil eye, the Hungarian and Austrian nobility are fond of enumerating the names of the members of their caste who, having, according to their story, become involved in the meshes of the baron, have ended by suicide.

THE UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

Singularities of Suicide

METHODS OF WINNING DEATH....SCIENCE SIFTINGS.

That royal humorist, the Shah of Persia, a few years ago parodied the holy day proclamations of his brother potentates by the announcement that he would remit the fines imposed upon a certain rebel chieftain because he did not see a chance to collect them. A singular difficulty often modifies the effectiveness of laws against suicide, and the practical ancients more than once revoked them altogether, probably realizing the fact that the fear of death and all possible post-mortem inconveniences will always vary with the value of life. In Corinth and on the Island of Rhodes there were public poison dispensaries for the accommodation of citizens who announced their desire for a trip across the Stygian Ferry, and the Emperor Trajan on several occasions granted a formal permission to life-weary patricians who wished to demonstrate their law-abiding disposition even in violating the alleged "first law of nature," and were merely advised to reconsider their purpose.

Under circumstances of great distress flight to the unknown beyond was considered as natural as emigration to a new colony, and the philosopher Seneca goes so far as to pronounce the privilege of departure the most precious of civil rights. "Life," he says, "would be intolerable if it were not for the possibility of escaping its countless ills at any desired time. Earth would be the worst of prisons, but for the great number of its exit gates. *Jacet janua, exi*—the door is open, is a thought which enables the tyrant's victim to defy his wrath." The philosopher's pupil, Nero, took his old schoolmaster at his word by forcing him to practice his precept, and the number of suicides under each Emperor's reign came to be regarded as a criticism of his character. Still, the promptness of taking advantage of that last remedy for otherwise incurable evils differs a good deal with national predisposition. In overpopulated districts of the despotic East, life is held in such contempt that the "law of self-preservation" has almost become a dead-letter law, and even youngsters make their own quietus as readily as Sir Emerson Penant's stable-boy, who cut his throat because one of his master's horses had contracted a habit of straying from its pasture and put him to the trouble of fetching it.

The mother of that same boy took poison to avoid a week's harvest work during a spell of warm weather, but her brother, who took his own life rather than attend a court that needed his services as a witness, may have been actuated by a nobler motive, like that Prussian bailiff, who, only a few weeks ago, was honored by a mass-meeting funeral. He had been ordered to satisfy a lawyer's bill by confiscating the client's household goods, but finding the defendant was a widow with seven starving children his nerves failed, and he forwarded a memorandum evading the questions of the court. At the stern command of his bureaucrat he tackled the odious job once more, and had already packed up a bundle of bedclothing, when one of the pale-faced little children gave her pillow a farewell kiss. That was too much for the servant of a paternal government, he dropped the bundle at once, staggered home and hung himself to the rafters of his garret.

In Prussia the number of suicides is, by the way, remarkably much larger than in any other German State, Saxony excepted, a fact that may be due to the circumstance that both States contain a large admixture of Slavonic elements. A capacity for self-sacrifice, in various senses of the word, has long been a peculiarity of the Slavic nations, and during the siege of Belgrade by the Turks the commander of the garrison exhausted his private resources to succour the wounded, and as his reward reserved only six barrels of gunpowder, piled up ready for use in the basement of the citadel. When the enemy scaled the fortress walls the old commander summoned his family and bade them "make their choice between slavery and the freedom of eternal peace." They guessed his meaning and silently followed him to the powder vaults, where he made them kneel around the "family treasure" in silent prayer, till his youngest son applied the match just as the Turks rushed through the sally port. When the Holy Inquisition had reached the zenith of its power one hundred Portuguese Jews, besieged in their synagogue, are said to have found a similar gate to freedom, and lessened the difficulty of crediting the portentous episode of Numantia, where forty thousand men, women and children committed suicide together, to avoid the alternative of falling into the hands of their Roman conquerors. The victims were Celt-Iberians, a mixture of Celtic immigrants with the aborigines of Western Spain, which the Roman historians represent as the most stubborn of all the barbarous tribes of Europe; but the truth seems to be that Roman slavery was anything but a bed of roses. Three hundred years later, when the influence of Grecian ethics had done much to soften the martial truculence of the world conquerors, Italian slaves were still treated considerably much worse than our criminals.

Under the reign of the last of the Ptolemys, Egypt was visited by an epidemic of suicide, which the Government ascribed to the eloquence of a stoic philosopher, some Grecian prototype of Schopenhauer, who travelled from town to town lecturing on the miseries of life and the bliss of the sleep that knows no waking. His hearers are said to have been so impressed with his argument that ever-increasing multitudes stabbed themselves in his presence till a commission of inquiry ordered the banishment of the dangerous fanatic. The alleged philosopher may have been a missionary of the Buddhist zealots, who at that time began to make their appearance on the coast of the Mediterranean, and whose extreme sects appear to have taken the doctrine of the world-renunciation in a rather too literal sense to suit the programme of monarchs deriving their revenue from a limited number of taxpayers. At all events, the impressiveness of that orator cannot be made to explain a much more astonishing epidemic at the end of the thirteenth century, when hundreds of fanatics in Southern Italy and the adjoining islands committed suicide by leaping from precipices, or swarmed to the coast, shouting and singing and hailing the sea with loud acclaim as they marched in deeper and deeper till the waves closed over their heads. The severity of the unpossessed part of the population in suppressing that craze, led to the establishment of secret associations for the purpose of furnishing

despondent brothers with a reliable poison, together with the requisite medical testimonials to avoid the suspicion of voluntary death. Accommodating doctors of that sort are said to abound in the large cities of Southern China, where Buddhism has given way to an agnosticism of an ultra-cynical type, and where in hard times the expedient of suicide becomes so tempting that life insurance companies would be ruined in a year.

Statistics show that there are national predilections in the method of self-destruction, although, of course, the exigency of circumstances may induce individuals to adopt a variation of programme. Italians and their next northern neighbors prefer the poison route, and the Swiss philosopher, Haller, declared that if he should ever see fit to terminate his promenades on the surface of this special planet, he would never dream of shooting himself any more than he would permit himself to be fired from a mortar if he had the choice of leaving town in a comfortable stage coach. The French prefer gunpowder and the Spaniards cold steel, while thousands of Britons prove practically that they do not consider "hanging the worst use a man can be put to." Women, the world over, prefer drowning unless they are scientific enough to procure a self-prescribed narcotic; but statistics also prove the fallacy of the popular idea that winter, or rather the end of the year, is "par excellence" the suicide season. That rule does not apply to the whole of the world. It may hold good in the Southern Hemisphere, but in the North Temperate zone suicides occur about twice as often in July as in November.

Savage Spiritualism

SEANCES IN BRITISH GUIANA....LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE

In British Guiana, where, as elsewhere, hysterical and epileptic people make the best mediums, or "Peay-men," we are fortunate in finding an educated observer who submitted to be peayed. Mr. Im Thurn, in the interests of science, endured a savage form of cure for headache. The remedy was much worse than the disease. In a hammock in the dark, attended by a peay-man armed with several bunches of green boughs, Mr. Im Thurn lay, under a vow not to touch whatever might touch him. The peay-men kept howling questions to the "kenaimas," or spirits, who answered. "It was a clever piece of ventriloquism and acting." "Every now and then, through the mad din, there was a sound, at first low and indistinct, and then gathering in volume, as if some big-winged thing came from far towards the house, passed through the roof, and then settled heavily on the floor; and again, after an interval, as if the same winged thing rose and passed away as it had come," while the air was sensibly stirred. A noise of lapping up some tobacco-water set out for the "kenaimas" was also heard. The rustling of wings, and the thud, "were imitated, as I afterwards found, by skilfully shaking the leafy boughs, and then dashing them suddenly against the ground." Mr. Im Thurn bit one of the boughs which came close to his face, and caught leaves in his teeth. "It seems to me that my spirit was as nearly separated from my body as is possible in any circumstances short of death. Thus it appears that the efforts of the peay-man were directed partly to the separation of his own spirit from his body, and partly to the separation of the spirit from the body of his patient, and that in this way spirit holds communion with spirit." But Mr. Im Thurn's headache was not alleviated!

We may next examine cases in which, the savage medium being entranced, spirits come to him and answer questions. Australia is so remote, and it is so unlikely that European or American Spiritualists suggested their ideas to the older blacks (for mediumship seems to be nearly extinct since the settling of the country), that any transmission of such notions to the Black Fellows must be very ancient. The mediums, now very scarce, are "Birraarks." They were consulted as to things present and future. The Birraark leaves the camp, the fire is kept low, and some one "cooees" at intervals. "Then a noise is heard. The narrator here struck a book against the table several times to describe it." This, of course, is "spirit-rapping." The knocks have a home among the least cultivated savages, as well as in mediæval and modern Europe. Then whistles are audible, a phenomenon lavishly illustrated in certain "séances" held at Rio Janeiro, where children were mediums. The spiritual whistle is familiar to Glanvil and to Homer. Mr. Wesley, at Epworth (1716), noted it among all the other phenomena. The Mrarts are next heard "jumping down," like the "kenaimas." Questions are put to them, and they answer. They decline, very naturally, to approach a bright fire. The medium (Birraark) is found entranced, either on the ground where the Mrarts have been talking, or at the top of a tree, very difficult to climb, "and up which there are no marks of any one having climbed." The blacks, of course, are peculiarly skilled in detecting such marks. In maleficent magic, as among the Déné Hareskins, the Australian sorcerer is tied up, "his head, body, and limbs wound round with stringy bark cords." The enchantment is believed to drag the victim, in a trance, towards the sorcerer.

A very picturesque description of a Maori "séance" is given in Old New Zealand. A very popular and accomplished young chief had died in battle, and his friends asked the Tohunga, or medium, to call him back. The chief was able to read and write; he had kept a journal of remarkable events, and that journal, though "unceasingly searched for," had disappeared. This was exactly a case for a test, and that which was given would have been good enough for Spiritualists, though not for more reasonable human beings. In the village hall, in flickering firelight, the friends, with the English observer, the "Pakeha Maori," were collected. The medium, by way of a cabinet, selected the darkest corner. The fire burned down to a red glow. Suddenly the spirit spoke, "Salutation to my tribe," and the chief's sister, a beautiful girl, rushed, with open arms, into the darkness; she was seized and held. The gloom, the tears, the sorrow, nearly overcame the incredulity of the Englishman, as the Voice came, a strange melancholy sound, like the sound of a wind blowing into a hollow vessel. "It is well with me," it said; "my place is a good place." They ask of their dead friends; the hollow answers replied, and the Englishman felt a strange swelling of the chest. The Voice spoke again: "Give my large pig to the priest," and the sceptic was disenchanted. He now thought of the test. "We cannot find your book," I said, "where have you concealed it?" The answer immediately came, "Between the tahuhu of my house and the thatch, straight over you as you go into the door." Here the brother rushed out. In five minutes he came back, with the book in his hand. After one or two more remarks the Voice came,

"Farewell!" [from deep beneath the ground]. "Farewell!" again [from high in air]. "Farewell!" once more came moaning through the distant darkness of the night. The deception was perfect. "A ventriloquist," said I, "or—or, perhaps the devil." The séance had an ill end: the chief's sister shot herself.

As to clairvoyance among savages, the subject is comparatively familiar. Montezuma's priests predicted the arrival of the Spaniards long before the event. On this point, in itself well vouched for, Acosta tells a story which illustrates the identity of the "astral body," or double, with the ordinary body. In the witch stories of Increase Mather and others, where the possessed sees the phantasm of the witch, and strikes it, the actual witch proves to be injured. Story leads to story, and Mr. Thomas Hardy somewhere tells one to this effect: A farmer's wife, a woman of some education, fell asleep in the afternoon, and dreamed that a neighbor of hers, a woman, was sitting on her chest. She caught at the figure's arm, in her dream, and woke. Later in the day she met her neighbor, who complained of a pain in her arm, just where the farmer's wife seized it in her dream. The place mortified and the poor woman died. To return to Montezuma. An honest laborer was brought before him, who made this very tough statement. He had been carried by an eagle into a cave, where he saw a man in splendid dress sleeping heavily. Beside him stood a burning stick of incense, such as the Aztecs used. A voice announced that this sleeper was Montezuma, prophesied his doom, and bade the laborer burn the slumberer's face with the flaming incense stick. The laborer reluctantly applied the flame to the royal nose, "but he moved not nor showed any feeling." On this anecdote being related to Montezuma, he looked on his own face in a mirror, and "found that he was burned, the which he had not felt till then."

German Folklore

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE FATHERLAND....SUNSHINE

The dreams of New Year's night, Hausfraus will tell you, invariably come true. A similar property is accorded to the first night's dream in a strange house; this, it is said, is sure to come true, no matter how preposterous and improbable it may appear to be. If the child in the cradle laughs in its sleep, the mother's heart is gladdened by the thought that angels are whispering to it. If a tempest is brewing, she shudders, and prays for the poor distracted soul that has just died by its own hand. If a star falls, she sighs for those who loved the dead man or woman; and when scientists rejoice over the discovery of a new star, she only has tears for the bereaved mother, whose lost child the star represents. She checks the heedless girl, who would rock the cradle empty, ignorant that thereby she rocks the baby's rest away. She watches heedfully lest the tears of the mourners should fall on the dead man's face, and make him restless in the grave; and she chides the children who would eat off one plate, that by so doing they become enemies for life.

When the sky darkens, she is wise enough to know a babe has been born which will be a scourge to itself and its neighbors; and she is heedful not to point upwards, lest she should destroy the rainbow, or lay knives edge uppermost on the table—for they would cut the angels' feet—or neglect to knock at the wine-cask when there is a death in the house, for such neglect

would turn the good wine sour. She shuns the neighbor who spins Saturday night, for she will walk after her death; and the neighbors who sew on Sunday and on Good Friday, for they will be struck by lightning. She mutters the Paternoster when she watches a shooting star; crushes empty egg-shells lest witches should get into them; and refrains from looking into the mirror at night, lest the Prince of Darkness should glance over her shoulder. If she is born on Sunday she can see ghosts, and is quite troubled by the gift. She is learned in weather-lore, and knows that rain on St John's Day will spoil the nuts; that cold April gives bread and wine; that the moon's change on a Friday betokens storm; and that wheat sown on St. Maurice's Day will be blighted. If she is curious to know what will happen during the year, she creeps into the winter corn on Christmas Eve and hears the future revealed.

If she has many troubles she wears a girdle of mugwort on St. John's Eve, and afterwards flings it into the fire, trusting that as it burns her griefs will wane and disappear. When the wind blows the long grass about, she calls the children about her, lest they should stray away and come upon the corn-wolf, whose stealthy passage makes the grass sway thus. She forbids them to pull the roses, which are under the protection of Laurin, king of the dwarfs; or to sleep under an elder bush, or even to pick its white flowers, lest they should offend the petulant Elder Mother. On winter nights, while she spins, she tells her lads and lassies of Holda, who sails her silver boat across the dark seas by night; and of the moss-woman whom the Wild Huntsman pursues during storms; and of certain flowers which once were men and women: how the plantain was a girl deserted by her lover, who used to wait by the wayside for him; how the maple was a village beauty who loved a soldier not wisely, but too well, and was cursed by her mother: how the camomile flowers were turbulent and rapacious soldiers changed after death into this shape for their sins: how dead babies ascend to heaven crowned with strawberry flowers; and how crumbs of rye bread placed on the saddle of a tired horse will remove his fatigue. That a red mouse is an emblem of the soul every German knows; and my typical woman is not likely to ignore, any more than she is to forget the story of the old woman who became a woodpecker, or the way to insure plenty of chickens; that is, to set the hen to hatch when the worshipers are leaving church. She knows that every slain swallow makes a month of heavy rain; that sparrows' nests on the roof bring riches, and a stork's, long life; and that lightning strikes where the redstart builds; as well as she knows that oaks are the chosen homes of fairies; that demons dwell in old cherry-trees; that the "undines" hide from mortal eyes in the cups of water-lilies; and that flax and its spinners are under the peculiar care of the goddess Holda.

If a hare crosses her path, she turns back, fearing some bad luck. If she witnesses a wedding in the rain, she congratulates the happy couple on coming riches. She welcomes the song of a cricket as a sign of good luck; and leaves her child unchristened as long as she can, that it may have large eyes, for as long as a pair of scissors or a knife is in its cradle, it is safe from the witches. At the christening she selects, if possible, godparents from three different parishes, that the child may live to be a hundred, and refrains from giving it her name or her husband's, lest it die before them.

OLD GRIMES'S MASTERPIECE: AN ARTIST'S STORY

By GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS

From *P'tit Matinic, and Other Monotones*. By George Wharton Edwards, author of *Thumb-Nail Sketches*. Century Co.

Old Grimes we called him, although that was not his name. The sign on the door of his studio, in that gray old building on Washington Square, was N. P. Gummidge—fancy a painter with a name such as that!—Portraits. But in reality he painted religious subjects, such as Moses Smiting the Rock, Noah Contemplating the Ark, Lazarus in the Tomb—things black with umber and bitumen and dreadful in drawing.

It was a curious and pathetic figure that presented itself every morning, and mounted the stairs to the upper floor, where were the studios in that portion of the Old University Building which had previously served as the chapel. A figure in a long, well-worn, gray coat, with a pail of water in one hand, and a parcel wrapped in yellow grocer's paper in the other. A figure surmounted by a patriarchal head, covered with a silk hat of an ancient model that had evidently been recently wiped with a wet cloth—so disreputably shiny was its lustre.

Beneath its faded brim shone kindly youthful eyes. His manners were those of the old school. Unfailingly polite and considerate even to the ill-mannered janitor, who never lost the opportunity of bullying him. From laughing at him struggling up the steep stairs with his pail of water, we finally got to helping him by turns, and so gained his confidence and friendship.

"You young fellows," he would say, as some one of us assumed his burden at the bottom of the stairs—"you young fellows are away ahead of me. I can't understand your rainbow colors. I can't do it. I am trying to catch up to you—but it's like chasing the will-o'-the-wisp. My things are so dark. Yours are so light and fresh; light with sunlight, and fresh as air. But all the same I don't like them; they are too dazzling. I can't see old Mother Nature in that light—but I am at something now that will astonish you, I think. No! I won't show it until I carry out my idea, then perhaps the world—but wait—I'll show you my Lazarus, if you like. Come in and see it. I like it. I've got something in it that is fine."

Then the pathetic figure with its one shoulder higher than the other, would lead us into the studio, thick with dust, littered with his cooking-utensils, brushes, pans, bottles, and immense canvases,—would bid us be seated with old-fashioned courtesy, apologizing for the state of his apartment, and excusing its disorder by dignified imprecations upon a certain mythical person who had not arrived that morning to put his place in order.

It was both ludicrous and pathetic to see him take up his palette and brushes, and strike an attitude before his wretched studies, which were both out of drawing and of atrocious color. "What do you think of that bit of color, gentlemen? Don't you think that pretty good, eh? That cheek, now; I find something indescribably beautiful in that—its freshness, if you like—and in the quiver of Mary's lip; that's Mary—no, no, not that one—here, that other's the Magdalen. Now, I think that bit of color, eh? quivers, don't it, eh? a

master stroke. Now where would you send it, eh? To the S. A. A., or the N. A. D.? You know that I have not sent anything in so long that perhaps they have forgotten me." So he would stand, wagging his head from side to side, making all the time a smacking noise with his lips, as if he tasted the fancied delicious qualities of the colors he had laid on.

"But my figure of Christ, ha, ha! None of you young fellows have seen that. There it stands behind that drapery. No, no one shall see it until I have completed it. All I want is the face—the face—all else is finished. I want a model for the face. Grand and beautiful it is. But I want the face. When that is finished I'll show it; 't will be Gummidge's masterpiece. 'T will be as famous as—well, never mind—you young fellows cannot understand enthusiasm as I understand it. You are content; and, mind you, I feel for what you are doing—your lightness and brightness, and all that; but I feel also that you want largeness of thought, so we'll not quarrel. You'll do your effects, your impressions, and I'll admire them, and stick to my own methods. Now, I must finish my St. Peter for your exhibition; so get along with you all, and God bless you."

The last day for the collection of pictures for the exhibition would arrive and find Old Grimes in a state of feverish excitement, walking up and down the hall. He would accompany the porters down the long stairs with one hand on the frame of his awful daub of a picture, brushing away lovingly, now and then, some fancied particle of dust, and again guiding the men around some sharp turn of the stairs for fear that the frame would be injured, and finally following its course with eager eyes as it was placed in the van with others bound for the Academy.

Poor Old Grimes! His pictures always came back to him, refused by the jury. "Great Scott! Boys, look here—another Grimes!" would be heard at the Academy as the huge black canvas was brought up the steps. And it would be promptly stopped then and there, and sent below with a mark on its back, in red chalk.

And so it was year by year. Juries came and went, but Old Grimes carried in his pail of water winter and summer, and painted on.

We never referred to the picture after it was placed in the van. It came back to him in due season, but it passed by closed studio doors—closed out of respect for the feelings of Old Grimes, who for a period thereafter would be silent and melancholy. But he would speedily recover, and begin again upon some new and particularly atrocious scheme of color and drawing, which was promptly painted over the late unsuccessful Moses or Aaron, or some such attempt.

But it was over the figure of Christ that his enthusiasm never faltered. It was, as he often told us, to be his masterpiece—"Gummidge's masterpiece" he called it—this it was understood he had labored over ever since we first knew him. It stood in the corner of his studio with a dingy white cheese-cloth curtain before it—and whenever we would enter his studio he never failed to drop the curtain, to conceal it.

He was always talking of it. When one met him on the stairs in the morning, and helped him up with the inevitable pail of water, he always had some incident to relate, in which the missing face of his picture figured. "I thought, young friend, that I saw the face this morning—but alas! when I drew nigh, there were sordid lines in it. Originally it had been Christlike, I am sure, but life—life—and the passions had changed it—the purity had passed as the scent of the rose. So I am forced to seek again; but I will yet find the face, I am sure I shall yet see it—and then I shall finish my masterpiece. No, you cannot help me, young friend; I must see it for myself. So I may not show it to you until it is finished. Then you shall see it—all the world shall see Gummidge's masterpiece."

Then he would begin to draw aimless lines on the canvas before him with a piece of charcoal, and fidget about to show that he desired to be alone.

Poor old man! It was a pitiful sight—the thin, bony hand holding the charcoal trembling in the strong north light from the skylight above; a hand transparent and yellow, with fine, long, tapering fingers; and the eager, sallow face, with its straggling gray hair and beard falling over the threadbare velvet coat, with its careless blotches of dry paint upon the left arm.

One day, upon comparing notes, we found that Old Grimes had not been seen for several days; and while we were talking, Middleton, at once the most talented and the idlest fellow I ever knew, came into the studio, and with a show of feeling, of which no one had hitherto suspected him, burst forth:

"Look here—they say that Old Grimes is to be turned out because he hasn't paid his rent for a year; now I ain't going to let it be done. If we fellows can't settle it some way with the agent, so that he needn't be bothered in his room, I'm going to let him have mine. I never do anything anyway, so it won't matter. The old man is all broken up; sick in bed; I saw him this morning. I've sent for a doctor for him. I don't believe he's had enough to eat for months past."

We went up in a body to Old Grimes's studio—there on a small iron bed, beside the huge curtained canvas of the masterpiece, which none of us had ever seen, lay the thin figure of the old man—the face drawn and the eyes closed. His fingers were picking, picking unceasingly at the thin blanket that covered him.

Middleton took one of the thin, yellow, parchment-like hands in his as the doctor entered hurriedly and, with a nod to us, seated himself beside the bed, methodically setting down his hat and case of medicine beside him, and wiping his eye-glasses.

"So," he said, turning up the lids of the sunken eyes, and peering into them. "Bring that lamp a little nearer—thanks."

An interval of silence in the room as the doctor bared the shrunken breast and applied his ear. "You had best send for his friends," said he, replacing the bed-clothing, and rising to his feet. "The old man will not last through the night. There is total collapse, and I doubt if he will regain consciousness. Insufficient nourishment and old age. Eh! No relatives or friends outside the building?" he said, turning and looking at the gaunt figure stretched beside him. "Well, there's nothing more that I can do, so I'll wish you good-night, gentlemen. My fee? Oh, that's all right. The old man has nothing, you say. I tried to paint once my-

self. You are good fellows, you painters; good-night to you all."

We sat by Old Grimes's bed by turns that night. Toward morning he stirred restlessly, and I moistened his lips with water.

His lips moved, but at first I heard no sound.

"The face of Christ," he mumbled. "The face! They cannot refuse it, once I find it. It will be a masterpiece. So strong, so mild!" he repeated, feebly waving his hand, and motioning as though he was using the charcoal.

A fine sleet dashed against the large skylight. The noise of a passing carriage in the street below aroused the old man. He slowly opened his eyes, and, gazing about him, they finally rested on my face.

"So," he said, after glancing at me for a moment, "this is the end, is it? Well, 'tis time." The clock feebly ticking in the corner, and the sleet rattling on the skylight, were the only sounds that followed. I was dozing,—perhaps I slept,—I am not sure.

Suddenly I opened my eyes.

The bed was empty. I sprang to my feet with an exclamation. There among the huge canvases, before the curtain which hid the masterpiece, stood the tottering figure of Old Grimes.

I rushed to his side.

"Charcoal," he said, feebly. "Give me a piece of charcoal. I—I've almost seen the face. I think—I can—draw it—in all its purity."

I gently persuaded him to return to bed. The lamp, flickering feebly, illuminated the vast height of the studio; here and there a carved corbel thrust itself forward among the dark canvases that had accumulated in all the long years that Old Grimes had sought his ideal.

Above, the Gothic arches met, and in the dark blue spaces between them, faint gold stars seemed to twinkle; for this had originally been part of the chapel of the Old University. The deep blue of the painted spaces seemed limitless in the dim light of the lamp. Now and then the squeak of a foraging mouse sounded among the canvases. Old Grimes had been breathing heavily, now he raised himself on the bed, and, lifting his arms, cried out, "I saw it! It will be my masterpiece! Give me—my—palette—my brushes—some one."

I then propped him up in the bed with pillows, placed his palette in the hollow of his left arm, and gave him his brushes as Middleton entered the studio. "Call the fellows," I said; "the old man's sands are almost run out."

In a few moments he came back with our coterie, quiet and sad in the presence of the angel of death. Not a word was spoken, but their awe-stricken faces showed their hearts had been touched.

We grouped ourselves about the bed, watching the feeble motions of the dying painter's hand describing lines in the air before him.

Then the hand holding the brush fell upon the blanket—he raised his head, his eyes opened with an upward gaze into the dim, blue, starry space above us, a smile of joy illumined the thin lips.

"I see it—there—gentlemen—there—the face of Christ. There—at last—at last I've found the face of Christ!"

And so Old Grimes's work was done.

TREASURE-TROVE: REVIVING OLD FAVORITES

The Last Leaf..Oliver Wendell Holmes..Poems

I saw him once before
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.
They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.
But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets,
Sad and wan.
And he shakes his feeble head
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."
The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom.
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.
My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.
But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin,
Like a staff.
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.
I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer.
And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

The Evergreen Mountains of Life.....James G. Clark.....Poems

There's a land far away, 'mid the stars, we are told,
Where they know not the sorrows of time;
Where the pure waters wander thro' valleys of gold,
And life is a treasure sublime;
'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul,
Where ages of splendor eternally roll,
Where the way-weary traveller reaches his goal,
On the evergreen mountains of life.
Our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful land,
But our visions have told of its bliss;
And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fann'd,
When we faint in the deserts of this;
And we sometimes have long'd for its holy repose,
When our spirits were torn with temptations and woes,
And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows
From the evergreen mountains of life.

Oh, the stars never tread the blue heavens of night,
But we think where the ransomed have trod,
And the day never smiles from his palace of light,
But we feel the bright smile of our God.
We are travelling homeward thro' changes and gloom,
To a kingdom where pleasures unchangingly bloom,
And our guide is the glory that shines through the tomb,
From the evergreen mountains of life.

The Death of Absalom.....N. P. Willis.....Popular Elocutionist (Warne)

The waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curl'd
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream; the willow-leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And lean'd in graceful attitudes, to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world!
King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest
Upon the shores of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bow'd his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such an empty mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He pray'd for Israel—and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those
Whose love had been his shield—and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom—
For his estranged, misguided Absalom—
The proud, bright being, who had burst away,
In all his princely beauty to defy
The heart that cherish'd him—for him he pour'd
In agony that would not be controlled,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

* * * * *
The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave; and, as the folds
Sank to the still proportions, they betray'd
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they sway'd
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy figures of Judea's daughters.
His helm was at his feet; his banner, soil'd
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him; and the jewel'd hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his cover'd brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,

The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he fear'd the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasp'd his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David enter'd, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
And left him with the dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bow'd his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou should'st die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb?
My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee
And hear thy sweet 'My Father!' from those dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"But death is on thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

"And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It was so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up—
With death so like a slumber on thee—
And thy dark sin!—Oh! could I drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have call'd thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasp'd
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly and composed the pall
Firmly and decently—and left him there—
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

The Spilt Pearls.....Richard Chenevix Trench.....Poems

His courtiers of the Caliph crave—
"Oh say, how this may be,
That of thy slaves this Ethiop slave
Is best beloved by thee?

"For he is hideous as the night:
And when has ever chose
A nightingale for its delight
An hueless, scentless rose?"

The Caliph then—"No features fair,
Nor comely mien are his:
Love is the beauty he doth wear,
And love his glory is.

"Once, when a camel of my train
There fell in narrow street,
From broken casket rolled amain
Rich pearls before my feet.

"I, nodding to my slaves, that I
Would freely give them these,
At once upon the spoil they fly,
The costly boon to seize.

"One only at my side remained—
Beside this Ethiop, none:
He, moveless as the steed he reined—
Behind me sat alone.

"What will thy gain, good fellow, be,
Thus lingering at my side?'
'My king, that I shall faithfully
Have guarded thee,' he cried.

"True servant's title he may wear,
The only, who has not
For his Lord's gifts, how rich so'er,
His Lord himself forgot!"

So thou alone dost walk before
Thy God with perfect aim,
From Him desiring nothing more
Beside Himself to claim.

For if thou not to Him aspire,
But to His gifts alone,
Not love, but covetous desire,
Has brought thee to His throne.

While such thy prayer, it mounts above
In vain; the golden key
Of God's rich treasure-house of love,
Thine own will never be.

Katey's Letter.....Lady Dufferin.....Poems

Och, girls, did you ever hear
I wrote my love a letter,
And altho' he cannot read,
I thought 'twas all the better.
For why should he be puzzled
With spellin' in the matter,
When the manin' was so plain?
I loved him faithfully,
And he knows it—O, he knows it—
Without one word from me.

I wrote it, and I folded it,
And put a seal upon it;
It was a seal almost as big
As the crown of my best bonnet;
For I wouldn't have the postman
Make his remarks upon it,
As I'd said inside the letter
I loved him faithfully,
And he knows it—O, he knows it—
Without one word from me.

My heart was full, but when I wrote
I dared not put the half in,
For the neighbors know I love him,
And they're mighty fond of chaffin',
So I dare not write his name outside,
For fear they would be laughin',
But wrote, "From little Kate to one
Whom she loves faithfully."
And he knows it—O, he knows it—
Without one word from me.

Now, girls, would you believe it,
That postman so concaited,
No answer will he bring me,
So long as I have waited?
But maybe—there mayn't be one,
Because—as I have stated—
My love can neither read nor write,
But he loves me faithfully,
And I know, where'er my love is,
That he is true to me.

SOCIOLOGIC QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES

Woman's Disabilities

AN ENGLISH VIEW....LADY COOK....THE HUMANITARIAN

Suppose our legislators in their wisdom had laid it down that no red-headed man should legally aspire to the usual rights of a citizen; that the offices of state and the higher occupations should be closed to him; that he should pay all imperial and other taxes, but have no voice in their making; and that while heads of all other colors—black, brown, white, and gray—might hold any position, red-heads should be religiously excluded from every important one. No one would be surprised under such circumstances to know that a constant agitation was being kept up by the red-heads and their sympathizers, or even that they should combine to resist laws so arbitrary and unjust. Renunciation of allegiance and armed rebellion might be the culminating results. But it would not be more unreasonable to disfranchise a man for the color of his hair than it is to disfranchise a person on account of sex. And, whereas the red-heads form only a small fraction of the community, the women number more than half. Yet, what would be intolerable for those, is regarded with equanimity for these.

Let us consider for a moment a few of the inequalities under which our countrywomen labor, and we will begin with them from the beginning. They must not, as girls, have the same liberty of movement as boys. They may not even walk out alone; they must not talk the same language, learn the same lessons, nor indulge in the same sports. Boys may be careless and boisterous, girls must be prim and demure. Boys may range field and forest, girls must walk a pathway in pairs. Boys are natural, girls must be artificial. And this from no incapacity on the girls' part, for, if permitted, they could rival boys in play and work. Having arrived at puberty, their bonds are tightened just as their dresses are lengthened. They may not speak to one of the other sex until he has first been formally introduced by a friend or relative. They are so carefully guarded that they compensate themselves by clandestine methods. Already the girl is a slave, and she practices a slave's devices. She becomes an adept at subterfuge and hypocrisy. At length, when marriageable, marriage is sought, but she may not make it known. Should she meet the man into whose hands alone she could gladly place her destinies, she must exhibit no preference. She may feel that he would make her the most suitable life companion; she may ardently desire that he may be the father of her children; but she must conceal it all. He should propose; she not.

And thus, longing to be a wife and a mother, she must wither in her virginity unless chance direct an offer, or an alternative presents itself. She is sought in marriage, so-called, by a man for whom she has no regard, who is in no way qualified to make her happy, but whose means are quite equal to her rank. He may have run through a long career of vice, and be physically and mentally enervated and diseased. She may really loathe him, but she is taught by her own parents to regard him as an eligible partner, being no worse than so many others, and she ultimately weds him from sheer submission to their authority. What was the devotion of Jephtha's

daughter to this? One stroke of the sacrificial knife and all was over; but the other endures a life-long martyrdom. And this is marriage, this awful conjunction of decrepitude and strength, of lust and innocence, of foulness and purity. Scheming relatives may fling the healthy, happy, ingenuous maiden into the arms of a diseased roué, and the law will allow it and the church bless it. Let who will honor it with the holy name, we brand it prostitution. For true marriage is a spiritual and mental exosmose and endosmose. Each gives of its own to each until both are alike. It is a natural and spontaneous union of ideas, aims and sympathies. In the alembic of love, two natures, the complements of each other, are unconsciously and visibly united more firmly than in any chemical union.

Even at the altars of our churches woman is deceived and defrauded. "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," says the husband. Does he do so? She goes forth to be the partner of his bed, the mistress of his household, the mother of his children. But all his "worldly goods" are still absolutely his. She has, with his consent, simply a use in common during his life, and he can will away from her everything he possesses, and leave her penniless and destitute after years of wifely service, during which her care and industry may have multiplied his "goods" exceedingly. Her jewels and trinkets, if dubbed "heirlooms," will be taken from her, and should she have no son, a stranger, if her husband's nearest relative, may dispossess her of the home where she has passed her wedded life. Where there are sons and daughters, the disparity between the sexes is still maintained. The great idea is ever man—never woman. For him are the titles, freeholds, factories, partnerships, and all good things; for her, little or nothing. And yet how many daughters are superior to the sons, and how many women are there whose learning and abilities would adorn any office and any position.

Over and over again have women proved their aptitude for business and their power to compete with men successfully in any walk of life. Yet the avenues to wealth, honors, and titles are closed to them. The bar, the pulpit, the medical profession, the professorial chair, the exchange, the mart, are rigorously closed against them. Art and literature alone have accorded them a qualified admittance, and already both have been enriched by their genius. Their statutable disqualifications are too many to enumerate. They may not sit on a jury, nor in parliament, nor be members of a town or county council. The suffrage is denied them, although they are taxed equally with men, and form more than one-half of the population. If we would see the spirit in which honorable men, when their sex monopolizes the legislature, can make laws for women, we need only turn to these shameful enactments (now repealed, thank heaven) which would have been admirable had they applied impartially to both sexes, but which were grossly tyrannous when applied to women only.

Loyalty is an acknowledged virtue. And all will willingly admit that women are in every respect more loyal than men. As daughters, they are more filial; as mothers, more tender and watchful; as wives, more attached; and as worshippers, more devout. They for-

give much because they love much. Offenses must be very gross and oft-repeated to alienate their hearts from those who are dear to them. Their sense of duty is stronger than that of men, so that, when loyalty does not spring from love, it proceeds from duty. What bond is more powerful or more serviceable to society than this, which is one of woman's strongest instincts? Tenderness is a virtue. Every heart hungers for sympathy. And the tenderness of women is proverbial. Who does not remember the touching story of Mungo Park, when he reached an African village in an almost dying condition? The men took no notice of him, but the women sang to him, fed him, nursed and restored him. As he lay helpless, they chanted soothingly: "He has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn." Patience is another estimable quality. Do not women possess it in abundance? In how many matters are their services indispensable on account of men's deficiency in this virtue? A man may nurse a friend as Bentinck nursed William of Orange, but only a woman can exercise the greatest patience and untiring devotion towards a sick stranger.

Woman has proved her courage in every possible way. If there are a few who would run from a mouse, there have been thousands who have calmly met the storm of battle, the fires of persecution, the rack, the sword, and the cross. Many have nursed the wounded while bullets and cannon-balls flew around them, others have given their lives for those smitten by loathsome and deadly disease, and millions have mounted the funeral pyres of their deceased husbands. We need not go through the list of their virtues and capabilities, which equal, and often surpass, those of men. But we are entitled to ask for what reasons are women counted as inferiors? By what right are they as members of a free community deprived of the common privileges of citizens? If on intellectual grounds, we answer: All men who fall beneath the intellectual capacity of the cleverest women, should be also subject to their disabilities. We fear, however, that in such a case, there would be few qualified citizens left. If physical inferiority be alleged, we would apply a similar test, for every one knows there are weak men and strong women. But the truth is there is no capacity whatever to justify the present barbarous condition of things. It is male jealousy, and that alone, which keeps our sex subservient. Every unselfish and every generous man cheerfully admits that there should be no disqualifications on account of sex. And we feel assured that the time is not far distant when the laws of the land and the rules of society will apply to men and women alike.

Dispensing Wealth

THE DUTIES OF SPENDING....NEW YORK OBSERVER

In reply to the question, "How does it feel to be very rich?" a Western multi-millionaire is quoted as saying that while he was unable to wear better clothing, eat better food, or to be more comfortably housed than men with an income of, say, ten thousand a year, he did derive a good deal of enjoyment from the sense of possessing a great fortune. There is nothing necessarily wrong in such a feeling, which may not spring from avarice, but may arise from satisfaction with the attainment of a desire innocent enough in itself, or the proof it affords of the possession of abilities of a certain kind, or the higher social standing and larger influence it

gives. But the reflection that will occur to many minds from the reply is that it is possession and the ability to amass which it implies that gives the enjoyment, and not the privilege of wisely dispensing a fortune far too large for the needs of its owner.

Nowhere throughout the published interview with the many times millionaire is there any hint of appreciation of the value of this privilege, or of disposition to disperse wealth which, controlled by one person, of only average wisdom and sagacity, may become a great power for evil. For experience shows that vast fortunes, unless distributed with great wisdom, are often as dangerous to human welfare as a store of explosives. It might be supposed that the first thought of the accumulators of these fortunes, who recognize the fact that they are no wiser than their fellows, would be for the distribution of their wealth in a way to do the most good, or at least to do little harm. But oddly enough, it is very much harder for these men to spend fortunes than to get them. The judicious spending, if done at all, is usually the work of their sons, the wealth, if it remains to the third generation, being dissipated by spendthrifts. Those who amass it make no attempt to disperse it, not because they could not successfully do so, but because they are really unwilling. And this unwillingness, like that of the rich young ruler, arises from the fact that they have great possessions. They have become so merged into their fortunes that the idea of distributing them seems to involve in some way a distribution of self.

And yet, one often wonders whether the thought must not occur to these men, at least to such of them as have the good sense to know that, aside from the power to amass wealth, they are possessed of only average abilities, that they are identified in the public mind only by their wealth. Their names stand simply for so much property. Instead of the property being recognized as a mere channel for the expression of the owner's character, the owner simply gives a label to the property. In many cases this characterization is not unjust, for the ability to acquire great wealth is possessed by many men of otherwise inferior powers. Indeed, the very fact that one can amass more wealth than he needs is, in the majority of cases, evidence of incapacity to use it when acquired. For a man who knew some wise use to make of his money, and appreciated his obligation to put it to that use, would hardly wait until he had accumulated large capital before applying it to that purpose. No doubt, in some instances great riches are amassed in order that expenditure may be on a large scale. But the probability is that, even when one starts out with this purpose, the desire to accumulate will in time become so strong and the habit so firmly fixed as to defeat the desire to spend. In the majority of cases, however, there is a strong antagonism between the two, the greed of gain offering constant opposition to the desire to disperse.

It is singular that, in view of the multitude of cases in which wealth left to others has been squandered, capitalists do not distribute their own fortunes, or at least seek to wisely spend a fixed proportion of their riches, not alone for the good they may do, but to prevent themselves from falling into the habit of mere accumulation. For the highest enjoyment of wealth is to be found, not in the mere sense of possession, but in its wise expenditure. Of course, wealth may be wisely expended in a

way to secure a remunerative return to its owner. The establishment of new industries will furnish needed employment to labor, raise the standard of living of workmen and increase their numbers. It is vitally important to the welfare of the country that capital should be thus invested. But this is not the only way in which wealth can be used for the benefit of mankind, for the moral and intellectual elevation of a people depends more upon expenditure that makes no return in dollars and cents than upon investments which pay dividends.

To get the best returns from these investments, those who furnish the capital for them should see that they are so developed as to make labor contented and intelligent; and to do this they should first spend a part of their accumulations in making each new generation of laborers better educated, intellectually and morally, than the last. Whatever tends to stimulate the intellectual, moral and spiritual life of men, the owners of great fortunes should be interested in and help with their savings, not only that they may prevent in some degree their own absorption in mere accumulation, but because the acquisition of great wealth, without the expenditure of a considerable proportion of it, tends directly to lower and debase the laboring population. No one lives to himself alone, and no one can amass wealth wisely who does not also cultivate the art of wise expenditure. Accumulation and spending should go together, and bear a fair proportion to each other, if the evils of great fortunes in the control of a single and not always wise individual are to be averted. Attention to this rule on the part of the great accumulators would not only dissipate what promises to become a serious menace to the welfare of the country, but give them a higher enjoyment of their wealth than the mere sense of possession.

Woman and Suffrage

HELEN BARRETT MONTGOMERY....HARPER'S BAZAR

Inaugurating a reform is like lighting a fire; first the paper catches, then the wood kindles, and finally the slow coals are all aglow. It needs only the spark of a great idea to set some souls blazing with enthusiasm: these are the prophets. The glow of their spirit is caught first by the teachers, and by them imparted to the great body of mankind. The agitation for woman's suffrage has passed the first stage, and is tolerably well advanced into the second. When the third comes the cause is won. The movement, this present movement, at least, is not a crusade. It is not the attempt to storm the fortress of an enemy, but to re-enforce the ranks of friends. To believe in the extension of the suffrage to women does not require a man-hater nor an advocate of bloomers. It does not even imply that one is strong-minded. Oh, term of ignominy! The keynote of the agitation is not rights, but duties; not the exploiting of wrongs, but the acceptance of responsibilities. We are quite content to let "tyrant man" go gibbering into the land of ghost and goblin, along with the other properties of the professional orator. The cause of women's misery in the past was not the deliberate tyranny of men, but the mental and moral poverty of man. The race began with no capital of law or philosophy or civilization, and has been gradually accumulating its store of all three in the hard school of experience. The process has been painful to both men and women. The extension of the suffrage is primarily a question not of revo-

lution, but of evolution. As such, it numbers men amongst its warmest friends and advocates—men like Sumner, Longfellow, Phillips Brooks, Whittier, Maurice, John Stuart Mill, Channing, George William Curtis. It numbers also thousands of happy women who have never felt in their own sheltered lives the slightest pressure of unjust discrimination; who desire the reform because they recognize the needs of less fortunate women. The mental picture to be conjured up is not one of victorious Amazons pursuing the foe, but of sensible, patriotic women, saying to the husbands and fathers and brothers whom they trust and love: "May we not help you in the struggle for good government and happy homes? We do not wish any longer to be a privileged class in the State; let us share in the political as we already do in the social and religious life of the nation."

Again, the movement for women's suffrage is not sporadic nor unrelated. It is not the petulant demand of a few discontented women, made out of a superfluity of naughtiness; it is a wave on the surface of a mighty current that is altering the face of the earth. We call the current democracy. The history of the nineteenth century is mainly the history of the spread of democratic principles, first forcibly emphasized in the American revolution of 1776, when our forefathers declared that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. The French Revolution of 1789, the English reform bills of 1832 and 1867, the election of the Reichstag of the restored German Empire by universal suffrage, the rise of the South American republics, the recent revolution in Belgium, the political unrest in Austria, are all indications of the spread of democratic principles. Little by little the old feudal and military type of organization is giving way to the industrial; and the change is commending itself to the best thought of our time. In spite of the prevalent corruption of political life, it is plain that each extension of the franchise has tended directly to the purity of the government. The standards of political morality are immeasurably higher in the democratic England of to-day than in the oligarchical England of 1830. Now in this general trend toward the conception of government as the expression of the universal will, through the ballot, the political position of women remains an anachronism. While her civil status has materially changed during the last fifty years, her political condition is precisely that of the mass of men five hundred years ago. She has no means of protecting her interests or registering her opinion in matters of government. The old theory of the common law of England, under which the individuality of the married woman was lost in that of her husband, so that she could not hold nor bequeath the property, sue nor be sued, carry on business, nor possess her own earnings or person, was a consistent theory.

The modern situation, in which the woman who holds and bequeaths property, chooses freely her profession, pays taxes, and performs most of the functions of free and independent citizenship, has yet no voice in the selection of legislators who are to impose those taxes and protect those rights, is neither consistent nor defensible. The whole question was conceded when the first girl was taught to read. Since that day the granting of full civil and political rights has been merely a question of time. There is no logical stopping-point between the Oriental theory of woman's life and the frank admission of her mental, moral, and political responsibility. The

stars in their courses fight for us. Aside from the inevitable nature of the reform, we believe that it has great practical advantages to commend it. The possession of the franchise will be first a protection to women, and, second, a benefit to the State. It is readily conceded that the ballot is a protection to men. Following each extension of the franchise in England has come a series of reform bills affecting the condition of the newly enfranchised classes. Legislation pays very little attention to wants unless those wants are backed by votes. "No class," says Buckle, "has ever possessed power without abusing it."

But, it is argued, women possess virtual representation. Women who own stocks and bonds are not willing to submit their interests to that unsubstantial variety of representation. Are their interests in real estate and municipal affairs so much slighter? "No such thing as virtual representation," says James Otis, "is known in law or Constitution. It is altogether a subtlety and illusion, wholly unfounded and absurd." By the law of the State of Massachusetts, in common with the majority of other States, the ownership of the minor child is vested solely in the father. Does any one imagine that if women had possessed the suffrage they would have petitioned the Legislature of Massachusetts unsuccessfully for twenty-five years that the mother might have joint ownership in the child she bore? The teachers in our public schools are an intelligent, conscientious, law-abiding portion of the community. They are, besides, well organized, but their "influence" with our city government is insignificant beside that of the most ignorant trades-union. The one means votes; the other represents sentiment. So our teachers plod on their underpaid way without the one power that will give them recognition and attention. The same thing holds true in the trades. Find a trade wholly in the hands of women, and without exception it is wretchedly paid; one wholly in the hands of men is well paid; one where both men and women work is better off than the first and worse off than the second in its own grade of occupations. The political condition largely determines the industrial condition. The surest way to bring equal pay for equal work is to place women with men on the plane of political accountability.

For the benefit of the State, as well as the individual woman, we have said, the extension of the suffrage is desirable. Questions affecting education, public morality, and the reform of old abuses would secure the closest attention on the part of women. Municipal questions, too, are only an extended housekeeping, and the peculiar training of women has admirably fitted them to cope with the perplexing details of city administration. To keep the moral bearings of a question uppermost, to stand for the interests of little children, to oppose the influences hostile to the home, to see the practical homely bearings of great enterprises—these are a few of the services women would render to the State. The bugaboo of the bad woman in politics frightens many, but this dreadful apparition dwindles on close inspection. The bad man is in politics, too, but that doesn't make us disfranchise the good man. Then the bad women, in the next place, are not nearly so numerous as the good women. Only fifteen per cent. of our criminal population, as indicated by the last census, are women. In the second place, the bad woman would have no chance in politics with a constituency of

women voters. Are people really sincere when they urge this fear of the vicious vote on the part of women? Three-fourths of the membership of the Protestant Church are women some eight millions. There are thousands of towns and villages, where almost without exception, the women are sober, intelligent and moral. In every class can it not be said that the women are morally the peers of the men?

Such are some of the reasons which are urged in favor of the present agitation of women's suffrage. If only a few of the considerations urged are of weight, it is needless to reply to the objections commonly raised. Indeed, as George William Curtis has said, "to cope with most of them, compounded as they are of prejudice and sentimentality, is like wrestling with a malaria or arguing with the east wind." Perhaps the objection oftenest urged, with the calm air of one who has uttered a flawless axiom, is that women do not want the ballot, and that therefore it is not to be given. Some men do not appreciate their political rights, nor perform their political duties; shall all men therefore be disfranchised? Does ever any reform hang upon the personal preferences of those to be benefited? Women who do not care to vote will be permitted to stay away from the polls; but, pray, good friends, do not on their account shut out the large and intelligent and constantly increasing body of women who do wish to vote, and who do believe with all their hearts that personal responsibility is at once the discipline and development of both men and women, and that equal rights, political and social, are the just demand of the day.

Difficulties in Prison Reform

FRED. H. WINES....NEW YORK LEDGER

The difficulty in all attempts to reform men, in or out of prison, is that of securing their coöperation in the reformatory process. In prison many circumstances conspire to excite the prisoner to the most determined effort of which he is capable, not to yield to any influence for good. What motive can we appeal to in his case to overcome the resistance? The motives which actuate mankind may all be reduced to two—hope and fear. What does the prisoner desire most ardently if not his freedom? It is to this that we must appeal, and there is but one way in which it can be effectually done, namely, by making the date of his discharge depend upon his conduct while in prison. The "good-time" laws in most States are a step in this direction, but they operate in one direction only, that of shortening the sentence, and that to a limited amount; their only influence is to make the prisoner observe rules. What is needed is power to hold him until he is reformed. We enter here upon the threshold of a large subject, which cannot be disposed of in a few sentences. But it is clear as anything can be that the reform of criminal jurisprudence and of prison discipline lies along the road indicated, namely, the ultimate substitution of indefinite for definite terms of imprisonment for crime. There are so many independent lines of reasoning which lead up to that: The inconsistencies and absurdities of our existing penal codes, the inequity of punishment as administered by the courts, the abuse of the pardoning power, the unsatisfactory results of our present system in so many ways. The analogy between the insane and the criminal diatheses, from a medical point of view, points in the same direction.

ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

Why Cats Always Fall on their Feet

MAREY'S DISCOVERY.....NEW YORK HERALD

Why does a cat always fall on its feet? This is a question which has recently absorbed the earnest attention of the French Academy of Sciences. The problem is clearly a difficult one, for that learned body of savants has so far failed to offer a final solution.

The subject was started in the first instance by M. Marey, a distinguished professor, who has made special analytical studies of animal movements by means of a photographic apparatus which bears his name. He had already obtained some very interesting analyses of the action of horses, dogs, and sheep while in motion, when suddenly it occurred to him to place on record after the same fashion the evolutions of a falling cat. A pure white Tom was procured, and allowed to fall from a height of about three feet in front of the photographic apparatus. In a few hundredths of a second the instrument had recorded the fourteen distinct positions which have been reproduced. It was then observed that at first the animal appears paws upward and that then by a series of convulsive movements it gradually rights itself and eventually touches the ground in an upright position with all four feet simultaneously. The whole process of turning about is accomplished, so M. Marey thinks, before the animal has fallen a yard.

When M. Marey laid the results of his investigations before the Academy of Sciences, a lively discussion resulted. The difficulty was to explain how the cat could turn itself round without a fulcrum to assist it in the operation. One member declared that M. Marey had presented them with a scientific paradox in direct contradiction with the most elementary mechanical principles. Without a fulcrum, without something to lean against, he declared, the cat could certainly not of itself have done what it was represented as doing. As it was quite clear from the photographs that, as a matter of fact, the cat had righted itself while falling, it was suggested that it had done so in consequence of a rotary force imparted to it by the hand of the experimenter. This was the view taken by MM. Loewy, Maurice Levy, Milne Edwards, Bertrand and Berthelot. M. Marey, who pointed out that there was nothing in the photographs to support such a theory, was unable to agree with his illustrious colleagues, but in order to settle the question he promised to make a fresh experiment by suspending a cat from a string which was to be cut at a given moment.

The result of this second experiment, with the theory based upon it, will be given to the world in a memoir which is just about to be published. M. Marey's view of the matter is that there is no contradiction between the observed facts and natural law, but merely an erroneous interpretation of the latter. He admits that the cat could not turn itself without a fulcrum to assist it in doing so, but he contends that this fulcrum is in part provided by a portion of the cat's own body. It was seen by the photographs taken that in the first four positions the animal arches the vertebral column and brings its forepaws close to its head in such a way that the moment of inertia of the forepart of the body is inferior to that of the back part. The rotation then begins, and increases

until position eight is reached, when the cat, in order to complete the movement, reverses its procedure by stretching out its forepaws and drawing in the hind ones. As soon as its hindquarters have revolved in their turn the animal extends all four paws, and on coming into contact with the ground arches its back and lifts up its tail in unmistakable gratification at its safe descent. Such is the elucidation which M. Marey gives of the phenomena to which he has drawn attention. The animal's limbs, he declares, act upon a fulcrum which its own body provides. The body, in short, is considered as being composed of two parts, of which one acts as the pivot of the other. It now remains for the scientific world either to indorse this explanation or provide one in its stead that shall be less open to question.

Catching Wild Horses

SPORT IN ARIZONA.....ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT

The newspapers of Arizona and New Mexico have recently published items of the finding of a band of wild horses on the border lands between the United States and Mexico by a party of men engaged in the survey and reestablishment of the line between the two governments. The older white residents of Arizona and the half-breed Indians in this locality say that this is the first band of wild horses that has been started up in the Territories in eighteen or twenty years. There were thought to be about 120 horses in the band recently found, and at last accounts they had fled through the chaparral into the foothill region of Northern Mexico and across the Rio Grande. A dozen or two Indians and twice as many Mexican vaqueros are after the band in eagerness, and it is believed that most of the party will soon come back with several head of wild horses as a reward for their severe labor and terrible physical endurance among the mountain fastnesses, and across the parched alkali plains of Chihuahua.

Meanwhile, all the old frontiersmen and the superannuated cow-punchers in the Arizona and New Mexico town are retelling stories of the days when there were tens of thousands of bronchos or wild horses roaming over the West, that the present generation of men used to read about in dime novels twenty-five years ago. There are in Tucson several men who in the later '50's and early '60's made money fast in catching and training wild horses. All of them bear marks and scars received in their border life, and their hairbreadth escapes from death, the suffering they endured, and the wild, fierce life they were participants in, would fill a volume of thrilling tales. The best band of bronchos in the '50's was found in northern New Mexico and Colorado. In 1856 there were captured in one season over 1,700 head of fine wild horses in Colorado. About 1,400 more were caught there the same year, but were either killed or turned loose because they were not good enough for training.

In the '60's nearly all the wild horses had been captured or driven out of Colorado, and the scene of operations was transferred to New Mexico and the Panhandle of Texas. During the first two years of the war the value of bronchos went to so high a figure that hundreds of young men in the Territories made a regu-

lar business of hunting wild horses, and the remnants of the former large bands were soon practically wiped out. Thousands of horses were sold to the Confederate Government from Texas and Arizona. A son of General Albert Sidney Johnston was, in 1861 and 1862, the chief purchasing agent of wild horses for the Confederacy, and there are still held by many men in the Territories unpaid orders given by him on the Confederate War Department for many thousands of dollars for horseflesh from the plains. There is probably no regular pursuit so arduous and exciting as was that of catching wild horses. The occupation was generally followed by three men, who worked together for a season. Sometimes a man with capital and enterprise would employ as many as ten gangs of three men each, scouring the plains in search of untamed steeds suitable for capture and training. A party of three horse hunters would use five or six fleet and thoroughly trained horses, using one horse while the other rested from the severe runs to which they were subjected.

When the section of the country the bronchos frequented was reached, the first thing was to select a suitable location, at the entrance of a ravine, generally, for a corral. This the catchers knew how to construct, using great quantities of rope, very speedily. Then near this corral, on the most slightly eminence, one man stationed himself. A distance beyond it, on the apparently most natural runaway, another man, with one of the fleetest of the saddle horses, takes his station. The work of the most skilled man of the three then begins. Mounted upon the picked horse of the lot, with a pair of field-glasses, a water bag, and a supply of food he swings away in the earliest dawn on an easy lope. It may be ten or twenty miles before his keen eyes, aided by the glasses with which he sweeps the broad expanse of rolling plain, detect a grazing band of horses. He approaches them by the easiest course which will permit concealment as long as possible, and then, within a few hundred yards, he dashes into sight and the sport is begun.

The affrighted animals stand for an instant, the morning breeze fanning their luxuriant manes and tails. They snort in alarm, turn and trot off at first, and then, as it is apparent this strange creature is pursuing, break into a run. It is now that the race is both to the swift and the enduring. The trained horse on which the man is astride knows his part of the work, and he does it intelligently. With head well down, swinging out on a long, swift lope, he follows the fleeing band. They run madly, becoming more and more affrighted as they perceive that they are indeed pursued. The first wild burst of speed carries them far in advance, but not out of sight. By dexterous engineering the rider and horse behind shorten the distance as much as possible. The band ahead are to be kept on the move. Mile after mile is rapidly covered. The sun comes up hot and scorching in the cloudless sky. But there is no stop for a restful graze, nor opportunity for a drink from a chance stream. The fright of the wild horses has grown into a veritable terror. They throw bits of foam from their mouths. They are worried, half crazed by this merciless, continuous, unrelenting pursuit. But the man behind has rested his horse at every opportunity. Whenever there was a chance he has let his faithful animal nibble at the succulent grass, and drink from any little spring or stream that appears on the way. Ridden though he is, the

tough and experienced plains pony is fresher than the fleeing equines ahead. They now show signs of the greatest perturbation. Their stomachs are empty, their wind is "blown," their tongues are dry. But fear makes them half conscious of these sufferings, although they are gradually wearing under them. At length, when they have gone forty or fifty, or perhaps sixty miles, the patriarch begins to run in an eccentric way. He is not as sure of his course as he was. He wheels and turns and then goes ahead again, but with uncertainty.

They drop out of sight for a moment behind a ridge. The stallion, his nostrils dilated and quivering, and his eyes flashing, makes a sudden run, and in another moment, with his band of faithful spouses, he is galloping back over the track he has come. Now is the race in earnest, and to the bitter end. The nervy, gamy, swift horse behind knows that his energies have been saved for the task that is yet before him. As he feels the spur he springs ahead with the racing blood aflame in his veins. It is a terrific chase. New terror at this extraordinary, this unlooked-for denouement of what the fleeing animals ahead had thought in their brute instinct was a successful ruse to throw the pursuer off the track, gives them desperate strength, too, but they are worn and fretted and starved and burning with thirst. They run for their lives. Nearer, mile after mile, they approach the starting-place. The sun is ablaze after noon-day, but still the hot race goes on. The man left behind on the eminence is sweeping the plains with his powerful glasses; he has watched an hour, perhaps two, or even three. At last his range of vision becomes centred upon something away in the distance. He trains the glasses intently, until at last he can see behind the running animals a solitary horse, and that horse has a rider. He is in the saddle with a bound, catches and leads by the lariat another horse grazing near, and away they fly toward the approaching cavalcade. He runs the horse as swiftly as he can, and at length spies plainly, perhaps two or three miles away, the fleeing wild horses and behind them in hot chase the gallant horse and rider. A signal tells him that he, too, has been seen, and then, seizing the topographical features of the intervening space, he skulks swiftly behind the ridges and elevations to cross the course. The trick is well done, and while the weary, but still dauntless stallion and his following mares sweep around the base of an elevation, the tired, gamy pony and the two fresh horses and men meet. As quickly as saddles can be transferred the horse that has made a run of seventy-five, eighty-five, or possibly ninety miles is free and rolling on the grass, and the iron-muscle man who bestrode him is on another fleet and fresh horse and again hot after the quarry.

Now follows the most skillful maneuvering. The terrorized band cannot run much further. They have almost exhausted their well-nigh tireless vitality. They again become confused, and resort to their last device. Their straight-away tactics are deserted, and they commence running in a circle. At first it is two miles in diameter. The pursuer makes his circle in a little less space. The diameter reduces to a mile. Gradually this grows less. The poor, panting, exhausted creatures stagger around, determined to die in what they think is their only means of escape. They have entirely lost their reason, if such it might be called. Narrower and narrower becomes their course, until at last, with the sun sinking low in the west, they stand panting, waving back

and forth, conquered for the time. They may have run 100 miles. The three men close in on them and skillfully drive them toward the corral. Among them, and in their lead, now has come a strange saddle horse. But they are too bewildered to know it. This horse slowly marks the course guided by the men driving, and at last leads the prisoners within the half-concealed seclusion.

Musical Fishes

L. J. VANCE....OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS

There was recently published an account of "Mice That Sing." The idea of musical mice may seem rather far-fetched. But what do you say of musical fishes? Who would think that fishes could produce rhythmical sounds? Few readers, I venture to say; and yet, there are many recorded cases of sounds being heard by water and ascribed to fishes. Thus, there is a curious phenomenon of the Pascagoula River, in Mississippi, to which, although it is not generally known, the attention of naturalists has been called on account of its mystery. At times very remarkable sounds are heard at the mouth of this river. The local fishermen say that it is "the spirits singing under the water." It is a murmuring sound, which rises gradually, and then falls to a lower tone. The music ceases when the waters are disturbed, and when they are quiet it begins again.

Several explanations have been offered as to the origin and cause of the mysterious sounds of the Pascagoula. The most satisfactory theory is that the sounds are produced by a species of fish in some unknown way. Prof. G. Brown Goode, who is an authority on fishes and fish life, thinks that the drum-fish may cause the sounds in question. Instances of peculiar sounds being heard at sea and ascribed to fishes are not uncommon, as the following examples will show: In 1824, when Lieutenant White, of the American Navy, was at the mouth of a river in Cambodia, he and his crew were surprised by unusual sounds. He describes the noises as a mixture of the bass of an organ, the ringing of bells, the guttural cries of a large frog, and the tones of an immense harp. The natives said that the sounds were produced by a school of a certain kind of fish. Dr. Buist, in 1847, reported that a party of people in a boat on the waters near Bombay heard strange sounds, which the natives held to be caused by fish. The well-known English traveller, Sir J. Emerson Tennent, heard similar sounds from the Lake of Batticaloa, in Ceylon, and here again the natives claimed that fishes made the sounds. Several correspondents of newspapers have reported having heard sounds which were produced by fishes. One writer in the *London Field*, in 1867, avers that in the harbor at Greytown, in Nicaragua, he was haunted at night by these mysterious sounds; another, in the same paper, tells of musical sounds which he heard in the Tavoy River. Other instances of more recent date might be mentioned.

From all the accounts given we may draw some interesting conclusions. Thus, it seems that the sounds are almost always heard on shipboard, though Charles Kingsley once heard them at Trinidad from the shore; that they are usually heard in tropical regions; that they are more often heard at night than at any other time; that they are commonly heard at the mouth of rivers, as at the mouth of the Pascagoula; and that they have been reported from far-distant places in America, Europe, and Asia. It has been discovered that some fishes make

sounds by movements of the pharyngeal bones, while others, the gurnard, for example, can produce nearly an octave of notes by a vibration of the muscles of the swimming-bladder. The males of the genus *Ophidium* have a regular drumming apparatus, and the noise can be heard at considerable distances. It is said that sounds made by the *Umbrinae* of the Mediterranean have been heard from a depth of twenty fathoms.

There is really much more music among the animals than people think, though this is especially true of our friends that have a tongue, but cannot speak. An English musician says that a cow "moos" in a perfect fifth and octave or tenth; a dog barks in a fifth or fourth; a donkey brays in a perfect octave; a horse neighs in a descent on the chromatic scale. Professor Lockwood, who has studied singing mice, asserts that there is a good deal of latent or undeveloped music among the rodents, and he instances the squeal of the frightened rabbit, and the homely whistle of the woodchuck in its burrow. In truth, there is a note of music throughout the whole scale of nature, from the music of the spheres to the noises of fishes and the songs of birds. The idea is expressed by the poet who says:

"There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things, if men had ears;
This earth is but an echo of the spheres."

Animal Mound Builders

CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER....PITTSBURG DISPATCH

Some years ago a sea captain who was trading in the Celebes Islands received, as he was about to sail, a basket which the messenger said contained a few eggs which he wished delivered at the next port. The skipper placed the eggs in his cabin for safety, and thought no more about them until one morning he heard a noise in the basket, and to his amazement saw one of the eggs break open and its occupant fly across the cabin. Later he learned that the bird was the maleo, a pheasant-like creature that deposits its eggs in the volcanic sands of the beach, allowing the sun to hatch them. The young birds dig their way out, and are able to take care of themselves from birth, and can fly immediately to a limited distance.

Closely related to the maleo is a group of birds which can be very properly termed the mound-builders of bird life. They are the megapodes of New Guinea and Australia, the only birds that use incubators to hatch their eggs. There are now a number of species, but in general they resemble small turkeys with very large feet, and are found in the brush near the shore or beach. When the breeding season arrives both sexes select a suitable place and proceed to build a mound of grass and vegetable matter. This is accomplished by the birds seizing the material in their large and powerful claws and hurling it backward. The work of perhaps a score of birds so accumulates, and a large-sized mound is the result, and which when used year after year often assumes striking proportions. As an example, some naturalists who were travelling on the island of Nogo, in Endeavor Straits, were attracted by the accounts of the natives of a bird that made mountains in which to hide its eggs from enemies. By offering to reward the natives the travellers were taken to the mound of a megapode, from which the guides triumphantly dug out several eggs. The mound was, if

not a mountain, a small hill, and measured 150 feet in circumference, and at one end was fourteen feet in height, sloping in one place twenty-four feet to the level of the ground, which was scraped bare in the vicinity. Another observed was twenty-five feet in length and five feet high. The mounds are formed of vegetable matter, interspersed here and there with fine gravel, decayed wood and leaves, and are artificial incubators. The birds dig a hole in the top, the eggs being deposited about six feet from the surface, then covered and left to hatch by the heat generated in the mass, whereupon the young scramble out and as a rule look out for themselves from birth. The Nicobar megapode constructs a similar mound, while the Talegallus of Australia is equally remarkable as a mound-builder. In this instance several females use the same nest, and as many as a basketful of eggs have been taken from a single mound. This bird is nearly as large as a turkey, and resembles it.

Among the birds there are a number of mound-builders, among which the lyre-bird, so remarkable for its ventriloquistic powers, may be included, forming a singular mound of sticks and brush. Upon one occasion several naturalists visited the small islands on the Bahama banks, and came upon a singular settlement of mounds. The latter were about thirty inches across, and from one to three feet high, and looked like stools or seats rising from the mud. They were the mound-like nests of the flamingo. A little bird found deep in the heart of Borneo, called the gardener bird, erects a perfect mound, apparently three or four feet high, which, wonderful to relate, is hollow. The bird is but little larger than a robin, and builds this mound of green twigs simply as a pleasure-house, its eggs being deposited in a nest not far distant.

In travelling over the prairies of Illinois several years ago, I noticed singular mounds here and there in what was comparatively dry land. So numerous were they that they made the surrounding country appear as though billows had passed over it, giving it an undulating shape. Upon investigation I found that these mound-builders were little crawfish that penetrated the soil in every direction from the neighboring brooks, the mounds being startling evidences of their industry. Once in poling my boat along in the St. Lawrence river, in water seven feet deep, I came upon a mound of stones from two to three inches in diameter, that rose to within two feet of the surface; so near, in fact, that I reached over and lifted some of the pebbles from the top of the heap. At first glance the mound looked like a cartload of stones that had been tipped over from some steamer, or, had not the water been shallow, might well have proved for cinders thrown from a passing vessel. But the stones were all selected pebbles, and of the same general size. A little farther along the shore I found another mound in shallow water, and in the course of a month located several. These mounds proved to be the work of fishes (*Semotilus*). Year after year they toil at the mound, piling up the stones and bringing them in their mouths in many instances from not a little distance.

I estimated each of these mounds to be over a ton in weight. In shape they are cave-like, the fishes evidently dropping the stones always from above so that they rolled down forming the shape desired. In succeeding seasons they had built the mounds to the surface of the

water, or so near it that during the winter the stones were frozen in the ice, and in the spring when the ice melted many of the top layer were carried away. The mounds were the nests of the fishes, many of them depositing their eggs in them, which were washed in the interstices of the mound, where the young when they appeared found shelter. Equally remarkable are the mound-like structures of lamprey eels. One observed in the Saco river was fifteen feet in length and three feet in height. It was formed of stones, but of larger size than in the case of the St. Lawrence river mounds. This accumulation was for a similar purpose, and in contemplating it one wonders how the builders could accomplish so much.

In removing the stones, the eels attached their sucker-like mouths to them, and rising with a wriggling motion from the bottom allowed the current to carry them along as far as it would before they dropped; then the upward wriggling motion was repeated, until finally the stone was placed where desired. Among the material carried down stream in this manner was a portion of a brick, and took the united efforts of two large eels, which held themselves upright in the water as they were carried on by the current. These eels also attack and adhere to fishes, eating their way into the interior of the body. The species, about twenty in number, are mostly inhabitants of the temperate regions of the northern and southern hemispheres. The largest is the sea-lamprey. The best known species of the northern hemisphere belong to the genera *Petromyzon* and *Lampetra* or *Ammocoetes*, as the river-lamprey.

In my walks and drives through the foothill country of Southern California I have frequently seen a curious and interesting mound-builder. The first mound that attracted my attention was a mass of brush piled up about the trunk of a small tree, standing perhaps three feet from the ground. It was so interwoven and interlaced that only with difficulty could I pull it apart, the short twigs having in some way been wound in and out so closely that the heap was not only an impregnable fortress, but rain and weatherproof. Not knowing exactly to what member of the animal kingdom the nest belonged, I retired a few feet and soon saw the owner—a large, lustrous-eyed wood rat that watched me sharply from its point of vantage, at the slightest movement dodging back. I had never seen an interior described, so I begun to demolish the nest, and labored long and hard before I had laid it open.

The upper portion contained a room or apartment lined with fine moss and the bark of trees, and thoroughly protected from the rain. There were other apartments or rooms, some stuffed with seeds, corn cobs and pieces of cloth, probably picked up in the vicinity of a neighboring ranch house. The whole mass was honeycombed with tunnels, so that it was an impossibility to catch one of the mound-builders napping. And when I finally removed the nest I found that one of the passages led into the ground and radiated off in various directions. Several species of these interesting little creatures are known, some living in Florida, where I have seen them among the palmetto leaves, piling up curious homes that slowly became veritable mounds. Many of the insects can be termed mound-builders, forming heaps of clay and earth, and in many other branches of the animal kingdom we will find these curious analogies to the work of the human mound-builders.

AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

Dates in the Sahara

FRUIT OF THE DESERT....NEW YORK LEDGER

The oasis in the Oued Ris consists mainly of palm trees sheltering other trees. There are more than 660,000 palm trees and about 100,000 fruit trees. The date palm is the great nutritive product and feeding medium of the Sahara; without it the plains would be everywhere desert; fortunately it requires for its perfect maturity and the prime quality of its fruit those very conditions which the Sahara alone possesses—torrid heat in summer and intense dryness of the air. It thrives in the most arid soil, but it must have water, and plenty of it, at its roots. And it is the singularity of the Sahara, aptly called the land of thirst, that it conceals treasures of irrigation, and that it is only on those spots where the treasure can be easily obtained that the clusters of palms are found. There are male and female date palms; the latter bear large clusters of fruit, which, however, never attain development and maturity unless they have been fecundated by the pollen of the male tree. In order to make sure of their harvest, the natives themselves perform on the trees the necessary amalgamation during the month of April. One male tree can fertilize 400 female ones. The Sahara produces many kinds of dates, as varied as our own apples and pears.

The delicate, transparent date known as "neglet nous" is the most choice fruit, fetching the highest price. It is at all times the rarest, changing its nature from one region to another, and being more than any other dependent upon the character of the soil and the climate where it grows. The remaining varieties, although numerous, can be divided into two classes: The soft dates, that are compressed between goat-skins and sold in cakes in the Arab markets and are consumed by the poorer classes, and the dry dates, of which the nomads slip a few dozen in the folds of their "bournous" for their daily consumption. The cheaper kinds are almost entirely disposed of in the country and are not considered worth exporting. Like other harvests, the date gathering is subject to vicissitudes and fluctuations, and prices vary accordingly. The inhabitants of the Oued Ris have black skins and woolly hair; at a first glance they look like negroes, but in reality they are descended from the Berbers, who were a white race, but who for centuries have married the black female slaves imported in caravans from the Soudan. Their characteristics are a gentle gravity and a scrupulous honesty. Their rectitude and agricultural tastes make them more akin to Europeans than the original nomadic races.

Traditional Names of Flowers

LEGENDS AND STORIES....LONDON STANDARD

The popular names of British flowers have become so much a part of our language, and so closely identified with the flowers themselves, that few persons outside the world of botanists have ever heard of the correct floral nomenclature, or would recognize the plants under their Latin names. Many of the popular names, thanks to the unwearied labors of the philologists, have been traced back to some custom or idea that has been sug-

gested by the shape of the blossoms, or by some quality of size or color, or by the time at which they flowered. Exact knowledge as to how legends and stories came to be associated with certain plants is not always obtainable; but many of them are so pretty and appropriate that the student of poetry gladly accepts them without inquiring too closely into their accuracy. Roman, Greek, and Sicilian writers refer to the anemone, the name of which is derived from the Greek words signifying wind and to blow. The pretty, delicate-hued floweret is declared by the Sicilians to have sprung from the tears that Venus wept over the body of Adonis:

"But, oh! Cytherean! slain and dead,
The fair Adonis slain!
Her tears, as plenteous as the blood he shed,
She pours amain;
And flowers are born from every drop that flows,
From tears the anemone, from blood the rose."

In the case of the anemone the botanical name has never been altered; and its musical sweetness is as familiar to the cottage child as to the naturalist. Not so is it with the daisy, that wayside flower beloved of poets from Chaucer—who had an especial fondness for it—to Wordsworth. To most of us its botanical name of *bellis perennis* will be unintelligible and much less suitable than the charming one of day's-eye, meaning the opening and closing of the flower with daylight—

"Men by reason well it calle May,
The daisie or else the eye of day,
The Emprise and the flowre of flowres all."

The moon-daisy, which is an enlarged edition of the commoner variety, receives its prefix from its resemblance to pictures of the full moon. Scarcely any flower has such varied and quaint names as the pansy, derived from the French *pensée*. Naturalists know it as *Viola tricolor*, poets as love-in-idleness—

"Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little Western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness."

Again, in some parts of the country it is known as "pink of my John," and as often as not it is heartsease in poetry as well as in the common prose of flower-sellers. A number of other names, such as "Jump up and kiss me," and others of a similar nature, show that the plant has associations of an amatory nature, although their origin does not seem to be traceable. A great deal of indefiniteness attaches to the forget-me-not, both as regards the origin of the name and the precise flower that it represented in the legends of the old writers. Many of these latter gave the name of forget-me-not to the bright blue flower of the veronica, better known under its familiar name of speedwell, the blossoms of which, as is well known, fall off and fly as soon as they are gathered. In Germany the veronica still goes by the name of *vergess-mein-nicht*, and a romantic story of a knightly lover is associated with the flower. Modern writers, however, and the country people now give the poetical sobriquet to the *myosotis*, though in some parts of England, notably in Devonshire, the bugloss is designated in this way. Among country people

the familiar wood-sorrel is invariably known as bread-and cheese, or sometimes cuckoo's meat. In Wales this lovely little delicate white flower goes by the name fairy bells, the tradition being that the moonlight revelries of the "little people" were sounded forth by the tiny bells of the wood-sorrel flower.

A name that has baffled botanists is that of the dandelion, derived from the Latin "leon todon," lion's tooth, and bearing a similar name in nearly every European language. A rather far-fetched explanation attributes it to the resemblance between the yellowness of the flower and the gold teeth of the heraldic lion; while the older herbalists believed that the notching of the leaf and the jaw of the lion were in some points similar, which hardly, however, accounts for the word tooth. Foxglove is another flower whose name has puzzled the scholars, many authorities being disposed to regard it as a form of foxes-glew, meaning music—gliew being the Anglo-Saxon for an instrument consisting of a ring upon a circle. Others believe it to be a corruption of folks-glove, folks meaning fairies. In Ireland the flower is called fairy cap, in Cheshire its native name is fairy petticoats, and according to Hartley Coleridge, "Popular fancy has generally conceived a connection between the foxglove and the good people." Its German name of "fingerhut," thimble, seems more appropriate if less romantic. A whole group of plants include the word "lady"—generally supposed to be in honor of the Virgin—in their popular names. Clematis, or traveller's joy, in the older writers, is often called lady's bower or virgin bower, in allusion to the tendency of the flower to climb and form a bower or arbor. In some parts of the Midlands there is a certain species of wild convolvulus known as lady's night-cap, the same name being given in the south to the blue Canterbury bells. Lady's slipper for the genista, lady's fingers for the campanula, are pet names still surviving in the country-places where they grow in profusion. The sweetest of these names is the "lady's smock all silver white," mentioned in Love's Labor's Lost.

"When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo birds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then in every tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
'Cuckoo!'
When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks;
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks."

It is difficult to recognize the pure, modest snowdrop under its learned name of *Galanthus nivalis*. The word "drop" signifies not a drop of snow, as is generally believed, but the pearl or diamond drop worn by ladies as ear-pendants in the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries. It also was appropriately consecrated to the Virgin, whose image on certain feast-days was removed from the altars, and its place strewn with snowdrops, emblematic of purity and virgin chastity. In some parts of England the flowers are called "fair maids of February," owing to the flower coming into bloom about the second week in February, when young girls in white dresses walked in procession at the Feast of Purification. The attractive title of sweet William has been given to the plant known to botanists as *Dianthus barbatus*. Part

of its popular name is, no doubt, attributable to its delightful scent, and William is generally believed to be in compliment to the hero of a ballad, "Fair Margaret and Sweet William," greatly in favor some 300 years ago.

A large amount of weather lore has collected round the little scarlet flower that is familiar to most of us under the name of pimpernel. One of its pet names, shepherd's clock, has been given in commemoration of its blossoms closing at two o'clock. In olden times country folk professed themselves able to predict the weather by observing in the morning whether the flowers were open or closed. Just before a shower the sensitive petals can be seen closing, and its other popular names, poor man's weather-glass, shepherd's weather-glass, have been bestowed upon it for this quality.

A Moth-Catching Plant

FLESH-EATING ARAUGIA....DETROIT FREE PRESS

A New Zealand correspondent suggests that the ravages of certain larvæ, in some countries, might be greatly restricted by the introduction of the New Zealand moth-catching plant, "*araugia albens*." This plant, which is a native of southern Africa, was introduced to New Zealand quite accidentally about seven years ago, and since then it has been extensively propagated there, on account of its effective service as a killer of destructive moths. Wherever the climate is mild the plant is an exceedingly free grower; it twines and climbs with great luxuriance, and produces immense numbers of white or pinkish flowers, which have a very agreeable scent. These flowers attract innumerable moths. On a summer evening a hedge of *araugias* will be covered by a perfect cloud of moths, and in the morning there will not be a single flower that does not imprison one or two, and sometimes as many as four insects of various sizes and genera. The action of the "*araugia*" is purely mechanical. The calyx of the flower is rather deep, and the receptacle for its sweet juices is placed at its base. Attracted by the powerful scent and the prospect of honey, the moth dives down the calyx, and protrudes its proboscis to reach the tempting food. But before it can do so the proboscis is nipped between two strong, hard, black pincers, which guard the passage, and once nipped there is no escape for the moth, which is held as in a vise, by the extreme end of the proboscis, and dies miserably. The "rationale" of the process is not yet explained. The proboscis is so very slightly inserted between the pincers (only a minute fraction of an inch) that it apparently cannot affect the generative organs of the plant, unless these may be the pincers themselves, whose actual contact may be necessary for reproduction. Upon dissection, the pincers, even in their ordinary position, are invariably found to be almost in contact, the separating interval being apparent under a strong lens. It is therefore hard to understand why such a process as the destruction of a moth should be necessary to close this already minute gap. But, at all events, the thing is done, and effectively, and a plant of *araugia*, covering a space of ten yards in length, will destroy as many hundred moths every night, and, consequently, prevent the ravages of fifty times as many larvæ. It is, however, a singular fact that in New Zealand, where the plant has often been cultivated for the express purpose of destroying the detested codlin moth ("*Carpocapsa pomonella*"), that why insect declines to enter the trap.

FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPÆDIA

It is computed that every year the earth receives about one hundred and forty-six billions of shooting stars, which fall on its surface, slowly adding to its mass.

Placed end to end in a continuous line, the streets of London would extend from the Mansion House across the entire Continent of Europe and beyond the Ural Mountains into Asia. The number of inhabitants exceeds the populations of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Rome put together. And yet London is one of the healthiest cities in the world.

The Indians of Guiana have a curious system of numeration. They count by the hand and its four fingers. Thus, when they reach five, instead of saying so, they call it a "hand." Six is therefore a "hand and first finger," seven a "hand and second finger." Ten is "two hands"; but twenty, instead of being "four hands," is "a man." Forty is "two men," and thus they go on by twenties. Forty-six is expressed as "two men, a hand, and first finger."

It is said that the gold contained in the medals, vessels, chains, and other objects preserved in the Vatican would make more gold coins than the whole of the present European circulation.

The Roman catacombs are 580 miles in extent, and it is estimated that from 6,000,000 to 15,000,000 dead are there interred.

An error of a thousandth part of a second in an astronomical calculation would mean an error of 200,000,000,000 miles in the distance of a star.

A little more than thirty miles from the coast of Japan the Pacific Ocean is found to be over 4,643 fathoms deep. Some officers surveying for a telegraph cable had their wire break at this depth without reaching the bottom. This is said to be the deepest sounding ever made, and is so deep that the two highest mountains in Japan placed one over the other in this abyss would leave the summit of the upper one two-thirds of a mile below the surface of the water.

"Don't," says a shoemaker, "go early in the forenoon to have boots or shoes fitted. In the latter part of the day the feet are at their maximum size."

An artificial cotton, said to be much cheaper than the natural, is reported from France. It is made from the wood of pine, spruce, or larch, which is defibrated and then disintegrated and bleached with a hot solution of bi-sulphite of soda and chloride of lime. The resulting pure cellulose is treated with chloride of zinc, castor oil and gelatine, and the paste is passed through a perforated plate. This gives a thread, which is afterwards woven into a strong and very presentable fabric.

One thousand rose-trees are ordinarily required to supply two ounces of attar of roses.

Leo XIII. is the two-hundred and fifty-eighth Pope.

In Australia horses and cattle are now being branded by electricity from storage batteries. The temperature is uniform and the brand safe and artistic.

Irrigation 25,000,000 acres are made fruitful in India alone. In Egypt there are about 6,000,000 acres, and in Europe about 5,000,000. The United States

have just begun the work of improving waste areas, and have already about 4,000,000 acres of irrigated land.

The human system can endure heat of 212 degrees, the boiling point of water, because the skin is a bad conductor and because the perspiration cools the body.

In converting redwood into railroad ties it is stated that for every tie produced, which is worth 35 cents, timber to the value of \$1.87 is wasted.

Here is an analysis of what is alleged to be the typical American face:—The prominent nose, the sloping forehead, the fairly large mouth, the full eyes, and predominance of the oval type are the natural characteristics of an aggressive, talented, and shrewd people, agreeable in manners, but keenly alive to the main chance. It is a composite face, made up of qualities taken from Puritan, English, Scotch, and German sources.

Astronomers search all over the world for spider webs. They are used for cross lines in telescopes.

According to the latest reports, there are in the world 140,334 miles of submarine telegraph cable. Of this total the various Governments own 14,480 miles of cable and 21,550 of wire; the balance is owned by private companies.

The late Sir Bernard Burke is reported to have said that over half the crests and coats-of-arms borne by families in this country and England are fictitious.

At birth a negro child is of a reddish nut-brown color, which turns to a slaty-gray in the first week of the child's existence, and the black color is not developed for a period varying from one to three years.

According to a recent determination of Professor Richarz, the smallest possible quantity of electricity, which may be termed an atom of electricity, is such that 430 multiplied by a million three times, that is, by the cube of a million, will give the number of these atoms contained in a coulomb. That such a thing as an atom of electricity exists is the opinion of no less an authority than Professor Von Helmholtz.

The Egyptians bestowed great labor on their tombs and little on their homes. They regarded the latter as mere temporary abodes, but the former they looked on as eternal habitations.

The greatest astronomers, in speculating upon what there is in space and the distance of external galaxies, calculate that the nearest universe is so far distant that light from it, travelling at the speed of 186,000 miles a second, would take nearly ninety million years to reach us.

A Mexican paper states that a new project for the sanitation of the sewers in the city of Mexico, at a cost of about \$25,000, calls for the building of some twenty-five windmills in different parts of the city to rotate paddle-wheels in the sewers and quicken the current to one metre per second.

A French statistician says that the number of men and women in France is more nearly equal than in any other country in the world.

Australia is the only country in the world to which ruminating animals are not indigenous, and yet cattle and sheep of various breeds thrive there amazingly.

THE SKETCH-BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

The Bite of a Cobra

A STORY OF INDIA.....AMUSING JOURNAL

They were talking of snake bites, and conversation turned upon cobras, whose bite is almost certain death. One of the crowd wondered what sensations a person must experience after the bite. A quiet, gray-haired man named Bings said he could tell him, as he had been bitten and knew what it was. Without waiting for questions he continued:

"One hot, sweltering night I was lying in a state half sleep and half heat-stupor in a Burmese bungalow, when I suddenly became aware that a dark, flat object, in which gleamed two spots of malignant light, was moving up along my right leg. I could just see it over my limb, and the blood in my veins simply froze with horror as I realized that it must either be a cobra or a karait. The body of the serpent was evidently in the bed, and the head elevated just enough to watch my face. A queer constrictive sort of feeling shot up and down my scalp, and the hair stood out straight, I am sure.

"There are no words in which I can convey the slightest idea of the full measure of loathsome horror which took possession of me and turned me sick with the intensity of its dreadfulness when I recognized that I was shut in with, and completely at the mercy of, one of these death-dealing fiends. I dared not move a muscle—to call out meant death, for were he roused, either by fear or anger, he would deal out death to the nearest living object with the rapidity of lightning. My hand was lying down beside my thigh, and already I could feel his cold, slimy body moving over it. If my blood was frozen before, this chilled the very marrow in my bones. I could see very little by the light of the flickering lamp which hung in the verandah opposite my room door beyond that flat, swaying head, set like a fiend's toy with those devilish gleaming eyes.

"I felt that I could not stand it much longer. I should become a raving maniac if something did not happen soon. I almost wished that he would strike and end the dreadful suspense. I knew that he would not voluntarily leave the bed all night, and would most probably coil himself up on my chest and remain there. One year, two years, ten years, I lay thus, with the brute drawing his interminable length over my hand—yes, ten years! for next day I was ten years older, and my hair, black when I went to bed, was as gray as it is now.

"Then I must have moved my hand, for the fiend struck—without warning and with such devilish rapidity that I saw nothing, only felt the sharp, lance-like thrust in my thigh. With a rush, my blood, which had been standing still in my veins, I think, went tearing through my body again, and before my horrified cry had ceased to ring through the bungalow I was standing on the floor. As I sprang from the bed when he struck I felt his body go hurtling over my head up against the pillow as I threw up the arm he had been lying on.

"Brown—'Bangle Brown' as he was called then, because he used to wear a silver bangle on his left wrist that some girl had given him—was calling from the next room, 'Who is there? who is there?' and the whole bungalow was soon in a turmoil. Cold drops of perspiration rolled down my forehead, and my face was

like the face of a dead man, Brown said, when I went into his room, where he had a light.

"'Have you seen a ghost?' he asked.

"'Worse than that,' I replied. 'I have been bitten by a cobra.'

"'Nonsense, man,' he ejaculated, 'you have been dreaming,' but his face was ashy pale, now, too.

"'Here are the marks of his fangs,' I said, as I bared my thigh; and there, sure enough, were two tiny punctures, and a drop of blood oozing from one.

"There could be no mistake about it now—his light had swept away the last vestige of hope. All that remained to do was to make a futile effort to stay the deadly poison. Already I could feel a peculiar twitching sensation where the lines run from the nose down past the corners of the mouth; and there was a dull tugging sort of pain in my heart, a feeling as though the blood was being forced through it at increased pressure. My head was dizzy and my eyes hot and blurred, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could keep my mind from wandering. I could hardly manage to articulate a word, and when I did manage to speak I would say what I did not mean—using the wrong word. It was evident that the poison was beginning to paralyze my brain; and already I felt an unconquerable desire to lie down and go to sleep.

"By this time Brown and the others were thoroughly awake to the seriousness of the case, and had started to do all in their power to save me. Brown was a sort of amateur surgeon, and always carried a small apothecary establishment with him. I saw him whip out a lancet and look at me in a questioning way. I nodded, and in an instant he had the piece surrounding the bite out and his lips applied to the gaping wound.

"Giving me a dose of permanganate of potassium, Brown placed me in the hands of two Sepoy orderlies, with strict orders to keep me going, swearing that he would shoot the first man that let me stop—for to rest for an instant meant certain death.

"'Now, my lads, let's kill the devil,' he said, when he had done all he could to save me; 'we shall find him coiled up in the bed waiting for another victim.'

"At these words a sudden fury took possession of me, and I said:

"'Let me be in at the death—I will kill him before I die myself.'

"Grabbing the lamp and a stout stick I rushed into my room, followed rather cautiously by the others. I flashed the light on the bed, holding the stick poised aloft for a quick, strong blow, but there was no object there to vent my fury upon. Then I remembered that I had thrown him up over my head when I jumped from the bed. Telling Brown to throw the pillow over with a quick movement, I held the lamp in my left hand and stood ready to give his cobraship his quietus with a powerful blow.

"Quick as a flash the pillow was jerked to the other end of the bed and there was a rush of a dark-brown body, with the devilish eyes gleaming like two baleful sparks. The stick dropped from my nerveless grasp and I tumbled to the floor. It was only a rat!

"The perspiration broke out all over my body and I

was as limp as a rag. The nerves, strung up to the tension that they had been, suddenly gave way, and I could only sob out, hysterically:

"Let him go—don't kill him, please!"

"I could hear Brown's deep-drawn 'Thank God,' and in the general sense of relief the rat was allowed to escape. That is how it feels to be bitten by a cobra," concluded Bings, "as near as I can describe it."

Choosing a Wife.....Accepting Paternal Advice.....Judge

"Have you carefully considered all that I have said, my boy?" asked the old gentleman, the day after he had given his son a little fatherly advice.

"Yes, father," replied the young man meekly.

"You are getting near the age at which a young man naturally begins to look around for a wife, and I don't want you to make a mistake."

"I'll try not to, father."

"No butterflies of fashion, my boy, but a girl of some solid worth; one with practical accomplishments."

"Yes, father."

"Never mind the piano-playing and Delsarte lessons; never mind the dancing and the small talk. When you find a girl who can cook, my boy, it will be time to think of marrying. When you find a girl who can make up her own bed, knows how to set the table without forgetting something, is able to put up the preserves, and, above all, is good at sewing, go in and win her, my boy, and you will have my blessing."

"I have resolved, father, to seek such a wife as you describe," said the young man with determination. "I see the folly of seeking a wife in society. I will go to an intelligence-office this afternoon, and see if I can find one that will answer. And then I'll have mother call on her, and—and—"

"Young man, I'll break your neck in a minute!"

"But you said—"

"Never mind what I said. I've changed my mind."

Mystery of Post No. 3

CHARLES B. LEWIS....CHICAGO TIMES

The moon was shining brightly, illuminating the sandy plain around the fort as only the moon in Arizona can illuminate. The officers, soldiers, and their families were peacefully sleeping. Not a sound was heard except the occasional cry of a coyote.

Three o'clock struck and the sentinel on post No. 1 started the call:

"No. 1, 3 o'clock, and all's well."

A slight pause and No. 2 responded:

"No. 2, 3 o'clock, and all's well."

Then came a long pause.

The sergeant of the guard stepped out of the guard-room and listened.

"The sentinel on No. 3 must be asleep," he remarked.

"Bad business for a sentinel guarding the corral."

Turning to No. 1 he commanded:

"Start the call again."

No. 1 obeyed. No. 2 took it up. But there again it ended. The sergeant turned out a patrol and marched to the corral.

As he approached the sentinel's post in the moonlight he saw the figure of No. 3 stretched out on the ground. The position did not look like that of a sleeping man.

"Double time!" commanded the sergeant.

And the patrol came down the post at a run. As the

men came closer to the figure a sight met their eyes that froze the blood in their veins. Lying face down on the sand, his hand still grasping his rifle, was their comrade, stiff and cold in death, an Apache arrow buried deep in his body.

Three sharp cracks of the rifle, the rattle of the long roll of the drum soon brought the startled garrison.

Scouts were instantly sent out and the plain thoroughly scoured, but no Indian signs could be found.

The next day, with muffled drums, the members of the garrison followed the body of their comrade to its last resting-place. With uncovered heads, sorrowfully and reverently, they listened while the post chaplain read the burial service. The military escort fired three rounds over the grave, and the bugler played the sweetest of all calls, "Taps—lights out—sleep." Naturally a gloom was thrown over the whole post.

The soldiers gathered in small groups and discussed the perplexed question. "How could it have been done?" The moon had been shining brightly, and there was no cover behind which an Indian could hide.

The searching parties came in after fruitless hunts. Night came. There would be no lack of vigilance on the part of the sentinel on post No. 3. The moon was even brighter than on the preceding night, and the objects on the plain could be seen almost as distinctly as in the daytime.

Each half hour the call of No. 1 was promptly answered by the other sentinels.

Few expected a repetition of the preceding night's cowardly attack. Gradually the garrison became silent and one by one the lights went out. Morning came and nothing had happened to disturb the peace of the fort.

Several days passed and the post settled down into its old ways, and the memory of the dreadful event was beginning to fade.

The officer of the day was making the inspection of the sentinels after midnight, and was approaching post No. 3, when the moon, which had been hidden behind a cloud, suddenly burst forth, revealing at the very feet of the officer the body of the sentinel as before, completely pierced by an Indian arrow.

The alarm was quickly given, but in spite of the most careful search no trace of the assassin could be found. A horror settled over the post. No one dreaded an enemy they knew and could fight openly, but against such ghostly attacks no one could defend himself.

At officers' call the next morning the affair was earnestly discussed. It was evidently wrong to require a sentinel to walk post in such an exposed and dangerous place, and yet, with the corral where it was, no one could see how it could be avoided.

While discussing the problem an orderly appeared and reported:

"Private Rogers would like to speak to the commanding officer."

The commanding officer went into his private office, and after the interview returned to the room where the officers were assembled.

"Young Rogers has asked permission to take charge of post No. 3 at night until he solves the mystery, and I have granted his request."

The faces of the officers showed plainly the anxiety they felt. Young Rogers was the son of a brother captain in their regiment, who at that time was stationed in an eastern city on recruiting service.

The young man had enlisted six months previously with the object of obtaining an officer's commission, which may be won by a worthy and capable man.

The young fellow had gained the esteem and respect of every one by his manly qualities and strict obedience to orders. Many of the officers had known him from his childhood. He had been the playmate of their children and a great favorite with all. Later on many tried to persuade him to withdraw his request.

"Take the post if it falls to your lot, but don't volunteer," they pleaded.

It was no use. The young man had a theory, and if he proved it and discovered the assassin he knew that he would get his coveted commission.

He was excused from all duties during the day, and after nightfall assumed charge of the dreaded post No. 3. Three nights passed without any event. The moon, though on the wane, was still bright enough to allow Rogers to see any moving object on the plain.

Seated on the ground, his back against the corral, his rifle on his knees, he was apparently asleep. Apparently only, for his sharp eyes keenly watched every point of the plain. He knew that he had a tricky, shrewd, but at the same time bold, enemy in that wily Apache. He felt sure that the Indian, especially in the second case, had not crept upon his victim unobserved. He must have employed some disguise which had completely deceived the sentinel. What was this disguise?

"That Apache would be more apt to betray himself if he thought me asleep than he would if he saw I was watching him," was his sound argument.

Through the long hours of the night he sat motionless. It was two o'clock when suddenly he caught sight of a moving object on the plain some distance away. Noiselessly he cocked his rifle. He was a dead shot, and woe be to that object when he fired. Nearer and nearer it came while he sat as if asleep.

"Why, it is Corporal!" he suddenly exclaimed.

Corporal was a fine, large Newfoundland dog, a pet of the garrison, which had mysteriously disappeared from the post two weeks before and which every one supposed to have been stolen.

Rogers' first impulse was to call the dog, when he remembered his resolution—"shoot any moving object that comes within range." He therefore restrained his impulse, and no one would have guessed that the apparently sleeping sentinel was closely watching every movement as the dog approached.

It was a lucky idea of Rogers' to feign sleep, for as the dog came nearer he thought he noticed something peculiar in its appearance, and its actions did not seem quite natural.

"Possibly Corporal may be exhausted from hunger, or it may be the deceptive light of the moon," thought Rogers. The dog was now within range, and he could hesitate no longer.

"It's a matter of life and death," he reflected, "and if I make a mistake every one, even Corporal himself, will forgive me."

Slowly and imperceptibly he brought his rifle to his shoulder; a short but true aim, a crack and a yell—such as only an Apache who has received his death wound can give—startled the whole garrison.

As if by magic every one collected on the spot, each as he approached evidently expecting to see a repetition of the tragedies.

The story was soon told. The skin of poor Corporal had been used as a disguise by the Apache, who, with a bow in hand, had been creeping up on his third intended victim. Deceived by the apparently sleeping sentinel, he had been led to betray himself, and had met a most merited death. Undoubtedly he had by the same device deceived the other sentinels and had very nearly succeeded in adding another scalp.

Young Rogers was overwhelmed with congratulations, a special report was at once made to the War Department, and before long he received as a reward his much-coveted commission.

Before the Cadi

THE NEWSPAPER SCANDAL....LIFE

"Mustapha," said the cadi, "what is that din without the gate? By the nether garments of the Prophet, but the Kafir shall suffer unless his cause be just. Let him be dragged before me."

Mustapha disappeared, returning with a prosperous-looking merchant, whose wilted collar and disarranged four-in-hand showed that he was suffering from internal emotion or internal alcohol.

"What is it?—thou son of a slave! Why didst thou afflict our ears with thy wretched wailing?"

"Mercy, sublime highness," replied the man; "but I have a daughter—"

"So have I," interrupted the cadi, "forty or fifty; but I don't go about the city wailing about it."

"Allah be praised, your highness, and may your tribe increase. But my daughter was of fair reputation, and lived as prudent maiden should. Yesterday, though—and may his grave be defiled—an unbeliever, a son of a Jew, did print in what he calleth a newspaper a tale which hath made the young men and other maidens to avoid my daughter, and my friends and neighbors to eye me askance. And so will no man take my daughter to wife, and I shall have no descendants to rise up and call me blessed. Ashes be on my head! Woe is me! Ya-a-a-a!"

"Shut up!" said the cadi. "Was the tale true?"

"In no word, your highness. My daughter hath been a good maid and prudent, but by printing such a story the unbeliever doth sell more of his papers."

"Hast thou brought suit against the man?"

"No, your sublimity, for the man is powerful and has a pull with all the cadis of the country. And if I did, the men wise in the law whom I employed would leave me beggared."

"Why hast thou not gone to thine enemy and given him a good thrashing?"

"Because, your highness, he hath a gun and is surrounded by hired minions, who would quickly bounce me down the elevator-shaft."

"Mustapha," said the cadi, "go and drag this wretch before me. But, stay. Tell me, slave, hast thou ever bought any of the papers this man hath sold?"

"Yes, O lord of wisdom," replied the merchant.

"And hast thou read in them tales of the wrongdoing of other men's daughters?"

"Yes, your highness."

"And hast thou not advertised thy wares in his papers?"

"I have, O fountain of justice."

"And for these papers, that thou might read of the misfortunes of others, thou hast paid him many piastres,

and for thy advertisements thou hast paid him many shekels?"

"It is true, O source of all knowledge."

The Cadi hesitated a moment, and then he continued impressively, as he looked the merchant full in the face:

"And thereby hast furnished him with the wherewithal to live in luxury and to print more lies. Mustapha, take this foolish merchant without the gate, and then before the people administer forty strokes of the bastinado upon the bare soles of his feet, so that the people may learn wisdom. Justice must be done. Allah be praised, for there is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet!"

The Dream of an Hour.

KATE CHOPIN....VOGUE

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that where all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a pedler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was

beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will—as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been.

When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial.

She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him—sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter? What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door—you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

How fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long, and now what a change.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like the goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richard stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Some one was opening the front door with a latch key. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richard's quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife, who just then looked up.

But Richard was too late.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease—of joy that kills.

MY LADY NICOTINE: WITH PIPE AND POUCH*

Tobacco.....An Acrostic.....J. H.....Pipe and Pouch

To thee, blest weed, whose sovereign wiles,
O'er cankered care bring radiant smiles,
Best gift of Love to mortals given!
At once the bud and bliss of Heaven!
Crownless are kings uncrowned by thee;
Content the serf in thy sweet liberty,
O charm of life! O foe to misery!

Choosing a Wife by a Pipe.Gentleman's Magazine.....Pipe and Pouch

Tube, I love thee as my life;
By thee I mean to choose a wife.
Tube, thy *color* let me find,
In her *skin*, and in her *mind*.
Let her have a *shape* as fine;
Let her breath be sweet as thine;
Let her, when her lips I kiss,
Burn like thee, to give me bliss;
Let her, in some *smoke* or other,
All my failings kindly smother.
Often when my thoughts are *low*,
Send them where they ought to go;
When to study I incline,
Let her aid be such as thine;
Such as thine the charming power
In the vacant social hour.
Let her live to give delight,
Ever *warm* and ever *bright*;
Let her deeds, whene'er she dies,
Mount as incense to the skies.

To My Meerschaum.....P. D. R.....Pipe and Pouch

There's a charm in the sun-crested hills,
In the quivering light of a star,
In the flash of a silvery rill,
Yet to me thou art lovelier far,
My Meerschaum!

There's a love in her witching dark eye,
There's a love in her tresses at play,
Yet her love would be worth not a sigh,
If from thee she could lure me away,
My Meerschaum!

Let revelers sing of their wine,
As they toss it in ecstasy down,
But the bowl I call for is thine,
With its deepening amber and brown,
My Meerschaum!

For when trouble would bid me despair,
I call for a flagon of beer,
And puff a defiance to care,
Till sorrows in smoke disappear,
My Meerschaum!

Though mid pleasures unnumbered I whirl,
Though I traverse the billowy sea,
Yet the waving and beautiful curl
Of thy smoke's ever dearer to me,
My Meerschaum!

My Cigarette.....Richard Barnard.....Pipe and Pouch

To my sweet cigarette I am singing
This joyous and bright bacca-role;
Just now to my lips she was clinging,
Her spirit was soothing my soul.

With figure so slender and dapper
I feel the soft touch of it yet,
Adorned in her dainty white wrapper,
How fair is my own cigarette!
'T were better, perhaps, that we part, love;
'T were better, if never we'd met.
Alas! you are part of my heart, love,
Destructive but sweet cigarette!

Though matchless, by matches she's fired,
And glows both with pleasure and pride;
By her soft, balmy breath I'm inspired,
And kiss and caress my new bride.
E'en the clouds of her nature are joyous,
Though other clouds cause us regret;
From worry and care they decoy us,
The clouds of a sweet cigarette.
'T were better, etc.

The houris in paradise living
Dissolve in the first love embrace,
Their life to their love freely giving—
And so with my love 'tis the case;
For when her life's last spark is flying,
Still sweet to the end is my pet,
Who helps me, although she is dying,
To light up a fresh cigarette!
'T were better, etc.

The Scent of a Good Cigar.....Kate A. Carrington.....Pipe and Pouch

What is it comes through the deepening dusk—
Something sweeter than Jasmine scent,
Sweeter than rose and violet blent,
More potent in power than orange or musk?
The scent of a good cigar.

I am all alone in my quiet room,
And the windows are open wide and free
To let in the south wind's kiss for me,
While I rock in the softly gathering gloom,
And that subtle fragrance steals.

Just as a loving, tender hand
Will sometimes steal in yours,
It softly comes through the open doors,
And memory wakes at its command—
The scent of that good cigar.

And what does it say? Ah! that's for me
And my heart alone to know;
But that heart thrills with a sudden glow,
Tears fill my eyes till I cannot see—
From the scent of that good cigar.

Chibouque.....Francis S. Saitus.....Pipe and Pouch

At Yeni-Djami, after Rhamadan,
The pacha in his palace lolls at ease;
Latakiah fumes his sensual palate please;
While round-limbed almees dance near his divan.
Slaves lure away ennui with flowers and fan;
And as his gem-tipped chibouque glows, he sees,
In dreamy trance, those marvelous mysteries
The prophet sings of in the Al-Koran!
Pale, dusk-eyed girls, with sequin studded hair,
Dart through the opal clouds like agile deer,
With sensuous curves his fancy to provoke—
Delicious houris, ravishing and fair,
Who to his vague and drowsy mind appear
Like fragrant phantoms arabesqued in smoke!

* From Pipe and Pouch. Compiled by Joseph Knight.
Joseph Knight & Co.

and for thy advertisements thou hast paid him many shekels?"

"It is true, O source of all knowledge."

The Cadi hesitated a moment, and then he continued impressively, as he looked the merchant full in the face:

"And thereby hast furnished him with the wherewithal to live in luxury and to print more lies. Mustapha, take this foolish merchant without the gate, and then before the people administer forty strokes of the bastinado upon the bare soles of his feet, so that the people may learn wisdom. Justice must be done. Allah be praised, for there is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet!"

The Dream of an Hour.

KATE CHOPIN....VOGUE

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that where all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a pedler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was

beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will—as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been.

When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial.

She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him—sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter? What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door—you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

How fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long, and now what a change.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like the goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richard stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Some one was opening the front door with a latch key. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richard's quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife, who just then looked up.

But Richard was too late.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease—of joy that kills.

MY LADY NICOTINE: WITH PIPE AND POUCH*

Tobacco.....An Acrostic.....J. H.....Pipe and Pouch

To thee, blest weed, whose sovereign wiles,
O'er cankered care bring radiant smiles,
Best gift of Love to mortals given!
At once the bud and bliss of Heaven!
Crownless are kings uncrowned by thee;
Content the serf in thy sweet liberty,
O charm of life! O foe to misery!

Choosing a Wife by a Pipe.Gentleman's Magazine.....Pipe and Pouch

Tube, I love thee as my life;
By thee I mean to choose a wife.
Tube, thy *color* let me find,
In her *skin*, and in her *mind*.
Let her have a *shape* as fine;
Let her breath be sweet as thine;
Let her, when her lips I kiss,
Burn like thee, to give me bliss;
Let her, in some *smoke* or other,
All my failings kindly smother.
Often when my thoughts are *low*,
Send them where they ought to go;
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APPLIED SCIENCE: INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

The Oscillator

TESLA'S MARVELOUS INVENTION....BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

Tesla's latest invention, the "oscillator," is one of the most remarkable appliances of the age. It is described as being the core of a steam engine and the core of a dynamo combined, making a harmonious mechanical adjustment. This combination, says an enthusiastic admirer, constitutes a machine which has in it the potentiality of reducing to the rank of old bell metal half the machinery at present moving on the face of the globe. It may come to do the entire work of the engines of an ocean steamship within a small part of the space they occupy, and at a fraction of their cost, both of construction and operation. It will do this work without jar or pounding and will reduce to a minimum the risk of derangement or breakage. There is nothing in the whole range of mechanical construction, from railway locomotive to stamp mills, which such an invention may not revolutionize. The essential characteristic of the machine is the application of the pressure of steam to produce an extremely rapid vibration of a bar of steel or piston, which, in turn, is so adapted to a set of magnets that the mechanical energy of the vibration is converted into electricity. The extraordinary result is that practically an absolutely constant vibration is established, and a power is obtained greatly beyond that obtainable in the most costly expansion engines using a similar amount of steam.

Besides saving in mechanical friction the 30 per cent. of loss in the working of the engine, the 15 per cent. of loss by belt friction and the 10 per cent. wasted in the dynamo, making altogether an addition of 60 per cent. to the available energy obtained from the steam for the purpose of producing electricity, it is simpler, smaller and lighter than the mechanism it is destined to replace, absolutely constant in its action, automatically regulated and subject to the least possible amount of wear and tear. The utilization of this machine in any branch of industry would result in an appreciable lowering in the cost of production, and it is quite possible that its first general employment may be in electric lighting. In the face of this marvelous invention a recent statement of Tesla seems hardly no longer visionary. The young Montenegrin said: "I expect to live to be able to set a machine in the middle of this room and move it by the energy of the medium in motion around us."

A Wonderful Electro-Magnet

COLONEL KING'S INVENTION....NEW YORK TIMES

There is a big twelve-inch gun standing on top of the ramparts at Willet's Point, L. I. It is an innocent-looking gun, and a big coil of telegraph cable wound around the muzzle end of the piece suggests that it has become fractured and that the Government is experimenting with an economical method of repairing broken-down ordnance. The gun, however, is the most powerful electro-magnet in the world, excepting those of nature's own construction at the imaginary points of the earth known as the magnet-poles. The big magnet is the invention of Col. W. R. King, commander of the Engineer corps of the army stationed here, and some very interesting experiments have been made with it.

When Col. King conceived the idea of building an immense electro-magnet, he had no thought of its possibilities. There entered into the construction of the first magnet two huge guns, some pieces of iron, and a good many miles of heavy insulated telegraph wire. The guns stood on carriages on top of the fort. The pieces of iron were fastened across the breeches of the cannon, and were held in place by chains, forming a horseshoe. The telegraph wire was wound around the muzzle ends of the guns, making two immense spools. The current of electricity was supplied by a dynamo, and the first time the magnet was charged it developed marvelous power.

The work, undertaken simply as an experiment, soon became a matter of great importance. The magnet had not been long in existence when it was discovered that it would derange a vessel's compass at a distance of six miles from the fort. This discovery suggested that if in time of war an enemy's ships attempted to pass the fort under cover of darkness or during the prevalence of a heavy fog, when the pilots would have to depend solely upon the ship's compass, the commanders of the warships would probably find their vessels ashore near Willet's Point, where they could be blown up with torpedoes or destroyed by the guns of the fort.

Many experiments have been made from time to time in testing the power of the big magnet. One of the most interesting ever attempted is thus described by an eye-witness. It was made under the personal supervision of Col. King. A number of pieces of railroad iron were placed near the muzzles of the guns, and the current of electricity turned on. Immediately the rails flew to the magnet, and were held as fast as if they had been welded to its immense core. Col. King then had one end of a large chain fastened around the pieces of iron to ascertain the amount of power necessary to pull them away from the magnet. The other end of the chain was attached to a capstan that was held firmly in place by long stakes driven into the ground.

When everything was in readiness for the test the capstan bars were manned by eight stalwart engineers, and they endeavored to pull the railroad iron away from the magnetized guns. After straining for some time the stakes holding the capstan in place gave way and it toppled over. The railroad iron had not even moved on the face of the magnet. The dynamometer which had been attached to indicate the amount of strain the magnet would stand showed that it had resisted 22,500 pounds. It was found impossible to disturb the pieces of railroad iron until the electricity had been shut off. Some time ago Col. King caused to be made the one-gun magnet. Thirteen miles of half-inch insulated telegraph cable was used in making the coil on the gun. Tests with this magnet showed that it possessed almost as much power as the first one, where two guns were used for the core. A number of exhibitions of the working of this electro-magnet were given before members of the American Society for the Advancement of Science. One of the exhibitions attracted a great deal of attention, as it best illustrated the power the magnet possessed.

The test consisted of four cannon balls being sus-

pendent from the muzzle of the gun. The balls weighed, on an average, 430 pounds each. The first one was placed under the muzzle of the gun, and, notwithstanding the smallness of the point of contact, made so by the shape of the suspended object, the ball was held very firmly. A second cannon ball was placed under the first one; then a third was put under the second, and when the fourth ball was held up by the magnetic attraction exclamations of surprise came from the spectators. The smallness of the central point of bearing of each cannon ball, and the rigid manner in which the four iron spheres were held up, was considered to be the best exhibition of the magnet's power.

During a recent series of experiments an iron tray, heaped up with old horseshoes, big iron spikes, nuts, bolts and other articles made of iron, was given to a soldier, and he was directed to hold the tray in front of him and walk toward the magnet. When the soldier arrived at a point about fifteen feet from the gun the contents of the tray departed with a rush and lodged on and about the muzzle of the big gun. The soldier had all he could do to keep the tray from following the scrap iron.

This test has suggested the possibilities of big electromagnets being used to defend forts and earthworks from land attacks. A row of them of sufficient power would draw the smaller arms out of the hands of the infantry while the advancing column was still some distance from the place of attack, leaving the soldiers at the mercy of the garrison of the fort.

Guns Made of Paper

GEORGE D. RICE....PAPER TRADE JOURNAL

Almost without limit are the purposes to which wood pulp is being put. The latest invention in this line is the manufacture of large guns from this material. Guns have been made from leather pulp, and these are bound with hoops of metal. The leather pulp is of course hardened. There is also a core of metal set inside of the gun. The lightness of the leather cannon is an essential feature. The principal aim, however, is to secure a material which has some elasticity, so that the force of a heavy discharge will be broken gradually. This seems to be obtained in canñon made from a pulpy substance. Paper pulp answers the purpose, as numerous trials and experiments have proved; it possesses more elasticity than metal, and when hardened is nearly as tough; hence this material is useful in the manufacture of articles requiring hard, efficient and elastic properties.

The body of the gun is made of paper pulp. The core is of metal, and made very much like the cores of ordinary cannon. The exterior of the cannon is wound with wire. About five layers of copper, brass or steel wire are firmly wound on, thus binding the cannon. Outside of the covering of wire are various bands of brass. These bands are set with uprights, through which rods extend parallel with the gun. There are lock nuts on each side of the uprights, and these hold the rods in place.

The process of making the gun is as follows: A special grade of paper pulp, in which the fibre is long, is selected and well agitated. The usual hardening and toughening ingredients, consisting of litharge, wax, tallow, white lead and blue, are introduced. The pulp is then run into moulds and cast of the proper shape.

The steel core is put in; wire is bound around the exterior; brass or steel bands are securely set about the whole, and the parallel rods are applied. The rods, being of steel, possess a degree of spring, and as they are fastened to the bands, the result is a gun which will give way slightly at each discharge, yet cannot burst. A person may make his muscles rigid and fall to the ground, in which case he is likely to receive a broken bone; but if the muscles are relaxed the bones will give way somewhat and will not break. The same principle is applied in the paper cannon. The pulp, although exceedingly durable, will give way enough to prevent a break. The layers of wire, the binding of steel bands and the parallel rods add strength. In war times it is easy to batter down a brick wall or a stone foundation; but a protection of bales of hay, bags of sand or similar substance is not affected, as the shot is simply imbedded in it. The chief points of the pulp gun are elasticity and lightness. Being lighter, it follows that transportation will be easier. It is said that the leather pulp guns, which, if made of metal, would require a derrick to move, are readily transported on light wagons. Paper pulp is no heavier than leather pulp.

The Bicycle Railroad

ALBERT LEE.....HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

Not far from Patchogue, Long Island, at a little village called Bellport, there is a peculiar structure, a mile and a half long, that looks like a trolley railroad, but is not. Occasionally something black will swish along past the upright poles and be out of sight before you can see just what it is, and if you ask a native about it, he will tell you that that is the new bicycle railroad. It is only an experiment now, but the promoters of the enterprise assert that within a year they will have their bicycle trains running from one end of the island to the other. At first thought it seems almost impossible that a railroad train can be constructed to run on one rail, just as a bicycle runs along a road, or that after it has once started it should be able to travel twice as fast as an express train running on a two-rail track. Yet in practice these conditions have been absolutely fulfilled; the bicycle railroad has been running on its short spur for several months, and any one who cares to may go down to Bellport any day and see how it feels to cover a mile and a half in less than ninety seconds.

The theory that this new kind of road was built on is very simple. As the name implies, it is nothing more than a bicycle railroad, each car being merely a large bicycle capable of carrying forty or fifty persons, instead of one or two. These big bicycles are then placed inside of a structure so built that it will hold them, and hold them so securely that no matter what happens the passengers can in no way be injured or thrown out. As may be now seen at Bellport, this structure consists of a single steel track running along the side of a line of upright beams which support an overhead guide that serves to steady the cars, and through which the electric current is carried to the motor—for the cars are propelled, heated, and lighted by electricity. Every car has two wheels, one at each end, and in the motor cars the propelling machinery is placed just above the wheel. An invention has recently been made, however, by means of which the propelling motor will be located "inside" the wheel, and will be capable of attaining a speed of one hundred miles an hour.

As the cars are firmly held between the upper and lower rails, no matter how fast the bicycle train goes, it is impossible for it to run off the track—just the same as it is impossible for a bullet to get out of a gun-barrel until it reaches the muzzle. There might be danger from collisions, but this has been foreseen, and the road, when it is built, will be divided into sections. When a train is in one section it will automatically cut off the electric current from the section it has just left, so that there will be thus no power there to propel any other train. That section will therefore be “blocked,” and such an arrangement in railroading is called the “block system.” There is the possibility, however, of a wheel breaking; but even such an accident would not be serious, because the cars would only settle down one inch into a “shoe” arranged for that purpose, and slide along the track until they stopped easily from their own friction. They could not possibly settle down far enough for the guide wheels to lose their hold of the guide beam overhead.

We have all noticed what inconvenient and sometimes dangerous things are the overhead wires of the trolley street-car lines. The cars go along reasonably fast, but they frequently slip the trolley wheel, and always have to slow up at curves. On the bicycle railroad the conducting rail overhead is covered with wood on all sides, except that which faces downward, and along which run the “shoes” that convey the electric power to the motor inside the car. There are several of these “shoes” on the top of each car, so that no matter how fast the train is going, even around curves at full speed, one at least of them will remain in contact with the upper rail, and there will be no loss of power. The cars in operation are almost noiseless. Each one weighs, with wheels, motor, and trucks, only six tons. The motor cars can seat thirty-six people, and the passenger coaches will hold sixty-six persons. The weight of fast railroad trains, such as the “Exposition Flyer,” which ran between New York and Chicago at the time of the World’s Fair, or the “Empire State Express,” which runs daily between New York and Albany, is 200 tons, with seating capacity for not over 200 people. This makes an average weight of one ton, or 2000 pounds, for each passenger. It is asserted that a train of bicycle cars can be formed, consisting of two motor cars and three passenger coaches, with a seating capacity of 200 persons, and weigh only 200 pounds per passenger. This calculation would make a bicycle train carrying the same number of passengers as an express train only one-tenth as heavy.

Some of the further advantages which the promoters claim for their system, and which certainly look favorable on paper, are these: There will be no locomotives, with repair shops, with machinery and tools, to maintain, and no pay-roll for employes connected therewith; no great terminal facilities to provide; no ties to renew; no conductors, engineers, or firemen, for the motormen will have full charge of trains; no water supply to pay for; no fences to build and maintain, for the road as it is proposed to build it on Long Island will be elevated; no damage to cattle; no flagmen at crossings; no coal stoves; no steam heating; no snow to plough through; and no clouds of dust to blind and inconvenience the passengers. It would really seem from all this that quite a revolution is coming in modern methods of railroad travelling. But it remains to be

seen whether the bicycle method can be successfully operated for long distances. The fact that cars, such as are shown in illustrations of the bicycle road, have been successfully run at the rate of a mile a minute on the spur at Bellport commends the bicycle railroad as a system of rapid transit, and no doubt it will prove a very popular and useful system if it is constructed on Long Island. It will make it possible for people who live along the Sound or the South Shore to reach their homes in much less time than it takes them now.

Rowland's Ruling Machine

48,000 LINES TO THE INCH....BALTIMORE AMERICAN

In the darkness and gloom of a subterranean vault, under the physical laboratory of the Johns Hopkins University, there runs night and day, week after week, and year after year, a beautiful little machine—one of the most famous on earth among scientific men. It is not a large machine, nor yet a very small one, being three or four feet long by about two feet wide. It is neither complicated nor of many parts; on the contrary, it is quite simple, and has but few parts—by no means as fine a piece of mechanism, apparently, as a watch—and yet that little machine, working away slowly in the darkness of its dungeon, has caused visits and been the object of the most interested curiosity on the part of some of the greatest of the world’s scientists—such men as Sir William Thompson, now Lord Kelvin, the world-famous English scientist; the Earl of Rosse, who owns the famous telescope, and Lord Rayleigh, also of England; Prof. Ball, astronomer royal of Ireland; Prof. Helmholtz, of Berlin, Prof. Mascart, of Paris, Prof. Lemstrom, of Sweden, and other equally famous savants from all over the world. The machine is of brass, steel, copper, wood, but it would not be more valuable if made of solid gold, studded with diamonds. Never was jeweled crown kept more secluded from the public gaze than that little machine, and rare, indeed, and fortunate is he who is allowed to see it at work. And rightly so, when the heat of one’s body, touch of one’s hand, the slightest jar, a particle of dust, would, perhaps, and very likely, spoil beyond repair the labor performed by that wondrous piece of mechanism for months and months.

That wonderful machine, which is the product of the brain of Prof. H. A. Rowland, of the Johns Hopkins, formerly of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, and under the wonderful skill of Theo. C. Schneider, machinist at the Hopkins, was constructed to rule lines on a polished piece of metal so close together that they cannot be seen with the naked eye, but under a powerful microscope every line is perfectly distinct, perfectly accurate and parallel, the one with the other. Were there the slightest variation in the parallelism, the “grating” or series of lines would be entirely useless for scientific purposes. When these thousands of lines, or really tiny grooves cut with a diamond point on the polished metal plate are completed and are perfect, the “grating” so made is used to break up a ray of light into its various colors, as a prism does, and has that effect, and in that way is used in a large number of experiments in the physical and chemical laboratory in the spectroscope.

The polished metal on which the lines are ruled is called speculum metal, and is an alloy of two parts copper and one tin, and the lines are drawn, or rather the tiny parallel grooves are made, by means of a diamond point. The machine sits on three legs, and has a very

heavy frame for its size. The motive power is a little hydraulic engine, made with the utmost precision, so that the speed may be perfectly regular and even. The water is kept at a constant height in a tank on the roof, thus insuring unvarying speed. It is driven by a belt attached to a solid steel driving-wheel on the machine, a crank being turned by the same on the other end of the shaft. This crank moves the carriage that carries the diamond backward and forward over the surface of the "grating" or plate. This carriage rests on two ways, which are flat on top and slanting slightly outward, so that there are three points on one way, or rail, as it might be called, for the carriage to rest upon. The bottom of these little ways are steel, the top hardwood, the wood being used to prevent friction and uneven wear. These ways are ground and filed, so as to make them as nearly accurate and correct as possible. But they cannot be made exactly in plumb, nor perfect, for Mr. Schneider, when he had finished them as finely as he could, tested them with a microscope and found that they were "out"—that is, not exactly perfect by one-fifty-thousandth of an inch. He did not attempt to improve them. The little carriage which travels backward and forward on these ways has a diamond point fixed to it, as said before.

One of the most difficult problems that Professor Rowland and Mr. Schneider have to solve is to find a diamond point that is exactly right. Some are too blunt, some have one defect, some another, and it takes generally from two to eight months' testing to find a diamond that is all right in every way. Now, as the diamond carriage moves exactly in the same line backward and forward every time, the metal plate or grating beneath must move slightly every time the diamond makes a stroke, else the diamond would rule the same line every time, that is, would scratch the same groove on the grating instead of making parallel grooves. And as these tiny grooves must be exactly the same distance apart, and as there must be from 10,000 to 48,000 parallel grooves or lines made within the space of one inch, it is readily seen that the lateral movement of the metal plate is very small at every stroke of the diamond carriage, and that these movements must be exactly the same length each time, else the grooves or lines on the plate would be at different distances apart, and ruin the grating for scientific purposes.

The carriage carrying the plate is moved by means of a steel screw, which turns slightly after each stroke of the diamond. As will be readily perceived, the threads on this screw must be wonderfully exact, and so they are. Mr. Schneider is very proud of that screw, and well may he be so, for it is the one absolutely exact screw ever made. The "ways" spoken of above, when tested by the microscope, are one fifty-thousandth part of an inch "out" of the exact, but the strongest microscope can find no flaw in the exactness of Mr. Schneider's screw. In order to make the screw exact it was necessary, among other things, to make it under water, which was kept at a certain temperature. Had it been made in the air, or the temperature of the water changed, the wonderfully slight expansion caused by the friction would have made the threads vary ever so slightly, and that would have caused the carriage that runs on it to vary slightly, and consequently the spaces between the grooves on the "grating" would vary and the "grating" would be useless. The screw is turned by a solid steel wheel, with 750 teeth on the ring, which

is moved the space of one tooth at a time by an ingenious contrivance attached to the driving shaft. The screw having twenty threads, the carriage is moved one fifteen-thousandth part of an inch each time, thus making that many grooves to the inch on the metal grating, but the number may be regulated. Mr. Schneider has made gratings with 48,000 grooves to the inch, and says that if he could find a diamond point fine enough he could rule 1,000,000 grooves to the inch, but nobody could know that fact, for by the strongest microscope made the human eye could not see the lines if they were more than 125,000 to the inch. Professor Rowland says he could rule 125,000 to the inch if it was desirable, but he gets best results from gratings with 15,000 to the inch.

The machine is the third of its kind made by Prof. Rowland and Mr. Schneider. The first was made over fifteen years ago, and has made a great many gratings that may be found scattered among the great universities all over the world. The European, especially German, universities have tried again and again to make a machine of the kind, but have never succeeded in making a really good one, hence many of their best universities get the gratings for their spectrosopes from the machine at the Hopkins. That first machine in six years moved back and forth 40,000,000 times, and at the end of that time it was found that the "ways" carrying the diamond carriage had been worn down about one-hundredth part of an inch, and had to be reground. A second machine was built in 1887 by Mr. Schneider, and it took a year to build it. It was found in some respects not as good as the first, and a third was built, which is as nearly perfect as possible, Prof. Rowland and Mr. Schneider having the benefit of their experience with former machines. It took Mr. Schneider two years to build this third machine, and it was started November 9 last.

When a grating is being made no one is allowed to go into the vault, because the temperature of the body would change the temperature enough, perhaps, to spoil the grating and the work of months. To touch the machine or to stop it, or even to touch the glass case in which it runs, is enough to ruin a grating, which requires, perhaps, with testing, etc., months to make. The temperature of the vault is kept constant, never varying by more than a degree or two. Any change of temperature would ruin a grating, on account of the expansion of the metals. If the belt runs off and the machine stops, even for an instant, the grating is ruined. Thus, when a grating is made the machine is started in darkness, the door carefully locked, and in a certain time the machine is stopped, and the perfect grating, which has been made, stroke after stroke, in the gloom of the vault, night and day, by this wonderful machine, is taken out, packed in a handsome hardwood casket, and, perhaps, sent to some famous German savant, who treasures it, doubtless, more than he would a collection of diamonds. The remarkable man who can make such a wonderful machine, Theodore C. Schneider, is an American, who learned the art of instrument making with George M. Phelps, the famous maker of telegraph instruments, of Brooklyn. Mr. Schneider has been the chief machinist at the Johns Hopkins since it was opened, and the number of wonderful and interesting things that his skill and ingenuity have wrought would fill volumes, and be a fitting monument of the debt of science to his work.

THE INNER MAN: CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

Dinner Customs of Hungary

AN ENGLISHMAN ABROAD.....ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE

A great deal might be written on the subject of Hungarian meals, which are peculiar, and boldly violate every law of dietetics. A good course of them would be an excellent cure for hypochondriacs. Superabundance and richness are the main features; nothing whatever is plain, or what the doctors call wholesome. Breakfast is the simplest meal—it usually consists of coffee, always admirably made, and little fancy rolls or cakes. Butter is rarely eaten—no doubt because so much of it enters into the composition of other things. I have seen a solid breakfast after the English fashion, consisting of a hot dish and two or three cold meats, washed down with several glasses of an excellent home-made spirit brewed from walnuts; but that is exceptional. Hungarian ladies, by the way, are most accomplished housewives and past-mistresses in the art of making conserves, sweets, spirits, and appetizing delicacies of every kind. They seem to have an infinite variety of dishes at their command, and if any of our gastronomic journalists are hard up for novelty, as they surely must be by this time, I recommend them to turn their attention to the Hungarian kitchen. The chief meal of the day is one o'clock dinner, which begins with soup and works through three or four courses of fish and meat, followed by sweets and so on. Supper at eight o'clock is like dinner, only less so. The soup occasionally reminds you of Russia, and the favorite fish, the "fogas" from Lake Balaton, is the same as the Volga sterlet; but otherwise the cookery is entirely peculiar to the country. It is not greasy, but rich and savory in the highest degree. Plain joints are utterly eschewed, and nothing is carved. Meat of every kind, including game and other birds, is served up in the form of made dishes, with a thousand kinds of piquant sauce, in which páprika, the beloved red pepper made from capsicums, plays a great part. It is all exceedingly good—indeed, a great deal too good; once accustomed to it I think one would starve for lack of it in any other country, and that is, perhaps, why Hungarians lose their blithe demeanor away from home. In order to prevent disappointment, however, I ought to say that the native dishes they give you in hotels and restaurants are a mere travesty of the real thing.

Not content with the audacious quality and quantity of their food, Hungarians still further defy the "ministry of the interior" by eating with incredible rapidity, and this habit is universal. Everything disappears in the turn of a hand; and a meal which would last an hour and a half in England hardly takes a third of the time with them. Yet they are not a bit dyspeptic. Far from it; they bear the signs of a digestive apparatus at peace with all the world, and in particular the prevalence of sound teeth among them is most striking. What is the secret? Is it the exhilarating air of the great plain—which is quite equal, by the way, to the seaside or the mountain, though no doctor seems to think of it. Is it the bounteous sunlight or the active life? I prefer to attribute my own escape from the penalties of over-eating to one of their graceful customs, which consists in shaking hands after a meal and wishing you "Good

health." The smile with which your hostess accompanies the words is a true carminative—that is to say, it "acts like a charm." This custom reminds me of another of a like character, which constantly enlivens the dinner-table—the drinking of healths and clinking of glasses. There is a special way of doing it; and the ladies, especially the young ladies, insist on its proper performance. Instead of being gingerly clinked, the glasses are brought smartly together with a good upward swing, and at the moment of contact you must look full into the lady's eyes. It is a most dangerous manoeuvre, as you will see if you try it; but everything about the Hungarian ladies is dangerous.

Perhaps my experiences have been exceptionally fortunate; but family life in this country, as I have seen it, is a thing delightful to contemplate. It has a patriarchal character, which has disappeared from more Western nations. The husband is the head of the wife, the father the head of the family, and authority used with kindness maintains an harmonious order. Mutual affection, confidence, and respect prevail between all the members of the family to a degree rarely seen in more "emancipated" households, and also extend to relations by marriage. Grown-up sons kiss their father's hand and then his face, and sons-in-law are not less respectful. Women are neither relegated to a submissive drudgery, as in Germany, nor exalted to a pinnacle of artificial helplessness; they are neither crushed nor petted. Still less do they assume the position of the "new woman." On the contrary, they take the place indicated by nature, finding their happiness in making others happy, and so winning a genuine—not an affected—deference. Thus the lady of the house takes the head of the table; but if there is any waiting to be done, the women do it, and very prettily it becomes them. Such service does not prevent their being thoroughly intelligent, well read, and accomplished.

Dined in Mourning

BLACK ART IN EATING.....LONDON SUN

Although the culinary art has in the last twenty years made rapid strides, still there is a certain sameness about dinner parties which, to the habitual diner-out, comes but little short of dull monotony. Now and again, however, one comes across a hostess whose imagination, or eccentricity, is the means of providing a meal for her guests upon lines other than those upon which the ordinary dinner is given. Such a one was a lady who lived in the neighborhood of Kensington, and who every year gave what she termed a memorial dinner, on the anniversary of her husband's death.

The room in which the dinner was given was draped for the occasion in mauve and black, no other colors being visible. The tablecloth was likewise of mauve silk, while the only floral decorations in use were violets. The lady guests arrayed in either black or mauve dresses! the footmen were dressed in black plush breeches, mauve silk stockings and black coats. On dinner being announced the hostess took the head of the table, but on either side of her, seated upon two stools, sat two black poodle dogs, excellently clipped after the approved French fashion, and with mauve

colored ribbon bows on their heads. These two dogs had been great pets of the lady's husband during his lifetime, and it was for this reason that they were allowed a seat among the guests at the dinner table. The menu was remarkable for the absence of any color in the viands, save mauve, the rest being either black or white. Thus the soup was white, likewise the fish and entrees. As regards game, the lady got over the difficulty, or at least met it half way, by providing blackcock. The sweets were either mauve colored or white, while at the end of the dinner black coffee was served.

Capturing the French Frog

A TABLE DELICACY....ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE

The French frog is a much livelier animal than the English frog; it does not take its pleasures sadly, but is, on the contrary, exceedingly gay. I have lately been living in the close neighborhood of French frogs, whose numbers, if the sound of their voices is not very deceiving, must be quite incalculable; therefore I know something about them. My retreat is somewhere in Southwestern France. The house, a castellated manor dating from the fourteenth century, is on a little island formed by a charming river that runs through wildernesses of reeds and water-lilies, and by a short canal that cuts off a semicircle of the river with its mills and weirs, and thus enables barges to come up from Bordeaux. Then there is the long belt of ornamental water under the shade of alder, hazel, and willow, a little beyond the line of the old moat, of which much of the embankment on the side of the château remains, darkly shaded by a grove of patriarchal quinces. Enough has been said to show that there is water everywhere; and as it all moves with a very slow current, the frogs find this spot quite to their taste. They all belong to the species that is eaten in France, and is moreover held to be very delicate food. They have slender figures and green backs, and even when they have reached the adult stage they are small reptiles compared with toads. They have nothing of the stupidity and stolidity of their land-waddling cousins, and are more artful and wide-awake than any frogs that I have known in England. They must have somehow learnt that their hind-legs are savory in the estimation of man when artistically treated in the kitchen, and have cultivated their intelligence in order to guard against the extinction of their race. They lie very quiet during the day in the grass, flags, and sedges of the banks; but when they feel the vibration of a footstep up they start and away they go into the water, the old ones first in one long leap, and all the baby frogs after them in two or three leaps—for in the month of July they have not yet recovered from the surprise caused by the sprouting of their legs. But it is not until the evening that one is really struck by the gay and genial disposition of these French frogs. When the twilight comes their day begins. An old frog sitting amidst the sedges gives the signal in a low voice, that is more like the chuckle of a bon viveur over a favorite dish than a downright croak, for the festivities to commence. The note is immediately taken up by others, and in a few minutes there are hundreds of these creatures screaming and croaking. The chorus is not melodious, but it expresses the complete satisfaction of living. The French frog takes as naturally to the epicurean philosophy as it does to water, and although it has enemies, and in order to

circumvent them has learned to swim with discretion and to sleep with one eye open, it takes life joyously and never meets troubles half-way.

Here the people, without having any sentimental objection to the frog as food, show little zeal in capturing the reptile for their own consumption. It is the same with the crayfish—the peasants rarely eat it. It is in large towns and cities where cookery is a fine art that the jaded stomach hungers for eccentric food such as reptilia and crustaceæ. It is probable that more frogs are sent to Paris than are eaten in all the rest of France. There a dish of frogs is rather expensive; but here it is cheap, although in the catching some skill and patience are needed, for the animals have lost all confidence they may have ever had in man and have become exceedingly suspicious of him. Where they really show their stupidity is in biting at a bit of red flannel under the belief that it is meat or worm. Frogs greedily swallow the strip of red stuff when it is allowed to sink gently down to the roots of the rushes and pond-weed, but they drop from it unless there is a hook attached. It is not a noble sport, and no man with a naturalist's sympathy for animated beings would be able to find any pleasure in it. Another method, the most practical and the least cruel, is to catch the frogs with the hand at night. A boat is necessary, except to those who do not mind wading in the water. The boat should be flat-bottomed, so as to glide softly among the reeds and weeds without the inconvenience of the keel grating upon the sand and pebbles or sticking fast in the mud. A lantern is indispensable, for it is the light of it that fascinates the frog, and while staring at it steadfastly he allows himself to be caught. It is usual, then, to give the poor wretch a knock on the head to kill the jumping power. This method of frog-catching is the one that is generally followed, although it is illegal. The French law treats the frog as if it were a fish, and declares all fishing by night to be poaching. But in France the law, as regards all such matters, is widely or narrowly interpreted according to the humor of local officials.

I confess that I like to glide along in my canoe at night by the reeds and sedges of the canal and river and to catch a frog when I get the chance, but without any murderous or hungry motive. I am not one of their enemies. I would have them all keep their hind-legs so that they might teach men, whom they resemble so much in the water, how to swim. To kill this lively and amusing animal for the sake of the little bit of muscle that composes its thigh is an act only excusable when other food fails and life has to be sustained by the miserable expedients of savages. Everybody, however, has a right to his opinion in this as in other matters, and if the French like to eat frogs it is their business. It is pretty safe to say that Englishmen will never follow their example in this respect; for, even in the case of those who have been living in France long enough to adopt French habits to a large extent, it rarely happens that they do not "pass the dish" when frog comes round. It is, however, a dish that is seldom put on the table except when asked for at restaurants which affect to pamper the "gourmet" in all his whims; and what is presented as frog there is likely enough to be toad. Who could distinguish one reptile from the other when cooked? And who can be sure that the skinned and skewered "frogs' legs" which are hawked in the Paris streets are really what they are stated to be?

SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS, PROGRESS AND PROPHECY

Detecting Human Blood

EDWARD MARSHALL.....GALVESTON NEWS

Another safeguard has been thrown out against murder. Daniel Webster's saying that "murder will out" gathers more and more truth as time progresses. When he first made it, it was epigrammatic and effective, but it was inaccurate. It has been since time began less true that murder will out than it has been that burglary, or chicken stealing, or forgery will out. The murderer knows that the penalty of his crime is death. No man likes to pay that penalty. Every man will go to the most extravagant extreme to avoid paying it. When a man's life instead of merely his liberty depends on carefully planning a crime beforehand and carefully hiding it afterward, he will make greater efforts toward both these ends than he would in any other circumstances. It is true that about as large a proportion of murder mysteries as of burglar mysteries are solved, but the proportion is not quite as large, and it should be remembered that the forces of law and order exert twenty times as much energy toward tracing a murderer as they do toward tracing a burglar. Justice often miscarries for lack of proper scientific aid.

In one case in a great American city the whole thing went wrong, and the accused man—of whose guilt scarcely any one had doubt—was not even indicted, because science had no means of differentiating between the blood of human beings and the blood of animals. It was clear that the man had had every opportunity for committing the crime, and indirect evidence of a motive for it existed, but when the matter was placed before the grand jury the only direct evidence that he had been concerned in it was his possession of a knife stained with blood. He acknowledged that the knife was his and that it was he who had stained it with blood, but that it was the blood of a pet-dog, upon whose broken leg he proved that he had performed a rude operation, and although all the scientific knowledge in the city was brought to bear upon the subject, not one learned man was found who was certain enough of his learning to swear the life of the accused away by testifying positively that the blood was human and not animal. In fact, this point has been one which has baffled scientific criminology ever since criminology became scientific. The minds of the greatest scientists in the world have been devoted to this problem, but have always failed to find a solution for it. Records exist of cases in which this very point puzzled prosecutions as long as a century ago. It remained, in fact, for a New York scientist to make this discovery less than three weeks ago, and in this article is given positively the first hint of it which has been heard by the public.

The scientist is Dr. Cyrus Edson. He is already famous as a sanitationist, and through this expert knowledge has risen to the high position of president of the New York State Board of Health and commissioner of health in New York City. He is an investigating scientist. His wide reputation and his prominent public position have caused him to be frequently called as an expert in murder cases. Often the value of his testimony has hung upon the differentiation between the blood of animals and the blood of man. Notwithstanding that

he had made a deep study of the subject and knew that a well-defined and important difference existed, his means of defining that difference in his own mind and before the eyes of a jury was so delicate and so likely to be affected even unto inaccuracy by outside and slight conditions, that he never felt justified in giving positive testimony on this point. He was in the same position as that in which other scientists have found themselves. He was morally certain that his ideas were correct and knew that he could scientifically prove it, but still the basis of his reckoning was so narrow that he was unwilling to stand upon it when human life and liberty were at stake.

In explaining Dr. Edson's discovery, two things should be noted. First, the fact that it is as simple as the alphabet (at least one-third of the important discoveries have been), and, second, the formation and character of the blood must be fully understood. Blood is composed of watery elements and corpuscles. A blood corpuscle is a bi-concave disk. Viewed from the side it seems a perfect circle. Viewed on end it looks like a dumb-bell. The only difference in the blood of different creatures is in the size and shape of the corpuscles. The blood corpuscles of a fish are large and flat, and in their centre is a small spot or nucleus. The blood of all birds and fowls is similar, but the corpuscles are smaller. The blood of all animals, aside from birds, fishes, and reptiles, has smaller corpuscles without the nucleus. The presence of this nucleus has for many years made it possible to throw out the blood of fishes and birds in murder cases. Not long ago a case attracting much attention was tried in England. The issue hung on the statement of the defense that the blood on a knife found in the possession of the prisoner was that of a turkey. This was abundantly disproven, because of the absence of the central nucleus in the corpuscles. Microscopic examination showed this plainly to the jury, and, as no claim had been made that the blood was that of any other animal, the argument was thrown out and the man convicted and hanged. But no point exists by which it is equally possible to show the difference between the blood of a human being and the blood of a four-footed beast. It has been proven that a difference exists in the size of the blood corpuscles of all animals, including man. The corpuscles have been accurately measured by microscopic examination and no doubt whatever exists as to the truth of these measurements. It has long been quite possible for a scientist to take the blood found on a prisoner's knife and measure its corpuscles so exactly that the scientist would have no moral doubt in pronouncing them human or otherwise. But, as the figures following will show, the difference in measurements is so slight—a particle of dust, an unexpected refraction of light, the most minute optical illusion might throw his calculations all awry—that no scientist has been willing to swear to the accuracy of his deductions on this basis. Here are his measurements: A blood corpuscle of a man has a diameter of 1-3200 of an inch, the diameter of a dog's blood corpuscle is 1-3570 of an inch, that of a mouse 1-3840 of an inch, that of an ox 1-4580 of an inch, that of a sheep 1-5000, that of a goat 1-5200 of an inch.

A microscope will measure with fair accuracy to within 1-200000 of an inch, but as has been said, these measurements are so very delicate that a shade or the most minute difference in focus would derange and destroy their accuracy. For this reason they have not been useful in murder cases. Dr. Edson, in reflecting upon this subject not long ago, thought fantastically of the advantage that would accrue to justice if one could only enlarge these corpuscles so that a minute error in measurement would be less important. Suddenly, it occurred to him that by the very simplest method they might readily be enlarged, and it is because he thought of this simple method, and not because of any extraordinary learning involved in carrying it out, that he has made an important discovery.

For many years it has been customary in cases of forgery to throw the suspected signature in enlarged form upon a screen with a magic-lantern. He saw at once that this might as readily be done with blood corpuscles as with a forged signature. So he did it. First, he set about to measure 3,000 corpuscles of each kind of blood which seemed most likely to be brought into question in murder cases. He found the diameters to be as quoted above. Then by means of the camera lucida, an attachment to his microscope, he cast the image of an average corpuscle of each variety onto a sheet of white paper, from which, with infinite care, he cut a disk exactly corresponding to it in size, but enlarged by means of compasses. He saw to it that his focus was absolutely the same while he carried on this work, and he knew when he had finished that he had six disks of paper which bore exactly the same relation to each other in point of size that the blood corpuscles did to each other. He then took these disks of paper, pasted them on glass, and used them as a lantern-slide. This enabled him to throw them on a screen magnified as many times as he chose. It would have been simple for him, had he so desired, to arrange an apparatus by which he could have made the smallest of them as large as the side of his study. He was contented, however, with magnifying them until the largest one measured about two feet across. It was then possible for him to take a foot rule and measure the black spots on his screen with a certainty that the differences in size could not be affected by any small, extraneous influence. This method of cutting paper disks he selected as the most desirable, although at first it seemed that photography afforded the best means of accomplishing his ends. The adjustment of the photographic focus, however, is so delicate a matter, that he soon realized that this would add to the possibilities of inaccuracy, and therefore abandoned it. When Superintendent Byrnes was told of Dr. Edson's new method he greeted the news with pleasure. Said he: "Dr. Edson's discovery is most important. Few people will realize how important it is until they know that within a year, at least fifteen murder cases have occurred in or near New York in which the identification of blood played a very important part."

Life in Other Worlds

ROBERT BALL.....FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

Various lines of reasoning have rendered it almost certain that in the matter of temperature the several planets present varieties and contrasts. I do not here refer to the temperature of the surface of the planet, which is the result of the sunbeams which fall upon it.

No doubt there are individual peculiarities of each planet from this cause, the effect of which will be presently referred to. But what I am now discussing is rather the internal heat of the several globes of the system. It seems to be generally true that the larger the dimensions of a planet, the greater is the internal heat which it still possesses. Into the reasons of this we do not now enter; suffice it to remark, that the great globe of Jupiter offers a very marked contrast to the earth.

It seems to be highly probable, if indeed it be not certain, that Jupiter is at the present time heated to a temperature, at its surface, greatly in excess of the temperature of the surface of the earth. We cannot indeed assign an actual value to the temperature of Jupiter, but there seems little doubt that it must be so great as to preclude the possibility of that globe being the abode of any types of life like those which flourish on the earth. It is no doubt just conceivable that living beings of some strange and unknown fashion might endure the conditions which Jupiter appears to present; but I do not know anything which would make such a view likely. What we have said about Jupiter may, with certain modifications, apply also to Saturn, and in some degree to Uranus and to Neptune. It seems impossible that any of these great planets are at present abodes of life in any sense which is comprehensible to us.

There is reason to think that, so far as internal heat is concerned, the planet Mars, as well as Venus and Mercury, occupy much the same position as the earth. In all four cases the internal heat may be said to be non-existent, in so far as its present effect on any manifestations of life are concerned. The superficial temperatures which these globes present, and the climates that they enjoy, must be attributed primarily to the heat received from the sun; of course, the actual effect on each globe is profoundly modified by its atmosphere, as well as by its distribution of land and water.

The four globes just named are at such varied distances from the sun that the amount of heat which they obtain will differ considerably. Mars can only get a smaller allowance of sunbeams than the earth, while Venus will receive more, and Mercury a good deal more. If we represent the average intensity of sun heat as it arrives at the earth by 100, we shall find that the intensity at Mars is no more than 43. Venus receives a share which may be represented by 191, while Mercury would get as much as 667. At the first glance it might be thought that these figures must necessarily imply vast climatic differences between the different globes. I am certainly not going to deny that this is so, indeed, it seems to be extremely probable that there may be astonishing differences between the climatic circumstances of the planets. But what I want to insist upon at this moment is, that the condition of a planet as to climate is not merely a matter of sunbeams. A very important element consists in the extent of the atmosphere with which that planet is invested. There can be no doubt as to the presence of an atmosphere around Mars, and of another around Venus; but we have no reason to think that these atmospheres, either in density or in composition, resemble that which envelops our earth. The atmosphere around Mars, indeed, appears to be far less copious than that with which our earth is provided. This much, at least, we conclude from the translucency of the environment which permits us to study the details of Mars with far greater clearness than

a Martian astronomer who was trying to survey our globe would be able to obtain through the comparatively dense medium interposed by our skies.

The character of the atmosphere of a planet will exert a marked effect upon the temperature and the climate of its globe. The abundance of that atmosphere and the proportion in which it contains watery vapor, or possibly other vapors, will all tend to modify the degree in which sun heat is admitted, and the degree in which, when admitted, it is retained. It would be quite possible for two globes enjoying equal shares of sun heat to have, nevertheless, totally unlike temperatures and climates in consequence of atmospheric differences. We also know that the distribution of land and water has a marked effect upon climate. It was the contention of Lyell, in his famous book, that the changes of climate in the course of geological time were mainly due to alterations in the relative positions of land and water. The mention of this will, at least, remind us that climate depends upon other elements besides sun, heat, and atmosphere.

The significance of these considerations in connection with our present subject can hardly be overestimated. A globe may at first sight appear to be too far from the sun to enjoy sufficient light and heat to make life endurable or possible. It may, nevertheless, happen that by some suitably contrived atmosphere, and some special configuration of land and water, such a globe may possess regions endowed with a mild, or even a genial climate. On the other hand, a globe which was placed so close to the great source of light and heat that its inhabitants, if unprotected, would be submitted to an unendurable scorching, may yet be fitted with an atmosphere which shall render it sufficiently adapted for life, notwithstanding its apparently unpromising circumstances.

In illustration of the important climatic effects of an atmosphere, I need do little more than cite the case of the moon. Our satellite is practically at the same distance from the sun as the earth, and in its case also, internal heat has no present effect on the temperature of its superficial portions. It would therefore seem that, so far as sun heat is concerned, the moon must be in much the same condition as the earth. But if we thence deduced the inference that the temperature conditions prevailing on our satellite bore any resemblance to the temperature conditions prevailing on the earth, we should make a great mistake. Observations of the moon's heat show that its surface is exposed to a tremendous range of temperature, extending to hundreds of degrees. It has been demonstrated that the temperature of the moon under the full glare of the sun rises to a point in excess of that of boiling water, while it is equally certain that when the sunbeams are withdrawn, the temperature of the moon sinks to a point far below that with which any Arctic explorer has made us acquainted. Here, then, is a globe fed just as we are, with sunbeams, and yet undergoing tremendous vicissitudes of climate entirely surpassing any changes endured by the earth.

The climatic difference between these two neighboring globes is certainly connected with the fact that the moon has very little atmosphere, even if it be not completely destitute thereof. Our atmosphere acts as a climatic regulator. It reduces the degree in which the intense fervor of the sun affects the earth, and it miti-

gates the rigor of the cold to which the earth would be exposed when the sunbeams are withdrawn. Such an ameliorating agent is absent from the moon, and hence arise those violent extremes of its climatic condition. We thus see what potent factors the existence and the extent of an atmosphere become in determining the nature of the climate that a planet is to have. We do not know enough regarding the atmospheres of Mars, Venus and Mercury to be able to draw any certain conclusions with regard to their climates. But this we may at least affirm, that it seems quite possible for the different influences we have named to go a long way toward neutralizing the contrasts which the climates of these globes would otherwise present in consequence of the different supplies of sunbeams that they receive at their actual solar distances. So far as mere climate is concerned, it seems quite possible that appropriate atmospheres and land distributions might be adjusted on the earth and Mars, Mercury and Venus, in such a manner that certain organic types might be common to all the four globes.

Of course, the presence or absence of water on a potential world must be a very material element in deciding as to whether life can exist thereon. The absence of water from the moon, for instance, must be at once admitted to be incompatible with the existence of life on that globe, in so far, at least, as the word life conveys to us any intelligible meaning. But though there is no water to be discerned at present on our satellite, yet it would seem highly probable that other globes may not be similarly destitute. One of the most striking features which Mars presents when that planet is placed in a favorable opposition, consists in his wonderful Arctic region of white material. This seems to grow as the winter advances on Mars, and decreases when summer reigns on that hemisphere of the planet which is exposed to us. Now we should certainly be going beyond the actual extent of our knowledge were we to affirm that what we see on Mars is certainly ice or snow, similar to that which we find in our own Arctic regions. It seems, however, hardly possible for us to frame any other supposition which could be reconciled with the facts. Indeed, the whole appearance of the planet makes it highly probable that water is quite as important a factor as it is in our own.

Venus is so circumstanced in regard to the position which it has relatively to the earth, that we are not able to examine it with the same degree of success as that which attends the study of our neighboring planet on the other side. It would appear, however, from the observations of Trouvelot, that the poles of this planet are also characterized by caps of white material, which remind us of the polar condition of our own earth, as well as of Mars. The clouds of Jupiter doubtless also contain water, even if they are not entirely composed thereof, though for the reasons already assigned it seems quite unlikely that there can be any life on that globe. In the absence of any definite knowledge as to the composition of the atmospheres by which the planets are surrounded, or as to the climates which they enjoy, it would certainly be idle for us to speculate as to how far they might possibly be tenanted by creatures resembling those found on this earth. It would also be impossible for us to form any conception as to the biological characteristics of creatures which would be adapted for residence on the several planets.

HOW RUBY PLAYED: AT A PIANO RECITAL

The decease, recently, of Anton Rubenstein, gives timeliness to this popular account of his playing as heard by Jud Brownin.

Well, sir, he had the blamedest, biggest, catty-cornedest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been he'd a tore the entire inside clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven.

Played well? You bet he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first sat down he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wisht he hadn't come. He tweedleleede a little on the treble, and twoodleoodler some on the base, just foolin' and boxin' the things jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to the man sittin' next to me, says I: "What sort of playin' is that?" And he says, "Hush!" But presently his hands commenced chasin' one another up and down the keys like a passel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift.

"Now," I says to my neighbor, "he's showin' off. He thinks he's a doin' of it, but he ain't got no idea."

I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird awaking up away off in the woods and call sleepy like to his mate, and I look up and see that Rubin was beginning to take some interest in his business, and I sit down again. It was the peep of day. The light came faint from the east. The breeze blowed gentle and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begin singing together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. The next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sung like they'd split their little throats. It was a fine mornin'. And I says to my neighbor: "That's music, that is;" but he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat. . . .

Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shone on the graveyards, where some few ghosts lifted up their hands and went over the wall, and between the black sharp top trees, splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lit-up windows, and men that loved 'em, but couldn't git a-nigh 'em, who played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could have cried, because I wanted to love somebody.

Then the sun went down; it got dark; the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. . . .

Then, all of a sudden, Old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped out and he rared, he tipped and he taired, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afraid of nothin'. It was a circus and a brass band and a big ball all going on at the same time. He lit into the keys like a thousand of brick, he give 'em no rest day or night; he set every livin' jint in me a-goin', and not being able to stand it no longer I jumped spang onto my chair and just hollered: "Go it, my Rube!"

Every blamed man, woman and child in the house riz on me and shouted: "Put him out! Put him out!"

"Put your great-grandmother's grizzly, gray, greenish

cat into the middle of next month!" I says. "Tech me if you dare! I paid my money, and you just come-a-nigh-me!" Several policemen ran up, and I had to simmer down. But I would have fit any man that lay hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

He had changed his tune again. He hop-light ladies and tip-toed fine from end to end of the keyboard. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles of heaven was lit, one by one. I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to world's end, and all the angels went to prayer. . . . Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop-drip, drip-drip-drop, clear and sweet, like tears of joy falling into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as sweet as a sweet-heart sweetened with white sugar, mixt with powdered silver and sud diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you, the audience cheered. Rube, he kinder bowed.

He stopped a moment or two to catch breath. Then he got mad. He ran his fingers through his hair; he shoved up his sleeves; he opened his coat tails a little further; he dug up his stool; he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapped her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks till she fairly yelled. He knocked her down and he stamped on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and then he wouldn't let her up. He run a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the base, till he got clean to the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder after thunder through the hollows of perdition.

Then he fox-chased his right hand with his left, till he got way out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard tow'd, he crossed over first gentleman, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all hands aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, up and down, perpetual motion, doubled, twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-'leven thousand double-bow knots.

By jinks, it was a mixtery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fecht up his right wing, he fecht up his left wing, he fecht up his centre, he fecht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments and by brigade. He opened his cannon—siege guns down there, Napoleons here, twelve-pounders yonder—big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shells, shrapnel, grape, canister, mortar, mines and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time. The house trembled, lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor came up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rockt heavens and earth oration, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepenny, glory, tenpenny nails, Samson in a 'simmon tree, Tump Thompson in a tumble cart, roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle, ruddle-uddle-uddle-uddle, raddle-addle-addle-addle, riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle, reedle-eedle-eedle-eedle, pr-r-r-r-lank! Bang!!! lang! perlang! pr-r-r-r-r!! Bang!!!

IN DIALECT: SELECTIONS IN CHARACTER VERSE

Plantation Lullaby..Ed. D. Barker..Chicago Record

De whip'-will's singin to de moon—
 Go sleep, my honey;
 He sing a pow'ful mo'nful tune—
 Go sleep, my honey.
 De day-bird's sleepin' in its nest—
 It know it time fo' to take a res',
 An' it gwine to do its lebel bes'—
 Go sleep, my honey.
 De ole banjo am put away—
 Go sleep, my honey;
 It's pickin's froo till anudder day—
 Go sleep, my honey.
 Night-time hab suahly come to pass,
 De cricket's chiripin' in de grass
 An' de ole mule's gone to sleep at las'—
 Go sleep, my honey.
 I heah de night-win' in de co'n—
 Go sleep, my honey;
 Dere's a ghos' outside, as suah's you's bo'n—
 Go sleep, my honey;
 But he dassent come where we keep a light,

Efrum.....Harry J. Shellman.....Harper's Magazine

Whar's Efrum? Whar's Efrum? W'y, de Lawd kin on'y tell.
 I sont him to de wood-pile mo'n twenty yeah ergo.
 Whareber he's a libin', I hopes he's doin' well,
 But he oughter brung dat wood back to he mammy. Yes, dat's so.
 An' you knowed him? You knowed him? Well, hit's comfortin' to fin'
 Somebody ez war 'quainted wid my hairum-scary boy;
 Hit kinder brings him back into hees pore ole mammy's min',
 An' makes her t'ink he'll come ergin to bring her ole heart joy.
 He allus war a mischief, but dar warn't nuthin' bad
 Erbout dat chile, jist 'ceptin' w'en he'd git some devilment
 Into hees haid, an' den he'd up an' make me mons'us mad,
 Untwell I'd say I'd skin him; but he nebber cared a cent.
 He allus minded mammy, an' he'd do jist w'at she say,
 'Ceptin' 'pon some 'casions he war kinder sorter slow,
 An' he do jist w'at she'd wantef ef she let him hab he way;
 But he'd oughter brung dat wood back to he mammy long ergo.
 An' so you knowed my Efrum? Lawd bress us! You doan' say!
 Hit's twenty long, long yeahs I's been a griben fur dat boy.
 I nebber kin furgit hees prangs an' hees rapskallion way;
 I's prayed fur him an' weeped fur him, an' ain't hab much ob joy
 Sence he went off. Ef I could ketch him now I'd skin him shoah
 Fur nebber bringin' back dat wood. An' you dat rascal knowed?
 He pore ole mammy nebber will lay eyes on him no moah.
 W'at? You is— Sho! You Efrum? Hush! Lawd bress us, how you's growed!

The First Psalm in Scotch.....Toronto Globe

Blest is the man that taks nae stock
 In what the godless say;
 Wha wadna trock wi' sinfu' folk
 Nor walk within their way;
 Wha sits na in the big, bow chair
 The scornfu' like to fill;
 But maks his care aye mair and mair
 To work the Maister's will;
 Wha never tines it frae his sicht
 At hame or far awa;
 But in daylight and in midnight
 Keeps thinkin' on God's law.
 That man shall flourish like the tree
 That grows beside a burn;
 Whaur fruit we see aye hingin' free
 As simmer days return;

An' de candle's bu'nin' ahl de night,
 So sink to res'—des feel all right—
 Go sleep, my honey.

A Kiss Will PayJennie E. T. Dowe.....Century

A lilt of a laugh an' a whiff o' dudeen—
 Choose a new partner and trip it awa';
 To the hearts you will break I pledge in poteen,
 But a word from your lips will pay for it a':
 A word from your lips will pay for it a'—
 Choose a new partner, and trip it awa'!
 Though false an' though fair, forninst I am won—
 Choose a new partner, an' trip it awa';
 Forever I love you, forever undone,
 An' a smile from your lips will pay for it a':
 A smile from your lips will pay for it a'—
 Choose a new partner an' trip it awa'!
 Dance away lightly, an' tread on my heart—
 Choose a new partner and trip it awa';
 You know that never from you can I part,
 An' a kiss from your lips will pay for it a':
 A kiss from your lips will pay for it a'—
 Choose a new partner an' trip it awa'!

Whaes sma'est leaf shall ne'er be lost
 Tho' ither trees hae nane;
 An' blythe may boast thro' sun an' frost
 A glossy robe o' green.
 That man may gang to sell or buy
 An' still good luck comman';
 Ye may rely whate'er he try,
 Shall prosper in his han'.

But wae the men that hellwards lean,
 Wi' Satan's rule conform;
 They'll stoiter roun' till they gang doon
 Like stooks afore the storm;
 Nor will ae rascal be alloo'd
 In Paradise to dwell;
 For God hath voo'd nane but the good
 Shall sit beside Himself.

THROUGH THE FLOOD: THE SURGEON'S VISIT

A SCOTCH SKETCH. BY IAN MACLAREN

A selected reading from *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*. By Ian MacLaren Dodd, Mead & Co.

Doctor MacLure did not lead a solemn procession from the sick bed to the dining-room, and give his opinion from the hearthrug with an air of wisdom bordering on the supernatural, because neither the Drumtochty houses nor his manners were on that large scale. He was accustomed to deliver himself in the yard, and to conclude his directions with one foot in the stirrup; but when he left the room where the life of Annie Mitchell was ebbing slowly away, our doctor said not one word, and at the sight of his face her husband's heart was troubled.

He was a dull man, Tammas, who could not read the meaning of a sign, and labored under a perpetual disability of speech; but love was eyes to him that day, and a mouth.

"Is 't as bad as yir lookin', doctor? Tell's the truth; wull Annie no come through?" and Tammas looked MacLure straight in the face, who never flinched his duty or said smooth things.

"A' wud gie onything tae say Annie hes a chance, but a' daurna; a' doot yir gaein' to lose her, Tammas."

MacLure was in the saddle, and as he gave his judgment he laid his hand on Tammas's shoulder with one of the rare caresses that pass between men.

"It's a sair business, but ye 'ill play the man and no vex Annie; she 'ill dae her best, a'll warrant."

"An' a'll dae mine;" and Tammas gave MacLure's hand a grip that would have crushed the bones of a weakling. Drumtochty felt in those moments the brotherliness of this rough-looking man, and loved him.

Tammas hid his face in Jess's mane, who looked round with sorrow in her beautiful eyes, for she had seen many tragedies, and in this silent sympathy the stricken man drank his cup, drop by drop.

"A' wesna prepared for this, for a' aye thoct she wud live the langest. She's younger than me by ten years, and never wes ill. We've been mairit twal year laist Martinmas, but it's juist like a year the day. A' wes never worthy o' her, the bonniest, snoddest (neatest), kindest lass in the Glen. A' never cud mak oot hoo she ever lookit at me, 'at hesna hed ae word tae say aboot her till it's ower late. She didna cuist up tae me that a' wesna worthy o' her, no her, but aye she said, 'Yir ma ain gudeman, and nane cud be kinder tae me.' An' a' wes minded tae be kind, but a' see noo mony little trokes a' micht hae dune for her, and noo the time is bye. Naeboddy kens hoo patient she wes wi' me, and aye made the best o' me, an' never pit me to shame afore the fouk. An' we never hed ae cross word, no ane in twal year. We were mair man and wife, we were sweethearts a' the time. Oh, ma bonnie lass, what 'ill the bairnies an' me dae withoot ye, Annie?"

The winter night was falling fast, the snow lay deep upon the ground, and the merciless north wind moaned through the close as Tammas wrestled with his sorrow dry-eyed, for tears were denied Drumtochty men. Neither the doctor nor Jess moved hand or foot, but their hearts were with their fellow creature, and at length the doctor made a sign to Marget Howe, who

had come out in search of Tammas, and now stood by his side.

"Dinna mourn tae the brakin' o' yir hert, Tammas," she said, "as if Annie an' you hed never loved. Neither death nor time can pairt them that love; there's neathin' in a' the warld sae strong as love. If Annie gaes frae the sicht o' yir een she 'ill come the nearer tae yir hert. She wants tae see ye, and tae hear ye say that ye 'll never forget her nicht nor day till ye meet in the land where there's nae pairtin'. Oh, a' ken what a'm sayin', for it's five year noo sin George gied awa, an' he's mair wi' me noo than when he wes in Edinboro' and I wes in Drumtochty."

"Thank ye kindly, Marget; thae are gude words and true, an' ye hev the richt tae say them; but a' canna dae without seein' Annie comin' tae meet me in the gloamin', an' gaein' in an' oot the hoose, an' hearin' her ca' me by ma name, an' a'll no can tell her that a' luv her when there's nae Annie in the hoose."

"Can naethin' be dune, doctor? Ye savit Flora Cammil, and young Burnbrae, an' yon shepherd's wife, Dunleith wy, an' we were a' sae prood o' ye, an' pleased tae think that ye hed keepit deith frae anither hame. Can ye no' think o' somethin' tae help Annie, and gie her back tae her man and bairnies?" and Tammas searched the doctor's face in the cold, weird light.

"There's nae pooer in heaven or airth like luv," Marget said to me afterwards; "it maks the weak strong and the dumb tae speak. Oor herts were as water afore Tammas's words, an' a' saw the doctor shake in his saddle. A' never kent till that meenut hoo he hed a share in a'boddy's grief, an' carried the heaviest wecht o' a' the Glen. A' peetied him wi' Tammas lookin' at him sae wistfully, as if he hed the keys o' life an' deith in his hands. But he wes honest, and wudna hold oot a false houp tae deceive a sore hert or win escape for himsel'."

"Ye needna plead wi' me, Tammas, to dae the best a' can for yir wife. Man, a' kent her lang afore ye ever luvd her; a' brocht her intae the warld, and a' saw her through the fever when she wes a bit lassikie; a' closed her mither's een, and it wes me hed to tell her she wes an orphan, an' nae man wes better pleased when she got a gude husband, and a' helpit her wi' her fower bairns. A've naither wife nor bairns o' ma own, an' a' coont a' the fauk o' the Glen ma family. Div ye think a' wudna save Annie if I cud? If there wes a man in Muirtown 'at cud dae mair for her, a'd have him this verra nicht, but a' the doctors in Perthshire are helpless for this tribble."

"Tammas, ma puir fallow, if it could avail, a' tell ye a' wud lay down this auld worn-oot ruckle o' a body o' mine juist tae see ye baith sittin' at the fireside, an' the bairns round ye, couthy an' canty again; but it's nae tae be, Tammas, it's nae tae be."

"When a' lookit at the doctor's face," Marget said, "a' thoct him the winsomest man a' ever saw. He wes transfigured that nicht, for a'm judging there's nae transfiguration like luv."

"It's God's wull an' maun be borne, but it's a sair wull for me, an' a'm no ungratefu' tae you, doctor, for a'

ye've dune and what ye said the nicht," and Tammas went back to sit with Annie for the last time.

Jess picked her way through the deep snow to the main road, with a skill that came with long experience, and the doctor held converse with her.

"Eh, Jess wumman, yon wes the hardest wark a' hae tae face, and a' wud raither hae ta'en ma chance o' anither row in a Glen Urtach drift than tell Tammas Mitchell his wife wes deein'.

"A' said she cudna be cured, and it wes true, for there's juist ae man in the land fit for't, and they micht as weel try tae get the mune oot o' heaven. Sae a' said naethin' tae vex Tammas, for it's eneuch withoot regrets.

"But it's hard, Jess, that money wull buy life after a', an' if Annie wes a duchess her man wudna lose her; but bein' only a puir cottar's wife, she maun dee afore the week's oot.

"Gin we hed him the morn there's little doot she wud be saved, for he hasna lost mair than five per cent. o' his cases, and they 'ill be puir toon's cratur, no strap-pin' women like Annie.

"It's oot o' the question, Jess, sae hurry up, lass, for we've hed a heavy day. But it wud be the grandest thing that wes ever dune in the Glen in oor time if it could be managed by hook or crook.

"We 'ill gang and see Drumsheugh, Jess; he's anither man sin' Georgie Hoo's deith, and he wes aye kinder than fouk kent;" and the doctor passed at a gallop through the village, whose lights shone across the white frost-bound road.

"Come in by, doctor; a' heard ye on the road; ye 'ill hae been at Tammas Mitchell's; hoo's the gudewife? a' doot she's sober."

"Annie's deein', Drumsheugh, an' Tammas is like tae brak his heart."

"That's no lichtsome, doctor, no lichtsome ava, for a' dinna ken ony man in Drumtochty sae bund up in his wife as Tammas, and there's no a bonnier wumman o' her age crosses oor kirk door than Annie, nor a cleverer at her wark. Man, ye 'ill need tae pit yir brains in steep. Is she clean beyond ye?"

"Beyond me and every ither in the land but ane, and it wud cost a hundred guineas tae bring him tae Drumtochty."

"Certes, he's no blate; it's a fell charge for a short day's work; but hundred or no hundred we 'll hae him, an' no let Annie gang, and her no half her years."

"Are ye meanin' it, Drumsheugh?" and MacLure turned white below the tan.

"William MacLure," said Drumsheugh, in one of the few confidences that ever broke the Drumsheugh reserve, "a'm a lonely man, wi' naeboddy o' ma ain blude tae care for me livin', or tae lift me intae ma coffin.

"A' fecht awa at Muirtown market for an extra pund on a beast, or a shillin' on the quarter o' barley, an' what's the gute o't? Burnbrae gaes aff tae get a goon for his wife or a buke for his college laddie, an' Lachlan Campbell 'ill no leave the place noo withoot a ribbon for Flora. Ilka man in the Kildrummie train has some bit in his pooch for the fauk at hame that he's bocht wi' the siller he won.

"But there's naeboddy tae be lookin' oot for me, an' comin' doon the road tae meet me, an daffin' (joking) wi' me aboot their fairing, or feeling ma pockets. Ou a' a've seen it a' at ither hooses, though they tried tae hide it frae me for fear a' wud lauch at them.

"Yir the only man kens, Weelum, that I aince luv'd the noblest wumman in the glen or onywhere, an' a' luv'd her still, but wi' anither luv'd noo.

"She hed given her heart tae anither, or a've trocht a' micht hae won her, though nae man be worthy o' sic a gift. Ma hert turned tae bitterness, but that passed awa beside the brier bush where George Hoo lay yon sad simmer time. Some day a'll tell ye ma story, Weelum, for you an' me are auld freends, and will be till we dee."

MacLure felt beneath the table for Drumsheugh's hand, but neither man looked at the other.

"Well, a' we can dae noo, Weelum, gin we haena mickle brichtness in oor ain hames, is tae keep the licht frae gaein' oot in anither hoose. Write the telegram, man, and Sandy 'ill send it aff frae Kildrummie this verra nicht, and ye 'ill hae yir man this morn."

"Yir the man a' coonted ye, Drumsheugh, but ye 'ill grant me ae favor. Ye 'ill lat me pay the half, bit by bit—a' ken yir wull in' tae dae't a'—but a' haena mony pleasures, an' a' wud like tae hae ma ain share in savin' Annie's life."

Next morning a figure received Sir George on the Kildrummie platform, whom that famous surgeon took for a gillee, but who introduced himself as "MacLure, of Drumtochty." It seemed as if the East had come to meet the West when these two stood together, the one in travelling furs, handsome and distinguished, with his strong, cultured face and carriage of authority, a characteristic type of his profession; and the other more marvellously dressed than ever, for Drumsheugh's topcoat had been forced upon him for the occasion, his face and neck one redness with the bitter cold; rough and ungainly, yet not without some signs of power in his eye and voice, the most heroic type of his noble profession. MacLure compassed the precious arrival with observances till he was securely seated in Drumsheugh's dogcart—a vehicle that lent itself to history—with two full-sized plaids added to his equipment—Drumsheugh and Hillocks had both been requisitioned—and MacLure wrapped another plaid round a leather case, which was placed below the seat with such reverence as might be given to the Queen's regalia. Peter attended their departure full of interest, and as soon as they were in the fir woods MacLure explained that it would be an eventful journey.

"It's richt in here, for the wind disna get at the snaw, but the drifts are deep in the Glen, and th'ill be some engineerin' afore we get tae oor destination."

Four times they left the road and took their way over fields, twice they forced a passage through a slap in the dyke, thrice they used gaps in the paling which MacLure had made on his downward journey.

"A' seleckt the road this morning, an' a' ken the depth tae an inch; we 'ill get through this steadin' here, but oor worst job 'ill be crossin' the Tochty.

"Ye see the bridge hes been shakin' wi' this winter's flood, and we daurna venture on it, sae we hev tae ford, and the snaw's been melting up Urtach way. There's nae doot the water's gey big, an' its threatenin' tae rise, but we 'ill win through wi' a warstle.

"It micht be safer tae lift the instruments oot o' reach o' the water; wud ye mind haddin' then on yir knee till we're ower, an' keep firm in yir seat in case we come on a stane in the bed o' the river."

By this time they had come to the edge, and it was

not a cheering sight. The Tochty had spread out over the meadows, and while they waited they could see it cover another two inches on the trunk of a tree. There are summer floods, when the water is blown and flecked with foam, but this was a winter flood, which is black and sullen, and runs in the centre with a strong, fierce, silent current. Upon the opposite side Hillocks stood to give directions by word and hand, as the ford was on his land, and none knew the Tochty better.

They passed through the shallow water without mishap, save when the wheel struck a hidden stone or fell suddenly into a rut; but when they neared the body of the river MacLure halted, to give Jess a breathing.

"It 'ill take ye a' yir time, lass, an' a' wud raither be on yir back; but ye never failed me yet, an' a' wumman's life is hangin' on the crossin'."

With the first plunge into the bed of the stream the water rose to the axles, and then it crept up to the shafts, so that the surgeon could feel it lapping in about his feet, while the dogcart began to quiver, and it seemed as if it were to be carried away. Sir George was as brave as most men, but he had never forded a Highland river in flood, and the mass of black water racing past beneath, before, behind him, affected his imagination and shook his nerves. He rose from his seat and ordered MacLure to turn back, declaring that he would be condemned utterly and eternally if he allowed himself to be drowned for any person.

"Sit doon," thundered MacLure; "condemned ye will be suner or later gin ye shirk yir duty, but through the water ye gang the day."

Both men spoke much more strongly and shortly, but this is what they intended to say, and it was MacLure that prevailed.

Jess trailed her feet along the ground with cunning art, and held her shoulder against the stream; MacLure leaned forward in his seat, a rein in each hand, and his eyes fixed on Hillocks, who was now standing up to the waist in the water, shouting directions and cheering on horse and driver.

"Haud tae the richt, doctor; there's a hole yonder. Keep oot o't for ony sake. That's it; yir daein' fine. Steady, man, steady. Yir at the deepest; sit heavy in yir seats. Up the channel noo, an' ye'll be oot o' the swirl. Weel dune, Jess, weel dune, auld mare! Mak straicht for me, doctor, an' a'll gie ye the road oot. Ma word, ye've dune yir best, baith o' ye this mornin'," cried Hillocks, splashing up to the dogcart.

"Sall, it wes titch an' go for a meenut in the middle; a Hielan' ford is a kittle (hazardous) road in the snaw time, but ye're safe noo."

"Gude luck tae ye up at Westerton, sir; nane but a richt-hearted man wud hae riskit the Tochty in flood. Ye're boond tae succeed aifter sic a graund beginnin'," for it had spread already that a famous surgeon had come to do his best for Annie, Tammas Mitchell's wife.

Two hours later MacLure came out from Annie's room and laid hold of Tammas, a heap of speechless misery by the kitchen fire, and carried him off to the barn, and spread some corn on the threshing floor and thrust a flail into his hands.

"Noo we've tae begin, an' we 'ill no be dune for an' oor, and ye've tae lay on withoot stoppin' till a' come for ye, an' a'll shut the door tae haud in the noise, an' keep yir dog beside ye, for there maunna be a cheep about the hoose for Annie's sake."

"A'll dae anything ye want me, but if—if——"

"A'll come for ye, Tammas, gin there be danger; but what are ye feared for wi' Queen's ain surgeon here?"

Fifty minutes did the flail rise and fall, save twice, when Tammas crept to the door and listened, the dog lifting his head and whining.

It seemed twelve hours instead of one when the door swung back, and MacLure filled the doorway, preceded by a great burst of light, for the sun had arisen.

His face was as tidings of great joy, and Elspeth told me that there was nothing like it to be seen that afternoon for glory, save the sun itself in the heavens.

"A' never saw the marrow o't, Tammas, an' a'll never see the like again; it's a' over, man, withoot a hitch frae beginnin' tae end, and she's fa'n asleep as fine as ye like."

"Dis he think Annie . . . 'll live?"

"Of coorse he dis, and be aboot the hoose inside a month; that's the gude o' bein' a clean-bludded, weel-livin'——"

"Preserve ye, man, what's wrang wi' ye? It's a mercy a' keppit ye, or we wud hev anither job for Sir George."

"Ye're a' richt noo; sit doon on the strae. A'll come back in a while, an' ye'll see Annie juist for a meenut; but ye maunna say a word."

Marget took him in and let him kneel by Annie's bed.

He said nothing then or afterward, for speech came only once in a lifetime to Tammas, but Annie whispered, "Ma ain dear man."

When the doctor placed the precious bag beside Sir George in our solitary first next morning, he laid a check beside it and was about to leave.

"No, no," said the great man. "Mrs. Macfadyen and I were on the gossip last night, and I know the whole story about you and your friend. You have some right to call me a coward, but I'll never let you count me a mean, miserly rascal," and the check with Drumsheugh's painful writing fell in fifty pieces on the floor.

As the train began to move, a voice from the first called so that all in the station heard:

"Give's another shake of your hand, MacLure; I'm proud to have met you; you are an honor to our profession. Mind the antiseptic dressings."

It was market-day, but only Jamie Soutar and Hillocks had ventured down.

"Did ye hear yon, Hillocks? hoo dae ye feel? A'll no deny a'm lifted."

Half way to the Junction Hillocks had recovered and began to grasp the situation.

"Tell 's what he said. A' wud like to hae it exact for Drumsheugh."

"Thae's the eedential words, an' they're true; there's no a man in Drumtochty disna ken that, except ane."

"An' wha's that, Jamie?"

"It's Weelum MacLure himself. Man, a've often girmed that he sud fecht awa for us a', and maybe dee before he kent that he hed githered mair luvie than ony man in the Glen."

"A'm prood tae hae met ye," says Sir George, an' him the greatest doctor in the land. "Yir an honor tae oor profession."

"Hillocks, a' wudna hae missed it for twenty notes," said James Soutar, cynic-in-ordinary to the Parish of Drumtochty.

IN THE WORLD OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

The Belief in Reincarnation

AS TAUGHT BY THEOSOPHISTS....GLOBE-DEMOCRAT

Reincarnation is the doctrine that the soul of man is immortal and has always existed, and that it has been born on earth over and over again. It is not the same as metempsychosis or transmigration, for reincarnation means constant progression, and does not admit of the passing of the soul into the animal kingdom. The object of evolution is considered to be for man to identify his consciousness with the universal consciousness, or God, and as God must be both wise and good, Theosophy holds that if the man becomes wise and good it results in his becoming Godlike.

Many persons think the doctrine of reincarnation is a new theory, but it must be said at the expense of all who so think that about 800,000,000 souls on earth are to-day believers in this view. All of Asia accepts it in some form or another, and always has accepted it. It has been believed in by many European scientists: Plato, Pythagoras and all the great Grecian philosophers taught it, as did also the ancient sages. There are thousands alive to-day who claim to have memory of past lives. In the memoirs of Prince Talleyrand it is recorded that Napoleon Bonaparte one day declared that he was the incarnation of Charlemagne the Great. Among persons famous in our own day who say they have memory of former existences on earth is Mrs. Annie Besant. In her public lectures she has at various times distinctly made the statement. Although personal testimony is of great interest, Theosophists consider that the strongest proof of reincarnation lies in its reasonableness. It is argued that if there is any object at all in existence, it must be to learn everything there is to be learned in knowledge, love, sacrifice and purity. Since this cannot be achieved in one life, man must be born many times. The importance of this doctrine, if its truth be admitted, is very great, as it is really the link between science and religion, supplying the shortcomings of both. According to the Theosophical view, there can be but one truth, and the fact that science and religion are at variance demonstrates that neither is in possession of the whole of it.

The religion of the Western world has so far found no place for the accommodation of scientific discoveries, most important of which is the law of evolution discovered by Darwin. The churches say that the soul of every child is created by God at birth, but science argues that man is the result of evolution. This is certainly a direct contradiction, and the churches are therefore in a dilemma. But as a result of its refusal to recognize the immortality of the soul science is equally at sea. The tendency of modern science is very materialistic. This is the result of a revolt against the priestcraft of the Dark Ages, but science has made the mistake of going to the other extreme—that of denying that there is any truth in religion.

Now, reincarnation, it is claimed, harmonizes science and religion, since it has a place for both soul and evolution. Theosophy agrees with Darwin that the physical body is the result of evolution, but it asserts that while physical matter is evolving, the soul is concurrently evolving—that is to say, it is one soul which

passes through all the kingdoms from the mineral to the human. First the soul functions in the mineral kingdom and evolves the mineral into the vegetable, then the vegetable is evolved into animal forms, and finally the human form is produced. It is not until the form of man is evolved that the soul has a suitable vehicle for the full manifestation of intellect and reason. That scientists recognize the strength of the Theosophic position is apparent from the fact that men like Prof. Crookes, England's greatest chemist; Camille Flammarion, the famous French astronomer, and others have joined the Theosophical Society. Christian ministers also incline favorably to many tenets of Theosophy. A considerable number of divines are members of the society, and in various churches the doctrine of reincarnation is now being made the subject of sermons. Theosophists are hopeful that it will not be long before the whole Christian world will accept the idea of rebirth, as it is claimed the doctrine is to be found in the Bible. In St. John xix. 1, there is a passage which reads: "And his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" This is regarded as direct evidence of a belief in reincarnation by the disciples, for how could the man have merited blindness at birth for sins of his own unless he had lived before? Then there is the case of John the Baptist, whom Jesus declared to be the incarnation of Elias. The people had been expecting Elias, and to queries Jesus replied: "But I say unto you, Elias has come already, and they knew him not."

In many other passages Theosophists see evidence of the belief of Jesus in this doctrine, and it is explained that the reason it was not more specifically referred to by him was because rebirth was generally believed in in those days. The mission of Jesus, as he himself said, was to reform the Jews ("I come but to bring back into the fold the lost sheep of Israel"), and the Jews already accepted the idea. An evidence of this is to be found in the great Jewish Talmud, where it is recorded that a certain rabbi denounced a fellow rabbi for preaching reincarnation, and at a conference of the chief rabbis the doctrine was sustained and the rabbi was ordered to apologize. In this connection it is interesting to observe that the early Christian fathers taught this doctrine. In the writings of Fr. Origen and others it is plainly expounded. The doctrine disappeared from the Christian Church in the year 535 A. D., when, at the Convention of Constantinople, the despotic monks laid it aside and substituted the dogmas of eternal damnation and eternal heaven. These are historical facts, easily verified, and therefore must not be regarded as theories. If it indeed be true that rebirth is the law, what a field of grand possibilities it opens up for man! It makes of him not a citizen of a town, a country or a planet, but a citizen of the whole universe. It does not bind him down to membership in one family, but makes all human beings members of a universal family. It does not limit man to one short life in which in spite of adverse conditions he must earn or lose his immortality, but gives him all eternity in which to make a conquest of the infinite ocean of Truth!

One objection urged against this theory is that we do

not remember that we have lived before, and that therefore it is improbable that we have. The answer of the Theosophist is that, having a new body with each life, man has also a new brain, and this brain not having shared the experiences of past lives, it can have no memory of them. But memory of past lives is by no means wiped out. It resides in the soul, and those who dwell on things spiritual can bring themselves en rapport with the soul and regain the memory of the forgotten past. How many people remember even ten out of a thousand acts they performed a year ago? Yet they are none the worse for it. The act became part of their nature at the time of performance, and the result remains whether we know it or not. The experience gained in the long past shines through our present brains as character. In this and no other way can infant prodigies be accounted for. "Blind Tom," an uneducated negro, could play the piano the first time he touched one, and no theory of heredity can account for his case, as his parents were not musical and had never seen a piano. Still "Tom," blind though he was, could play any air upon hearing it played or whistled a single time. Accepting the idea of reincarnation, such a case is easily accounted for. "Blind Tom" was a great musician in former life, and although born into the family of a negro, in this he retained the musical ability.

Twenty-five False Messiahs

FROM 130 TO 1872 A.D. LITERARY DIGEST

The following short sketches of the twenty-five false Messiahs is translated from Danskeren, Copenhagen:

- (1) Simeon, surnamed Bar-cochba, "son of a star," appeared in the reign of Hadrian (A.D. 130) and claimed to fulfill the prophecy of Balaam. He took Jerusalem in 132 and was slain in 135. His enemies changed his surname to Bar-Cozeba, "son of a lie."
- (2) Moses Cretensis arose in the reign of Theodosius the Younger (A.D. 434) and pretended to be a second Moses sent to deliver the Jews of Crete. He was soon unmasked, but disappeared before he could be punished.
- (3) Dunaan appeared in the reign of Justinian (A.D. 520) and called himself a son of Moses. He was captured and put to death by the Ethiopian general Elesban.
- (4) One Julian was set up as king by the Jews and Samaritans and looked upon as the Messiah. This was during the rebellion under Justinian (A.D. 529). He was captured and beheaded.
- (5) Serenus arose in Spain about 721. He had a large following.
- (6-7-8) The twelfth century produced very many false Messiahs. We have a report of one in France about 1137; one in Persia, 1138; and one in Spain, 1157. The Jews followed them in great numbers.
- (9) In Fez arose (1167) David Alruï (Alray). He persecuted the Jews and ended miserably. Disraeli has taken the plot for his Alroy from this man's life.
- (10) In this year there arose also a false Messiah in Arabia. He claimed to work miracles. A king demanded proof of the miracles. The prophet said that they might cut off his head, and he would come to life again. It was done, but no revival took place.
- (11) About 1170 a false Messiah arose among the Jews beyond Euphrates. He claimed, as proof of his Messiahship, that he had been cured in one night from leprosy.
- (12) In 1174 Persia again saw a false Messiah, who also brought great tribulations upon his followers.
- (13) The Cabalist David Almasser arose in Moravia in 1176. He pretended that he could make himself invisible. He was killed, and the Jews had to pay heavy taxes for his sake.
- (14) Persia was again, in 1199, afflicted with a pretended savior. David-el-David, a magician and a man of great learning, arose against the king. He was captured and beheaded, and great numbers of Jews were punished as his followers.
- (15) Ismael Sophus was a Spanish Messiah. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the Messiah craze seemed to have died out. Yet the learned Saadia, Ibn Chija, Nachman, and Gerson calculated that the time for the real Messiah to arrive was in 1358. No pretender seems to have arisen. Later, Abraham Abrabanel fixed 1502 as the date.
- (16) With the opening of the sixteenth century the false Messiahs began again to appear. The German rabbi, Asher Lämmlein, created much enthusiasm in Austria, and converted many Jews and Christians to the belief that he was the Messiah. He promised to lead them, under the banner of the Messiah, "the King of the Jews," to the Holy Land. He died suddenly, and his followers were scattered.
- (17) During the eventful reign of Charles V., David Reuben appeared and claimed to be sent to lead the Jews to Palestine. He gained favor at court and was even received with distinction by the Pope, Clement VIII. He was joined by Solomon Molchofia, a Portuguese apostate Christian, who became the prophet of the movement. When later these two attempted to convert the Emperor, they were taken prisoners. David escaped. Solomon was burned at the stake.
- (18) In 1615, the first false Messiah in the West Indies appeared. He was successful among the Portuguese Jews. He promised to destroy Rome and overthrow Antichrist and the Turkish Empire.
- (19) In the Low Countries a false Messiah arose in 1624, and made a commotion. His name is not known.
- (20) The most successful of all the false Messiahs was Sabbathai Zebi, who took advantage of the peculiar expectations which in 1666 seemed to possess mankind like an epidemic. Rumor from the East told of great multitudes who from unknown parts marched to Arabia. They were supposed to be the lost Ten Tribes. From Arabia they were said to have sailed for Scotland "with sails and cordage of silk." The sailors were reported speaking Hebrew, and on the sails was this motto, "The Twelve Tribes of Israel." Zebi claimed to be "King of the Kings of the Earth," and said that these events were signs of his coming. The Turkish Government seized him as a dangerous agitator. To save his life, as he thought, he turned Mohammedan. He was finally beheaded. Zebi's influence lasts to this day. It is hard to account for it, but it is a fact.
- (21) Rabbi Mordecai, a German Jew, appeared 1682, and succeeded in imposing upon many.
- (22) The most remarkable among all these impostors was Frank, afterward called "Baron" Frank and said to be a relative to the Russian Emperor. He rose in the middle of the Eighteenth Century, and propagated a new creed. A sect which originated with him still exists in Poland. He was largely influenced by Zebi. His daughter led his followers after his death.

(23-24) Jakuthiel, King of Israel, vulgarly called Moses Chayim Luzzatto, appeared in Amsterdam about 1744, and Ari Shocher appeared at Siena. They both claimed to work miracles. The first was a learned man. The latter was waylaid and murdered.

(25) The last impostor heard of in Europe was called Jakuthiel, King of Israel, like one of the former frauds. He appeared in 1872 and addressed the Jewish congregation of Berlin, and gave out as his motto: "Not with power, nor with force, but with my Spirit, says the Lord Zebaoth." His "diplomatic note" to the Porte demanding a peaceful cession of Palestine was laughed at, and he did not pour out the threatened "vials" because he was not obeyed. He appears to have disappeared as silently as he came.

The Relation of Science to God

REV. WILLIAM WHEWELL....GREAT THOUGHTS

The real philosopher, who knows that all the kinds of truth are intimately connected, and that all the best hopes and encouragements which are granted to our nature must be consistent with truth, will be satisfied and confirmed, rather than surprised and disturbed, to find the natural sciences leading him to the borders of a higher region. To him it will appear natural and reasonable that, after journeying so long among the beautiful and orderly laws by which the universe is governed, we find ourselves at last approaching to a source of order and law, and intellectual beauty; that, after venturing into the region of life, and feeling, and will, we are led to believe the fountain of life and will not to be itself unintelligent and dead, but to be a living mind, a power which aims as well as acts. To us this doctrine appears like the natural cadence of the tones to which we have so long been listening; and without such a final strain our ears would have been left craving and unsatisfied. We have been lingering long amid the harmonies of law and symmetry, constancy and development; and these notes, though their music was sweet and deep, must too often have sounded to the ear of our moral nature as vague and unmeaning melodies, floating in the air around us, but conveying no definite thought, moulded into no intelligible announcement. But one passage which we have again and again caught by snatches, swells in our ears, full, clear, and decided; and the religious "Hymn in honor of the Creator," to which Galen so gladly lent his voice, and in which the best physiologists of succeeding times have ever joined, is filled into a richer and deeper harmony by the greatest philosophers, and will roll on hereafter, the "perpetual song" of the temple of science.

The Religion of Science

DR. PAUL CARUS....THE MONIST

The foundation of the Religion of Science is the principle that it is a sacred duty to investigate the truth with the best means at our disposal, and when it is ascertained, to regulate our conduct accordingly. Truth is briefly a concise and exhaustive description of fact; a scientific description of facts is what is commonly called "natural law," and natural laws formulate the permanent in the transient, the everlasting in the change, the abiding in that which passes away. An investigation into the nature of natural laws shows that they must be all consistent with one another. There is but one truth, and all various truths are but so many as-

pects of that one truth. It has been claimed that religious truth can stand in contradiction to scientific truth, and that religious truth is superrational. He who "ex principio" uses a contradiction as the corner-stone of his world conception, builds upon sand. People who cannot gain clearness of understanding naturally resort to such ideas, but they ought to be conscious of the fact that it means a bankruptcy of both their religion and their philosophy. There is no duality in truth. All truth is sacred, all truth is divine, all truth is a religious revelation. Or, in other words, science is revelation. We do not deny that the sacred canon of Christianity is a revelation; we only deny that it is the only revelation or the standard by which all other revelations must be measured. We reverse the old order of argument; we do not say "Love thine enemy" is a binding injunction because we read it in the Gospel, but we say the spirit of the Gospel is divine because and to the extent that it contains moral truths which are based upon a broad sympathy and a profound comprehension. We must learn to trust in truth, and we must have faith in truth, for faith in truth is the only true religion in the world. If God is not in truth, we had better let God go. If truth does not teach morality, then there is no morality. If truth is unreal, then the world ought not to exist and life would not be worth living.

It is the office of science, i. e., of clearly presented truth, to dispel mysticism; but understand me rightly: In saying this, I do not advocate the eradication of mysticism, or mean to denounce it as obscurantism. Mysticism is a very important element in the structure of the human soul; and it is the path to truth upon which religion travels—indeed, it is, so far as I can see, the only path upon which the religious evolution of mankind can take place. When comparing science with religion, we are, in consideration of the conservative attitude of our theologians, inclined to say that science is in advance of religion. This is true in many respects, but not concerning the main issues of religion. In the recognition of moral truths, religion has anticipated the results of scientific inquiry. The great religious teachers of mankind have, with a prophetic insight into the nature of things, so to say, by a religious instinct, proclaimed truths which the sages of their times were unable to resolve or account for. Science must catch up with religion and must learn to decipher the grand utterances of Jesus of Nazareth, and to do this is the sole object of all theological scholarship and of the philosophy of religion. Many are diffident and say it cannot be done, but we say it must be done. On the one hand, we do not say that man can be saved by reason and by reason alone, for man must work out his salvation with diligence; he must be active and energetic, and in order to continue in his work he must have the enthusiasm of faith and a holy zeal for the cause of truth. Reason is only one side of man's being, and we are not blind to the existence and importance of other sides. But, on the other hand, we say, Give unto reason what is reason's; hand over to rational inquiry the whole field of your experiences, external as well as internal, and investigate the bottom facts from which develop such religious ideas as God, soul and immortality. There is truth in all of them, and you will find that a real, thorough comprehension of your religious notions will always tend to deepen them, and will show truth in a higher significance and a nobler sublimity.

LIFE, DEATH AND IMMORTALITY

The Mystery of Living. James H. West. Uplifts of Heart and Will (Ellis)

Before the mystery of living, and the beauty of the world, we stand with eager, questioning, worshipful hearts—seeking to know what it all means; seeking to know the right, and full of an earnest, abiding desire for will and energy to follow that right. Around us everywhere are order and beauty, and the evidence of increasing strength and progress. May we not be unmindful of our part in it all—our duty! or of our great opportunities. May our souls burn within us with a love for what is pure and upright and clean. May we seek for the highest life, the best life, the truest life. We know we can be better than we are—we know we can build ourselves up in truth and purity and sincerity and earnestness far beyond our present attainment in any of these things. Beauty for ashes we seek, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness!

May we strive to have the Good in us come to the front! The evil and the low in us may we put down and thrust aside. Thus shall our blinded eyes be cleared, and we shall see that life has meaning, where now we often stumble aimlessly. May we indeed look within us, patiently, wisely, for the eternal world-spirit—the Good—the God—which, if we quell not its voice, speaks ever in our souls, saying, Be valiant and true, and desirous ever of new attainment! Be pure and upright in soul! Be steadfast and strong in thought, and progressive in deed—and fear not the world nor what the world may say! Looking thus within us, this voice we shall hear. And hearing may we obey it! Then shall we not fear. We shall be blessed.

The Fear of Death. Dr. Roosevelt. Scribner's Magazine

Familiarity with death is apt to alter one's earlier conceptions of it. Two ideas are very generally accepted which experience shows to be false. One is that the dying usually fear death; and the other, that the act of dying is accompanied by pain. It is well known to all physicians that, when death is near, its terrors do not seem to be felt by the patient. Unless the imagination is stimulated by the frightful portrayal of the supposed "pangs of death," or of the sufferings which some believe the soul must endure after dissolution, it is rare indeed that the last days or hours of life are passed in dread. Oliver Wendell Holmes has recorded his protest against the custom of telling a person who does not actually ask to know, that he cannot recover. As that loving observer of mankind asserts, so must everyone who knows whereof he speaks assert, that people almost always come to understand that recovery is impossible; it is rarely needful to tell anyone that this is the case. When nature gives the warning, death appears to be as little feared as sleep. Most sick persons are very, very tired; sleep—long quiet sleep—is what they want. I have seen many people die. I have never seen one who seemed to fear death, except when it was, or seemed to be, rather far away. Even those who are constantly haunted, while strong and well, with a dread of the end of life, forget their fear when that end is at hand. As for the act of dying—the final passage from life to death—it is absolutely without evidence that the oft-repeated assertions

of its painfulness are made. Most people are unconscious for some hours before they die; and in the rare cases where consciousness is retained unimpaired until a few minutes before the end, the last sensation must be of perfect calm and rest. It is worse than cruel to add to the natural dread of death which oppresses us in health the dread of dying.

The Aim of Life. Philip S. Moxom. The Aim of Life (Roberts)

Every one ought consciously to have an aim in life. Whether he is conscious of it or not, every one has a ruling tendency; but every one should have a controlling and persistent purpose in life. No one has a right to live aimlessly, for no one has a right to abandon reason and self-control, and consent to be a mere waif, drifting hither and thither like some plaything of the winds. We are endowed with powers that make us capable of good and often great achievement. We are gifted with reason and conscience and will, in order that we may both become and do that which is noble and beneficent.

"For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,"

if they live without any purpose that is essentially higher than the instincts which prompt them to eat and sleep and propagate their kind? In the mythology of the Greeks, Phaeton, an earthly son of Helios, aspired to drive the flaming chariot of the sun. The task was beyond his human powers, and his disastrous rashness was expiated by his death by a bolt hurled from the hand of Zeus; but the Naiads wrote in his epitaph:

"He could not rule his father's care of fire;
Yet was it much so nobly to aspire."

He is not worthy to live who only vegetates; he does not truly live who drifts aimlessly through the years from youth to age. Indeed, he whose aim is even lower than the highest, less than the greatest, is nobler than he who has no conscious purpose in life.

Testimony to Immortality. Edward H. Hall. Discourses (Ellis)

What, then, is the testimony of the New Testament to immortality? If I were to answer this question in my own language, I should say it testifies not so much to immortality as to life. It testifies not to the lesser thing, but to the greater. Grant the reality of life, suppose a great intensity, a fullness of depth or spiritual life, and you have something over which the grave can have no power. Christianity does just this. It emphasizes the spiritual quality, the moral essence, of this earthly life. It declares that life consists in something more than the abundance of the things which one possesses. It shows the worth of virtue, the invincible character of justice, the glory of self-sacrifice. In saying, "He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me," in saying, "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it," it says far more than if it asserted never so positively a second life beyond the grave. It declares that without which a life beyond the grave would be no life at all. It declares that which, if truly believed in, would lift the soul far above the power of death to touch.

MATTERS, MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

The Spell of Music

WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE....MEDITATIONS IN MOTLEY

After life and sunshine, music is the divinest, sweetest gift of God, who, to the ear attuned, graciously vouchsafes innumerable harmonies, even in the rattle of machinery and in the roar of crowded streets. But, of course, there is music in the shock of men; for music is the universal consoler, and life is music. All Nature throbs with music. If it were not so, this would be a world of madmen; for every rustle of the wind in the trees, every wash of the breakers on the beach, every cry of the birds, every sound, would come like a blow, torturing all the senses at once. Listening to the music of Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Chopin, Wagner, Schumann, or Schubert one enters a new world—a world entirely strange to most men; and yet no man, once across the threshold, ever feels unfamiliar in it. It is the world of dreams—the mystic closet of the mind that every man possesses, but of which so few keep the key. The poet, the philosopher, and the painter escape their poverty in this world; and all have separate keys. But most men, in the absorption of prosperity, throw their keys away. They are the poorest of poor devils; for dreams alone are real. One dreams, loses, and gains all there is to be gained. The other grubs among the muck-heaps of the world and gains much, but loses the secret of happiness. The only almost universal key to the gate of dreams, so rarely opened by the mass of men, is melody; and so the poet and the trader occasionally pass into this magic realm together. But the former would never credit the latter with any familiarity with it; and the latter could scarcely describe his acquaintance there. It is only by intuition that those to whom this is the real world of their lives can discover their fellowship in this workaday world; for the world of dreams is a world of intense isolation; and in this outer world the dreamers may be dreamers to each other, but they cannot possibly be dreams; and the only satisfactory companions of a dreamer are those of his dreams. Therefore the spirit world of music is like the great silence of death; it has a thousand entrances, unseen, stumbled upon only in the dark—and every man must enter alone.

Music is the confessional-box of the whole world. If one has a dormant conscience one fears to awaken, one should never go to a grand recital, for one is caught in the toils of sound, and stripped to one's self before one is aware of it. True music—and I allude to that kind only—is the arraigner of all cruelty, greed, pettiness, all misliving. It is the very poetry of passion; but it preaches a morality as rigid as the Decalogue's. All the grosser elements of a man are subdued, indeed, quite forgotten, under its spell. The man who would become the prey of his baser passions immediately after listening to a Beethoven sonata or a Mendelssohn march could (to use a paradox) never have had the patience to listen to such music at all. In the exaltation born of music one drifts naturally into introspective and heroic moods, and one is shocked to find one's littleness and meannesses in sudden hushes, or borne upon a wave of sound that sets all one's nerves thrilling with noble impulses while one is wholly unconscious of any physical being. But

although music is an accuser—a conscience that will not be swept aside, while it is throbbing in the air—it is also a great inspirer, a wellspring of worthy and human promptings.

Music is not only the world's conscience; it is the world's comfort. One can find all one's moods, one's hopes, and one's failings and fears in its great heart, but one can find forgiveness also. It is the mother of great resolves and good resolutions innumerable: and perhaps, if in our workaday world we lived to a continual accompaniment of sweet and bitter harmonies, men and women would be less indifferent, less selfish and less cruel; in a word, not only human, but humane. The fundamental problem of life which confronts all reformers of existing abuses—the insoluble question: how to reform human nature—might then be disposed of. But, I fear me, if there was any intermissions, the looting, the chicanery and the brutality would break out with renewed violence; and so my panacea for the pimply body politic is no more practical than those of the Sansculotte political economists. Of course, in the woods, among the hedgerows, and along the seashore, the air is filled with God's music, and one can draw up a sane philosophy of life with it ringing in one's ears; but in the cities, where the clatter of men's wheels and engines has been substituted for God's eternal music, such a philosophy would seem quite insane. And yet, for the poet, there are doubtless eternal meanings even in the recurrent, unceasing rumble of a city's traffic and trades. The music of the woods may be sweeter at some seasons, but the music of the streets is sadder, for it is the music of birth and life, misery and wrong, short-lived gayety and suffering and death; and still "the loom of time" roars on, and each generation repeats the same old dirge—and each thinks it is a new thing!

Every orthodox Christian dreams of a heaven where symphonies and chorals shall be unceasing; and perhaps this is a vague recognition of the fact that music is the most effective check upon the instinctive savagery of mankind. A heaven without music would be an immense anarchy. It is certain in this world that hearts that are quite indifferent to suffering, misery, prayers and pleadings, and bitter tears rung from other human hearts, will soften in a few moments, as Mendelssohn whispers of a higher, diviner life. If men had but usually ears to listen, the music of the streets should have the same effect; but, alas, it more often happens that the roar of the great tide brushes any passing tenderness out of the heart, and the noblest badge of the noblest manhood is condemned as unworthy "a man-of-the-world." What an ironical phrase that is!

Making the First Picture Play

A NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT.....HARPER'S WEEKLY

When Mr. Oscar Wilde, in his lament over the decay of lying, endeavored to emphasize the degree in which life imitates art, it is possible that he did not have in mind the many and various means by which within recent years life has been used to illustrate art. It is probable that the tendency towards an increasingly exacting realism in all forms of art has had something to do with the development of these methods and the popular enjoy-

ment of them, and it is entirely possible that there is something more than a mere coincidence in the fact that photography and the modern realistic movement are of about the same age. Quite naturally the impressiveness of fictitious arrangement of strictly real pictures of life suggested the possibility of a preconceived plan of illustration. But for a long time the idea seemed rather formidable. It was reasonable to suppose that the artistic difficulties would be enormous, for lenses are arbitrary things, and the difficulties of photography increase by a very troublesome ratio with the increase in the number of figures in a group.

Last spring Mr. Alexander Black determined actually to try the piquing experiment. In writing Miss Jerry, the picture play produced recently, he tried to keep the photographic difficulties in mind. On the margin of the MS. he made notes for pictures representing every fifty or sixty words of the story. It was necessary that one picture must remain on the screen before the audience until dissolved into the next, and that consequently the elements of a picture should not, if possible, fail to keep in key with the text before the passage of the twenty or twenty-five seconds elapsing between the changes. For this reason Mr. Black found that he could not choose for illustration those moments of the liveliest action, which would become incongruous if represented on the screen for an appreciable length of time. He was forced to choose moments just before or just after such spirited action as might come into the story, and to make the transit in the text sufficiently quick to preserve a naturalistic order in the story. It was not wished to produce the illusion of actual action, as the kinoscope of Mr. Edison has since presented it, but of actual glimpses of action. So that in casting the characters of his love-story Mr. Black asked the people chosen for the different parts to ignore the traditions of the stage as unavailable, however interesting they might be, and to forget conventional theories of picture-making. In posing the characters he asked them to co-operate with him in getting effects as natural as possible, so that the effect might be not of art illustrated by art, but of art illustrated by life. Mr. Black secured the use of the carbon studio of James L. Breese, New York, for his experiments. In this gallery he built the various interiors, complete, so far as possible, in all details. But what Mr. Black says himself is of interest:

"More than any other privilege of the picture play method was that of using the city itself as a background. I took my characters out-of-doors. Bringing the life of the streets into partnership with the scheme of illustration had its drawbacks. One of my characters had to walk the length of a Broadway block opposite the post-office five times before the ensemble at the necessary moment of hand-camera exposure was favorable to a satisfactory picture. The street life could not be asked to stand still, nor to move in a specific manner. To find any evidences of observation in the resulting picture would be ruinous to the naturalism. One of the most gratifying things accomplished with the hand-camera in this way is, I think, a scene in Cherry Hill, under the shadow of the bridge, in which the teeming life of this section betrays no sign of knowing how novel a process was going on under its nose." The heroine of "Jerry" is a thoroughly American girl brought up among the mines and cow-camps of Colorado, who in her young womanhood faces modern life in New York. She grat-

ifies a long-cherished ambition to go into journalism, and a glimpse of her adventures as a reporter affords opportunity for various typical camera sketches.

The heroine, in the story, interviews a prominent railroad president—Mr. Depew; but Mr. Vanderbilt had just taken him away to an unexpected meeting when Mr. Black called with his heroine and camera. The next day they were obliged to return several hours later, when the president they sought was alone. More difficult in some ways was the work of photographing Superintendent Martin talking to the heroine on the Brooklyn Bridge. A gale was blowing at the time, and there was considerable traffic; but the heroine and the engineer agreed to go on talking until Mr. Black should find the favoring moment. In each of these cases the studies were taken twice, so that on the screen the progress of a conversation, as in the other features of the story's illustrations, might be suggested. The dissolving stereopticon gives opportunity for various effects. It is in this way that it has been possible to illustrate not merely the actions but the thoughts of the characters. Indeed, the concurrent use of pictures and text has a variety of advantages. Within the hour and a half occupied by the picture play, pictures and text naturally tell a much longer story than could be told by text alone within the same time or by separated pictures and text. The text need devote very little space to description, for the eye is receiving the description through the pictures, and without withdrawing attention from the monologue.

In some recent comments on Miss Jerry, Mr. Arthur Stedman speaks of the picture play as to some extent a realization of a prophecy in *Looking Backward*, if not of the later prophecy concerning books in *M. Uzanne's* whimsical paper. No one doubts that something in the direction of the picture play will ultimately become a familiar means of entertainment. Already it has been made quite clear that in this scientific millennium the public will not have to betake itself to exhibition halls to see and hear a novelette, but will sit at home and take the novelette over the wires, seeing and hearing with the aid of electricity. In the meantime, however, we must be content at the half-way house. Certainly the half-way house has proved to be a very interesting place. In this article nothing is said in particular of Miss Jerry as a story, because this has seemed to be less important here than the manner of illustrating it, and because, furthermore, the author is more dependent upon the natural element of surprise than the playwright would be. In fact, his point of view and point of vantage are those of the story-writer rather than the play-writer.

Women as Musicians; Past and Present

T. L. KREBS....THE SEWANEE REVIEW

Since the days of Gobi, the Hindoo goddess, of Miriam, the Jewish maiden, and of the Sirens of ancient Greek mythology, woman has figured conspicuously in the development of music. Although she has never been a great productive genius, although she has never created symphonies, operas and oratorios of lasting value, her influence has been such that, without it, we could hardly conceive our music of the present to be possible. In music we need all the faculties, all the characteristics, in a word, all the personality of the human being. Since the nature of woman is such as man does not possess; since the elements of male and female individualism combined make up what we know as

human mind and soul, it is evident that, without the assistance of woman, without her influence, her emotions, her intuitions and her prejudices, a full development of music would be impossible. Since music is the language of the emotions and appeals directly to the heart, it must necessarily affect strongly a being so pre-eminently emotional, one who consults the heart much oftener than the head. As there exists a clearly defined masculine and feminine element in the nature and construction of music, it is evident that there must also be the same condition in its interpreters.

The instrument justly considered to be most pre-eminently suited to women, because of its lightness, its form, the natural grace required in its treatment, but, above all, because of the deep poetry of its tones, its emotional qualities and its sympathetic appeals—the violin—was for years neglected by female musicians, for reasons which, plausible though they may seem, are, nevertheless, utterly without justification. Even twenty years ago it was an odd sight, and one that rarely failed to elicit visible and audible comment, not always charitable, when a girl or young woman carried a violin case through the streets of a city. Now it is quite different, thanks to a few noble women, who, not heeding this criticism as adverse as it was prejudiced, devoted themselves to the queen of all musical instruments. The violin, in the hands of a skilled female performer, appeals to the emotions of the listener as it does but rarely when played upon by a man, although the greatest depth and grandeur of which the instrument is capable have not yet been elicited by women.

Prominent among women who have composed music is Clara Schumann, who has published many more or less acceptable pieces of vocal and instrumental music. Fanny Hensel, the sister of Felix Mendelssohn, composed a number of songs and pianoforte pieces in the style of her illustrious brother. Josephine Lang, a friend of the Mendelssohns, also composed some pleasing vocal music. Louis Ruget composed songs that were admired and sung, for the time being, throughout France and Belgium. Marie Malibran, the great vocalist, was also the author of several fine songs. A few years ago an opera composed by Ingeborg von Bronsart, the celebrated pianist, was performed at Weimar under the direction of the composer. This opera met with a favorable reception both from the public and from the musicians of that great art center. Among the few women who have gained fame as writers on musical subjects are Elisa Polka, Mrs. Raymond-Ritter and Anna March, who have written some excellent sketches and essays.

But why is it that woman, who has gained the height of fame not alone as executive musician, but also as painter, poet and novelist, who has even manipulated the chisel and modeling-clay with success, and has attained renown at the bar and in the dissecting-room, has not excelled as a productive musician? Though woman is highly qualified by nature to express ideas in music as if they were the workings of her own soul, though she is peculiarly fitted to reflect the poetical nature of the art on the background of her own individuality, she cannot create these poetic reflections in compositions original with herself. Her nature is opposed to the cold reasoning and the solution of profound musical problems, such as must be encountered by the successful composer. This perhaps explains why there is not a single composition by a female musician

that bids fair to hold even the second or the third rank. As a teacher of music, except in the field of theory, woman has been eminently successful, though it is painfully obvious that some, by their incompetence and superficiality, have done much to retard a healthful growth of musical understanding. In this capacity women have a great and glorious future before them.

The Art of Making Up Faces

GREENROOM COSMETICS....PHILADELPHIA TIMES

Connected with every first-class theatre are at least one man and one woman whose duties are to make up, or paint, powder, and decorate the faces of the actors who are to appear in the play. Every star has his own dresser, who travels with him and cares for his costumes, dresses his wigs, and makes up his face as necessitated by the exigencies of the play. But the experienced, not to say old, actor of either sex frequently trusts nobody but himself in this all-important part of his business, while few rest content with the efforts of the dresser, and invariably put the finishing touches upon face and wig, as well as costume. Your French actor, noted for being the most artistic of all professionals in the art of making up for the stage, is one of those who never can content themselves with the taste and finish of his dresser, and many English actors have been quoted as being severely critical in this respect and so exacting that no dresser ever could be procured to fill the bill of their exactions, so they did the work themselves upon all occasions and with wonderful effect. Dion Boucicault and John Brougham were two of these, and there were a host of them.

Probably you have read of several actors who have been particularly noted for their make-up. One of the most noted of these was Dejazet, a celebrated French actor, who, when eighty years of age, made up the character of a young page and played it successfully, to the astonishment of his old friends who knew him well. We never saw Dejazet upon the American boards, but the American public did have the pleasure of seeing the veteran Charles Mathews in some of his most famous youthful characters at the old Wallack's Theatre—now the Star—twenty-five years ago, when at the age of sixty-five. His make-up was wonderful. I saw him during that engagement, and stood within two feet of him on the stage. He was a mass of paint and artificials from the back of his neck, over his wig and down his face to his chin. Yet this make-up was perfection from the front of the theatre, and to the audience this old man was a youth of twenty. This was art, and the art of a man of great experience and ability, as well as remarkably excellent taste. His shirt-front contained pearl buttons of a ridiculously large size, his neckcloth was entirely out of proportion, and everything about him had some ridiculous characteristic all its own, yet they were all perfect to the audience. Old actors will quote him to you as one of the finest dressers in the world, as well as one of the most famous first walking gentlemen the stage has ever seen.

Making up for the stage, like scene painting, is an art in itself, and requires long experience and an artistic eye. Few of those who make the endeavor ever succeed in accomplishing the art, because it demands special requirements. Not many years ago all that was considered necessary to the make-up of an actor was a burnt cork, a piece of white chalk, and a pot of rouge.

But this simple kit of tools will not answer for an amateur, to say nothing of the professional. Every actor of fine grace has his make-up box or dressing-case, containing a costly collection of materials such as violet powder, Fuller's earth, chrome yellow, blue, crayons, umber, cosmetics, black enamel, pointing paste, a hare's foot, and many other tools of the profession as aids in deceiving the eye of the audience. All of these have a purpose all their own. If the actor is to represent the hunted villain in the woods, for instance, he must rub his cheeks and chin with thick blue powder, and do it thoroughly at that, to give the impression that he has not been shaved for a month of Sundays. If the actress is about to make up as an old crone or witch she will trace a few blue streaks on arm and hand to suggest the well-marked veins of old age; she will mark her brow with wrinkles, and, by her art in making up, change a beautiful face, perhaps, to that of an aged and unprepossessing person. If an actor of uncertain age is making up for a youthful person he will first whiten his face thoroughly, rouge well the eyelids and cheeks, and draw a little brown streak under the eyes, which lends brilliancy to the eye.

After all of these astonishing make-ups you may wonder that the actor can give his attention to the lines of the play. You will admit that he has much to do to look after his facial adornments and resist the strong temptation to search the stage over for a mirror in which to see if the make-up is all there. Fancy the overburdened actor in all the fullness of his completeness, his cotton or woolen nose stuck on his face with gum, his eyebrows and whiskers well glued to him, his black enameled teeth possessed of a retiring disposition, his cheeks plastered with rouge, white and umber; his bald wig plastered to his forehead with pointing paste, rouge thoroughly plastered under his eyes so as to do away with the ghost-like appearance which the footlights always give, and you can conscientiously wonder how he can find time and ease to utter his lines with any effect. Add to this burden for him to carry the glitter and glare of lime and electric lights and other disturbing influences upon the stage behind the scenes, and is it any wonder that in a new play he sometimes becomes dazed and forgets his words? But the make-up with paint and powder does not stop with the face, for it frequently happens that the hands and arms require artistic work bestowed upon them as well, and as particular in all details as the countenance. An old man must give close attention to the make-up of his hands to give them the appearance of age, and old women, witches, and the like characters will not be complete unless arms and hands are finished up in antique style. Then there are other characters which require close make-up of the hands if the proper effect is to be produced.

If you ever had the pleasure of witnessing the Edmund Dantes of Mr. James W. Wallack in Monte Cristo, you surely noticed particularly his "speaking hands," made up to attest their attenuation from long confinement and starvation in the prison of the Chateau d'If. Nothing about the actor showed with such thrilling effect the condition of the man as his hands, which he made an important part of his performance. It showed a particularity of detail, and his hands always made a hit for this great actor whenever he played this part, which was one of his greatest. A speaking face was that of the greatest American pantomimist and clown, "Humpty Dumpty"

Fox. With a chalked face, blank as a whitewashed wall and without a line upon it, George Fox put into it more expression than many actors ever could by the use of everything in their make-up boxes. Grief, joy, surprise, anger, and rollicking hilarity were thoroughly expressed by him in his countenance, to the complete surprise of his audiences. It was the finished work of an artist, and will always be remembered. When a man, with a single tool, can do as much, if not more, than another with a whole kit of tools, we recognize him as an artist and wonder what he might accomplish with a lot of useful things made expressly to assist him in his work.

Electric Machine for Copying Sculpture

A FRENCH INVENTION.....PROVIDENCE JOURNAL

Somewhat akin to the lathe which turns gunstocks and other irregular forms, appears to be an electrical device, which has recently been invented in France, for producing copies of existing sculptures without requiring any great artistic skill in the workman. By it, it is stated, copies may be either enlarged or reduced, and although the first machine built is intended to turn out unfinished work only, its productions are said to be geometrically exact, and particularly applicable to use in the repetition of sacred or monumental figures which are in demand in great numbers. The machine is driven by electricity, and consists of a framework of two vertical pillars connected by a transverse iron beam, through the middle of which a revolving spindle descends vertically to a spur in the foot-plate.

On this spindle there glides a nut with a horizontal plate extending to both sides. The original sculpture is placed between the spindle and the pillar on the right, standing vertically on a plate on the bottom. The stone to be worked occupies a similar position between the spindle and the pillar on the left. On the nut-attached plates above mentioned there is fixed on the right, close to the original sculpture, a peculiarly constructed instrument resembling a pantograph, to which is attached a pencil, which is guided over the contour of the sculpture to be copied. The latter revolves on its vertical axis on its foot-plate, while by the mechanical revolution of the spindle the support of the pantograph sinks slowly; by these means every portion of the surface of the original is brought into contact with the point of the sensitive pencil of the pantograph. This pantograph is in electric connection with a pantograph on the left support near the block of stone to be operated on, and by electric agency the second pantograph reproduces all the movements of the pantograph on the right, in increased or diminished measure, according to the resistance.

The instrument contains a small motor, which communicates a revolving motion to the pencil, acting as a cutter, in contact with the stone block, so that in this way, corresponding to the movement of the sensitive pencil of the pantograph on the right, a figure is produced which is a geometrically exact copy of the original figure on the right. If it is designed to reduce the size, the figure is revolved more rapidly, while the pantograph, with the cutter, sinks more slowly. As before said, the figure thus produced is not perfect in the finer details, and has to be finished by hand, but the invention economizes labor while producing an exact copy. It must prove a most valuable mechanical aid in sparing genius much unnecessary toil and drudgery.

STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

Signaling at Sea

GEORGE W. CRUSSELLE....NEW YORK PRESS

Where there are bodies of men acting in unison, but at a distance so great that sound cannot carry instructions from one to another, there has to be some means of communication other than by sound. Armies and vessels have arranged a code of signals whereby orders may be transmitted from one moving body to another as rapidly as commands can be uttered. Transmitting orders by signals dates far back in the B. C.'s. Among the Greeks and Romans the polished surfaces of the shields were used as mirrors to reflect the sunlight from one wing of the army to the other, by means of which they were able to send messages. As they used no firearms, there was no smoke to interfere, and the flashes of sunlight could be easily read. In this day it could not be done, for whole armies are sometimes enveloped in smoke, and if not, the sun is obscured so that its rays are weak, if seen at all.

Among savage tribes signaling is quite common, though not very expert. Their principal mode is by smoke in daytime and fire by night. They pick out the most prominent elevations on which to build their fires and the number of columns of smoke or the number of fires tells their allies the plans of action. The same methods have been used a little in civilized warfare, principally as a deception. One army wishing to retreat, while the enemy is close on them, would build their campfires and march off, leaving a few men to keep the fires bright during the night. Near dawn the few remaining ones would leave and at day-dawn the enemy finds that they have been duped.

The use of firearms introduced a new mode of signaling. The idea has never been carried out internationally, except as signals of distress, and as a manner of saluting other nations. Each army arranges a code of signals among themselves, by means of which the prearranged plans can be signaled. In actual battle the cannons are useless as signals, because each faction is firing indiscriminately and the number of guns to be fired as signals loses its identity. Any foreign vessel of war entering a harbor of another country with which it is at peace, hoists the flag of that country at the fore-truck and fires a salute of twenty-one guns, which salute is returned with the same number of guns. The salute to the head of a government is also twenty-one guns. There is but one signal of disgrace and that is a salute of one gun over the grave of a man executed by sentence of a courtmartial. A vessel in distress, if in daytime, fires a gun continuously until some answer is had from shore or some other vessel, if there is one in hearing distance. At night they use rockets, which they fire in the air with the hope of calling the attention of some vessel passing. This mode is very unsatisfactory, however, as the rockets have the appearance of "shooting stars," and frequently lead to errors.

Balloons have had some prominence as a mode of signaling, but like the others they had serious drawbacks. Small balloons, such as the children play with, could be sent up in squadrons, certain numbers meaning certain orders. Sharpshooters of the enemy, however, would frustrate the plans of the signaling party entirely

by shooting holes into the "winged messengers" and let them collapse before their meaning could be interpreted. For instance, if four balloons should mean "retreat," and five "advance," and the order were let fly to "advance," but a sharpshooter should puncture one balloon, the order would be read by the other faction as "retreat," and the entire plan would be destroyed. This failure soon killed the favor of balloons for signaling, though they proved more successful as means of spying on the enemy, but they suffered the same drawback. The use of balloons, however, suggested the semaphore, which has been very successful for short distances. This is an oblong ball about two feet in diameter, which is manipulated on a flagstaff or hoisted by a line. It is used almost exclusively on vessels acting in squadrons. If the flagship wishes to pass an order, the balls are raised to certain elevations on the staff, which carry certain meanings. Suppose the order is "up anchor," hoist one ball at half-mast, and let it remain until all the other vessels answer "all right," or perhaps one ball at the masthead and one half-mast might mean "up anchor," and so on. Three, four, or five balls could be manipulated in certain combinations to mean any general order in the tactics of field maneuvering.

The principal signal for short distances is the "wig-wag," which is used, not for general maneuver, as the semaphore, but for any and all messages that have to be explained in detail. The "wig-wag" is made by a person standing erect with a small flag in each hand, which he waves in certain combinations for certain letters. For instance, if both arms were held erect over the head and brought down in a circular motion to the side, each flag would describe a semicircle and a letter "o" would be described. I don't know that that particular motion means our "o," but it does mean some letter. Hold the left flag out horizontally from the body and describe a semicircle with the right flag, then the right flag out and circle with the left, and so on, combining motions until every letter in the alphabet is represented by a motion. A person soon becomes so skilled with the little flags until they can "wig-wag" as fast as one can write, and taking a message is like watching the other person set up big letters in front of you to read. In all the navies of the world the small boys taken as apprentices are trained as signal boys, not only for the "wig-wag," but all other modes.

The flag system is the most universal and satisfactory of all codes, both nationally and internationally. The difference between the "wig-wag" and flag system is, the "wig-wag" represents the letters themselves, but the large flags represent numbers, which represent not only words, but sentences. These are recorded in a book which every vessel has, and by referring to the number in the book that the flags represent the message is interpreted. When large flags are used they are hoisted to the masthead by an ordinary halyard, to which the flags are fastened with the units flag of the desired number at the bottom, tens next, and so on. Long, triangular shaped flags (pennants, properly called) of different colors and combinations of colors make the numbers. This is easy, as only nine digits are used and one flag over another can give any number wanted.

Each nation has its own combination of numbers, so that they can signal among themselves while others can see and not understand. Then there is an international code by which any two nations may communicate, inasmuch as figures are the same in all nations, and though they might not understand one word in common, they can interpret the flag numbers. Every vessel that floats, whether merchantman or man-of-war, has a number which is recorded in the international list of vessels, which gives the name of the owner, master and port or country to which it belongs. Vessels passing at sea always exchange numbers as a salute, the same as we exchange salutations with persons on the street, whether strangers or friends. The flag of the country from which a vessel hails is hoisted astern, and if a merchantman meets a man-of-war at sea she dips her country's flag in honor to the other country, which, of course, is answered in a similar manner, and for the merchantman not to dip is an insult. It reminds me of a gentleman tipping his hat to a lady, which is much more polite, of course, than merely to pass with a "How are you?" Government vessels are always distinguished from other vessels by the long, narrow pennant flying from the mainmast. This pennant is not over two inches broad, and ordinarily about fifteen feet long. If, however, the vessel is homeward bound from a cruise, it puts on a "homeward-bounder," which gives one foot of pennant for every man on board, making it anywhere from one hundred to three hundred feet in length, and trails astern as she goes ahead. The pennant is broken on a government vessel when she goes into commission and is never without one until it goes out of commission.

There are many flag signals that every one knows, and they are universal, even among savage tribes, as though these colors were ordained to represent certain things. They are the white flag for peace; the black flag, no mercy; red flag, danger; yellow flag, sickness. For the national flag to fly is to mean either a holiday or public prosperity, and that same flag at half-mast is to be in mourning; a furred banner trailing is a disgrace. There are other signals known internationally, as the national flag hoisted bottom-side upward means distress, and for the flag to be tied in a knot means mutiny and sometimes treason. When particular enthusiasm is wanted on any occasion flags of decoration are put in every prominent place, and if patriotism is desired the flag is waved and speeches made that seem to give more force among the throngs than if the tongue of the orator was the only arousing element. The government has adopted a code of flag signals to scare the people, by predicting storms and cyclones, and in reality half the ignorant people think that the person who predicts the weather actually makes it. I do not mean to detract one iota from the meteorological science, for by its development the air currents of the world have been established, such as the trade winds and prevailing winds of certain localities in certain months of the year.

Among square-rigged vessels there is a code of signals that may be used in the absence of flags. It is the dropping of a sail a certain number of times to make certain letters. For instance, clew up the sail and let it drop naturally might mean A; clew up and hold fast the starboard clew, while the port clew drops, might mean B; vice versa, C; drop twice, D, and so on

until all the letters are represented. This method is common among merchantmen. This about finishes the national sight signals for day use, but night signals are as important, and light is the only medium that can be used for sight. The majority of flag signals can be reproduced by using lanterns with different-colored globes, or by changing positions with a white light. The "wig-wag" is the same as with flags, by waving the lanterns in the same positions. Though the messenger may not be visible the motion will show the letter as plainly. Also the pennant signals for numbers are as easily reproduced by stationary lanterns. Never more than four are used, and the numbers are produced by arranging them in squares, crosses, triangles and other designs until the nine numbers are obtained. Flash lights are used to make the alphabet on the same principle as the telegraph system. Place a screen over a light to obscure it, with a flap that can be raised to let the light out, then by flashing the light in long and short intervals the words can be spelled as readily as they could be written. Chief among the night signals are the "Very" lights, named for the originator, and used in all the navies. These lights are produced by firing shells from a pistol, made for the purpose, which give different colors like the balls from a Roman candle. The outside of the shell is covered with the same colored paper as the discharge in the shell. These colors form the numbers, which are interpreted the same as the pennant signals. For long distances the same object is obtained by firing colored rockets.

Electricity has rendered night signaling very easy. Instead of the obscured lantern for flashing light, incandescent globes are used and the flash is made by turning on and off the current. Also, four globes in a perpendicular line, alternating white and red, flash the letters of the alphabet and spell the words as in the wig-wag. The electric searchlight has developed it still more, as one vessel can signal another when entirely out of sight over the horizon. The light is turned so as to throw the ray straight up in the air, which is as plain as the rays of light from the arc light, which every one has noticed, no doubt. The number of the desired vessel is flashed in the air until an answer is received, and then the message is flashed. The ray pierces high in the air, and the person over behind the horizon can read, although the two vessels are entirely hidden from each other, and in daytime could not communicate. This mode is only used among war vessels acting in the same territory. In fact, very few other vessels carry electricity, excepting the finest passenger steamers.

Army officers have a means of communicating for distances of sixty miles or more by using the heliostat. This is an optical instrument composed of mirrors mounted on a tripod. The sun's light is reflected from some elevated point to some other elevated point, where, of course, another party with the same instrument must be to receive and answer the message. The alphabet is flashed by obscuring and flashing the same as with a lantern. The instrument has been used very satisfactorily at times, but the conditions must be favorable, that is, no clouds to obscure, and a mean temperature, which conditions are hard to obtain. Civil engineers have used this with wonderful accuracy in making extensive government surveys, by using a constant flash on prominent points of elevation, upon which the triangulation hinged. The British engineers in India fre-

quently used it successfully over sixty miles, while surveying that country. It has also been used successfully for that distance in the coast surveys of Mexico.

Sound signals of national reputation are few, being principally danger signals on water, such as the fog-whistle or bell, kept constantly going to prevent collision between vessels, or to warn them of dangerous shore lines, as also the whistling and ringing buoys. A whistle has been invented called the "siren," for use on government vessels as signals. Why it should be named this I can't tell, for the noise it makes is most hideous and piercing. It is made by two disks revolving over each other, but in opposite directions. Each disk is punctured with holes, so that the steam rushing up the pipe to them can escape and at the same time set them in motion. The noise produced is coarse, shrill and medium, all at the same time, changing to every note in the scale as rapidly as thought. It sounds like the enraged bellowing of excited cattle when they have found a spot covered with blood, then like the screech of a monstrous cat, whose tail has been trodden upon. So hideous is the noise that the authorities in an English port commanded that it should not be used, because it excited the domestic animals to such an extent they could not be managed, and furthermore the ignorant people fell upon their faces and worshiped, thinking Gabriel had sounded his final call. The whistle is still in use, but has been very much modified. Had Siren ever uttered such a sound as that whistle no calamities would have been attributed to her supposed voice.

How Bachelors were Treated

HADDEN....ARE YOU MARRIED?

As matters stand at present the bachelor—as a householder at any rate—contributes nothing to the rates and taxes of his country, whereas the married man has to pay both for his own privileges and for those of the single man. This, to say the least, is hardly fair. Why, then, not revert to an ancient usage, and subject the bachelor to pecuniary penalties for his self-appointed immunity from the cares of domestic life? An ancient usage, we have said; and so it is. Why, even the custom of ladies being allowed to propose in leap-year is associated with penalties imposed upon the single man! But the old Scottish statute was mild compared with the penalties inflicted by other countries upon the men who refused to wed. When a proposal was made not so long ago to tax the bachelors of France, as they were taxed in the days of the First Republic, the fact was recalled that republics generally have been hard upon the celibates. The wise Plato condemned the single men to a fine, and in Sparta they were driven at stated times to the Temple of Hercules by the women, who there drilled and castigated them in true military style. The ancient Romans, too, were severe with their bachelors, who were made to pay heavy fines: and worse than that, for, after the siege of Veii, Camillus is recorded to have compelled them to marry the widows of the soldiers who had fallen in the war! Again, in the time of Augustus the married men, all other things being equal, were preferred to the single men for the public offices. Then the Roman who had three children was exempted from personal taxes, and the bachelors not only had to pay them, but were prevented from inheriting the property of anyone not a Roman citizen.

Coming to more recent times, we have several in-

stances of a like kind recorded for us by a recent writer on the subject. In the French settlement of Canada, for example, women were sent over after the men, and the single men, that they might be forced to marry, were subjected to heavy taxation and to restrictions on their trade and movements generally. Those who married were dealt with, on the other hand, in a generous spirit. Not only were they provided with a good wife and a comfortable home, but they were rewarded according to the number of their offspring. The father of ten children, for instance, was pensioned for life at the rate of three hundred livres a year. If he had twelve children he had a hundred livres more, and the amount ran up to twelve hundred livres a year when fifteen children blessed the union. About the close of the seventeenth century the local authorities of Eastham, in Massachusetts, voted that every unmarried man in the township should kill six blackbirds or three crows yearly as long as he remained single, producing the scalps in proof; and, as a penalty for not obeying the order, he was forbidden to marry until he had made up all arrears! The requirements here were almost nominal; but it was somewhat different in Maryland, where half-a-century later the Colonial Assembly imposed a tax of five shillings yearly upon all bachelors over thirty—as well as upon widowers without children—who were possessed of three hundred dollars.

At home we were not quite so severe when William III. chose to single out the bachelors for special enactments. In those days any commoner who remained single at twenty-five had to pay a shilling fine yearly, and the amount was increased with rank or title. A duke was supposed to be a special offender in not taking a wife, and had to pay for his whim to the extent of £12 10s. per annum. It is thus evident that the fact was recognized of old time that the prosperity of a country depends upon its married citizens.

Making a Bar of Pure Gold

PREPARING A STANDARD....PHILADELPHIA PRESS

Uncle Sam is preparing a standard of pure gold. It will take the form of a bar weighing fifty ounces. This bar will be cut into several pieces, one of which will be given to each of the United States mints and assay offices. A slice will also be sent to England for comparison with the British standard of pure gold. It seems that no absolutely pure gold has ever been produced in this country—at all events, none of which there can be certainty. The standards now possessed by the various mints differ somewhat; not one of them is surely free from impurity. For the purpose of exactness in assay work, it is desired to have a standard that is as Cæsar's wife should be—beyond suspicion.

The bar that is to be is now a liquid. The fifty ounces of gold are in a chemical solution at the mint in Philadelphia. The yellow metal thus dissolved was extra fine to begin with, having only one-tenth of 1 per cent. of impurity. The impurity was chiefly silver. This gold was rolled to very thin sheets, and then put into a tank of aqua regia and hydrochloric acid. The solution of gold made in this way was diluted with twenty gallons of distilled water. In that condition it now remains, a thin but precious liquor. Under the action of the acid the silver falls down to the bottom of the tank in a white cloud. At the end of a month the clear liquid will be drawn off carefully into flasks, without stirring, so as to leave the silver impurity behind.

Sulphurous acid gas will then be passed through the solution, causing it to throw down the pure metallic gold.

But many processes have yet to be gone through before the gold will be considered chemically pure. It will be washed with distilled water, boiled with hydrochloric acid, dissolved in aqua regia, evaporated almost to dryness, diluted with water, and precipitated in metallic form by oxalic acid. All this will then be repeated. Finally the gold will be collected, melted in a porcelain crucible, and made into a bar. The piece of the bar that is sent to each mint will be compared by chemical tests with the standard of pure gold now used at that mint. Uncle Sam maintains many chemical laboratories. There are a dozen in Washington attached to the various departments. The mints do much chemical work incidentally to the assaying and refining of metals of coinage. The gold is refined by melting it with three times its weight of silver and placing it in kettles with sulphuric acid. The acid dissolves the silver and other metals that are mixed with gold, but does not affect the gold itself, which is left at the bottom of the tank in the shape of a brown powder. The solution of silver, etc., being drawn off, the pure gold is washed with water and melted into bars. The silver is recovered from the solution by immersing in the latter large ingots of copper, on which the silver is deposited by the acid. The metallic silver is then washed off of the bars and melted into bricks.

This is the way in which the gold and silver are got from the raw bullion for making the coins of the realm. At the Treasury in Washington is a laboratory where sample coins taken from each batch turned out at the mints are tested for weight and fineness. They are rolled out into thin strips, and then bits taken from each piece are subjected to analysis. Other metals which commonly are found as impurities with gold are platinum, copper, lead, and iron. In order that not a trace of any of these shall remain in the standard bar, no chemical precaution must be neglected.

What is Your Weight?

DR. HENRI DE PARRVILLE, IN LE CORRESPONDANT

Many persons weigh themselves frequently and imagine that they know their weight. Sweet illusion! Nothing is more difficult than to know one's weight exactly, even with access to first-class scales. We hear one say, "I am making flesh, I have increased two pounds;" and another, "I am getting into form, I weigh three pounds less;" but while I do not wish to make myself disagreeable, especially to people who keep account of their weight, I am convinced that in most of such cases there is really not an ounce of gain or loss; or, if there is any variation, it is not what the scales record. A lady goes into a store, weighs herself, and receives a card: August 15, 120 pounds. She goes to the country, and, returning after several months, weighs herself again in the same store and receives a card, on which she finds inscribed: November 22, 126 pounds. She has gained six pounds in three months, and ascribes it to the change, the fresh air, etc. She feels happy—good weight, good health. But is this increase real? In nine cases out of ten it is only apparent, due mainly to wearing more or heavier clothes, thicker boots, etc. The ordinary methods for determining variations in weight give absolutely fallacious results.

The causes which influence weight are numerous, and

rarely taken into consideration. For example, was the weight taken immediately after breakfast, or long after? Or following active exercise attended with free perspiration? Again, many people, even educated people, have extraordinary ideas as to what affects the weight of the body. Have you not been asked more than once if it is true that one weighs less after meals than before? As if every additional weight in the pocket or the stomach were not necessarily revealed by the balance. The fact is that people are in the habit of weighing themselves, for good luck, one day after breakfast, another day before dinner, another day with heavy clothes on, another day when it rains, etc. Add to this the errors of the scales, and who can say that he knows exactly his own weight or range of variation? One's weight is like a mobile expression—it changes every instant. The study of this matter is, nevertheless, of considerable physiological and hygienic importance—a fact of which I have become thoroughly convinced in the course of over ten years' investigation of the subject.

The inaccuracy of ordinary balances, such as one finds in hotels, at railway stations, etc., determined me to make a portable balance to weigh a hundred kilogrammes (220 pounds), and to be exact to within an ounce, and since then I have weighed myself regularly every day at the same hour in the morning and under identical conditions, and to-day I possess a record of five years of experiments conducted with the utmost precision. Every day when weighing myself I record the barometric and hygrometric variations, the temperature, and the dinner menu for the day. These experiments have convinced me more than ever that our weight is in a perpetual state of fluctuation. After eliminating the errors of the instrument, our weight varies, subject to innumerable influences. After breakfast, on a warm day, one loses more than 150 grammes an hour. How then are you to arrive at your true weight when it is subject to such incessant fluctuations? When we remember that 70 per cent. of our body is water, there is little difficulty in understanding that our weight must vary continually with the transpiration of moisture; moreover, it varies with the pressure of the atmosphere. The mere variations in atmospheric humidity suffice to account for a change of more than a pound, and other causes may suffice to account for another pound.

The person who weighs only at intervals may infer from this that he is growing lighter or heavier, but the conclusion is unwarranted. There are some people, on the other hand, who will tell you that their weight never changes. This, too, is an error; it is constantly fluctuating. The fault is generally that the scales used do not record variations of a pound or so. For ordinary purposes this is of no consequence, but for recording changes of weight in sickness it is of very serious moment. The scales are not without their importance in medical practice, especially with infants. The weight of an infant increases in definite proportion during the first weeks of life, and there can be no departure from this regularity of increase without impairment of health. For adult persons, too, it is good to consult the scales, for they are the barometer of health. Any sudden increase of weight, amounting to a pound or so in a day, indicates a tendency to disease. It is evidence of health when the weight does not fluctuate more than three or four ounces from day to day. Great fluctuation implies functional derangement.

PRATTLE: CHARMING BITS OF CHILD VERSE

Tick-Tock Lullaby...William S. Lord...Heigh-Ho, My Liddle, O!

There's a little tired shoe and a little mused frock,
 Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
 And there on the floor lies a little limp sock,
 Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock;
 They're glad, I am sure, after going all day,
 To rest from the labor and pleasure of play,
 Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

How quietly sleep comes—count the clock!
 Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
 Comes in at the door with never a knock,
 Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
 With no one to greet him, welcomest guest!
 He enters and giveth his dear ones rest,
 Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

Perhaps he is near us while we rock,
 Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
 And soon will disclose his wonderful stock,
 Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock;
 In exchange for thy store of weariness,
 His bag of dreams he will leave, I guess,
 Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

The Baby is Asleep...Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler...Longman's

They knew not whence the tyrant came,
 They did not even know his name;
 Yet he compelled them one and all
 To bow in bondage to his thrall;
 And from their lips allegiance wrung,
 Although a stranger to their tongue.
 Whilst he was wrapped in royal state,
 Their hours of toil were long and late;
 No moment could they call their own
 Within the precincts of the throne;
 And when they dreamed their work was o'er,
 He only made them slave the more.

Although the conquering king was he
 Of people who had once been free,
 No word of praise or promise fell
 From him his subjects served so well;
 And none of those who crowned him lord
 Received a shadow of reward.

Obedience to his behest
 Destroyed their peace, disturbed their rest;
 Yet when his drowsy eyes grew dim,
 No mortal dared to waken him:
 They stole about with stealthy tread—
 "The baby is asleep," they said.

The Dead Babe...Eugene Field...The Chicago Record

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
 In agony I knelt and said:
 "Oh God! what have I done,
 Or in what wise offended Thee,
 That Thou should'st take away from me
 My little son?"

Upon the thousand useless lives,
 Upon the guilt that vaunting thrives,
 Thy wrath were better spent!
 Why should'st Thou take my little son?
 Why should'st Thou vent Thy wrath upon
 This innocent?"

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
 Before mine eyes the vision spread
 Of things that might have been:

Licentious riot, cruel strife,
 Forgotten prayers, a wasted life
 Dark red with sin!

Then, with soft music in the air,
 I saw another vision there:
 A Shepherd, in whose keep
 A little lamb, my little child,
 Of worldly wisdom undefiled,
 Lay fast asleep.

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
 In those two messages I read
 A wisdom manifest;
 And, although my arms be childless now,
 I am content, to Him I bow
 Who knoweth best.

Sleep, Little Rosebud, Sleep...Alfred Bryant...Inter-Ocean

The moon burns soft behind the hill;
 Sleep, little rosebud, sleep.
 I hear the plaintive whippoorwill;
 Sleep, little rosebud, sleep.
 Its throat is mellow with a lay
 I never knew before to-day;
 I wonder what grieves its heart away.
 The night winds-rustle on the hill;
 Sleep, little rosebud, sleep.

The stars are sighing for the morn;
 Sleep, little rosebud, sleep.
 The night another morn has borne;
 Sleep, little rosebud, sleep.
 The stars gleam on another grave,
 The dews another tombstone lave,
 Where larkspur bloomed but yesterday;
 The night hangs pressing on the morn;
 Sleep, little rosebud, sleep.

The winds have sobbed the stars to rest;
 Sleep, little rosebud, sleep.
 The whippoorwill sleeps within its nest;
 Sleep, little rosebud, sleep.
 Two little teeth begin to show,
 Two little eyes give back the glow
 That beamed on me one year ago.
 Baby's sobs would break her rest.
 Sleep, little rosebud, sleep.

Little Boy Blue...William Allen White...Kansas City Star

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn
 And wake up a little man lying forlorn
 Asleep where his life wanders out of the morn.

Little Boy Blue, blow a merry sweet note
 Over a pool where the white lilies float—
 Fill out the sails of a little toy boat.

Blow for my little dream boy playing there,
 Blow thro' his little bark whistle and snare
 Your breath in a tangle of curly brown hair.

Blow and O, blow, from your fairy land far,
 Blow while my little boy wears a tin star
 And rides a stick horse to a little boy's war.

Blow for the brave man my dream boy would be;
 Blow back his tears when he wakes up to see
 His errant knight gone and instead—only me.

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
 Blow for a little man lying forlorn;
 Blow while he sleeps by the path from the morn.

THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

The New Himalayan Lake

REV. HOMER C. STUNTZ....THE INDEPENDENT

These Provinces have had an absorbing topic of interest before them for the last several months. This has been nothing less than the formation and bursting of a new lake in the valley of one of the two head streams of the Ganges. The record of that lake is sufficiently interesting to make a most readable volume. After an unprecedented fall of rain last year (1893) a landslip of vast proportions occurred near a village called Gohna (pronounced Go-na), in the Province of Garhwal. The mountain from which millions upon millions of tons of earth and rock were precipitated rose almost sheer to a height of 4,000 feet above the valley below. Through this valley flows the Alaknundi River, meeting the Birhai Gusaga at Chamoli, twenty miles below, and uniting with it to form the mighty Ganges. So terrific was the force with which this mass of loosened shale and stone went thundering into the valley, that it blocked the gorge to a height of nearly 600 feet above the river, the impact being sufficient to ram all the debris together into an impervious dam, behind which the Alaknundi poured its hourly flood.

Government authorities were at once apprised of the occurrence, and experts were promptly sent to examine the wonder and pronounce upon its stability or otherwise. It was found that the dam was wedge-shaped with a thickness at river-level of about half a mile, and at the top of about 400 yards, that the upper 200 feet were built up of shale and small rocks, while all the lower strata seemed a perfect rampart of huge bowlders. The Government engineer, who reported on the dam, prophesied that it would burst during the rains of the present year, and that all the towns and villages and property in the fertile valleys below would be swept away. Then began a series of preparation for disaster such as have rarely been seen. The Government of these Provinces ordered the removal of all the iron suspension bridges which had been put up on the streams leading from Gohna to the plains. A telegraph line, with an office at every village, was constructed, and Lieutenant Crookshank, R. E., put in charge of the work of warning villagers and others along the valleys below, and preventing loss of life. All these arrangements had to be hastily made, and cost immense sums of money.

Meantime the water behind the dam was daily increasing, and a lake began to take shape. The daily papers reported its increasing depth and length almost every day. Then our "rains" came and anxiety became intense. Behind the dam hamlets and villages were slowly submerged by the rising flood, which attained a maximum of 600 feet in depth, five miles in length, and half a mile in width. Villagers left their huts to the devouring waters. Priests rang their temple bells and beat their tomtoms in profitless frenzy. Temples and idols and fields and houses and shops were swallowed up with silent pitilessness. Below the dam lay a hundred miles of fertile valley, filled with towns and rich lands. All these thousands of people, their houses, their ancestral fields, their temples, their schools, their public buildings, were at the mercy of

their new enemy. The descent was swift, in some places 450 feet to the mile. At Srinagar, sixty miles from Gohna, was our mission station with its mission-house, large school-house, native pastor's house, etc., with many native Christians, teachers, and preachers. The dreaded rains came on. At each village the people were assigned a place of safety 200 feet above the stream. Lanterns were hung nightly at intervals of ten feet from water level, so that the tireless watchers could measure the height of the flood should it come in the night, as lantern after lantern would be put out by the rising tide.

At last, on Saturday morning, August 25th, a personal note from Sir Charles Crosthwaite, Governor of these Provinces, stated: "The water began flowing over the top of the Gohna dam at 6:53 this morning." Then for forty hours no word came. All were in suspense. Then late Sunday night news came of the worst. At 3:30 Sunday morning, with a terrible roar and crash, one hundred feet of the shale and silt at the top of the dam gave way, and the flood started on its swift career of destruction down the valley. Telegrams were swiftly dispatched all along the line. Rifle shots signalled danger from office after office. The last lingerers fled to the hills. And how the flood came! At Chamoli, twenty miles away, its crest was 160 feet high, and its speed thirty miles an hour; at Srinagar, 45 feet, and its speed twenty miles an hour. During the entire hundred miles to Hardwar in the plains below, the average speed was fifteen miles an hour.

The havoc was not only terrible, it was complete. Cities that had stood for centuries are simply blotted out. At Srinagar not even a foundation-stone marks the site of our mission premises. But not a life was lost. This testimony to the perfection of the Government arrangements for saving life is eloquent. The burst occurred at the darkest hour of a foggy, rainy night. Photographers were there with all their appliances, but they could only listen to the thunderous crashing of mighty rocks, rolling like peas down the narrow gorge, and gnashed their teeth in disappointment. As the waters tore their way through the dam, the heavy bowlders settled together, and formed a dam which is as permanent as the everlasting hills. Behind this dam is a peaceful lake, three hundred feet deep and about two miles long. This will remain—a new Himalayan lake.

A Spring Day in Greece

BEAUTY OF A GOLDEN SEASON....LONDON SPECTATOR

There is nothing in the world so irregular and so incalculable as the advent of spring in Greece. Those who wander over sea and land in search of climates perfectly suitable to each phase of the year, often seek it and find it not. Some come in April, and it is still winter; another year they come in May, and it is already summer. But it is worth while to come while it is still winter and wait for spring, for spring has golden days.

Spring comes suddenly. Some evening, when you are sitting indoors, after a cool day, grumbling at Continental stoves, and declaring that the South is indeed false and fickle, a hint of change is lisped in the air. A quick im-

pulse moves you to open the window and see whether it is not a little warmer; and when you open the window, you find that spring has come, and while it lasts Greece is the Garden of the Lord. The sun rises cloudlessly, walks all day through "most pellucid air," and sinks into a clear west. Morning by morning a gentle wind blows fresh from the Ægean Sea, and evening by evening returns from the plains, where it has wandered all day laden with the scent of flowers. On the violet crown of mountains which hold Athens in their hand, the white cistus bursts like foam over a green sea of tender leaf, the brooksides are starred with bee-orchis and meadow-sweet, and all the dells flush crimson with anemones. The orange-leaf falls not, but a soft white mist breaks out among the velvet-green, and the air is filled with a fragrance infinitely fine and sweet. The slopes of Hymettus are loud with bees which are returning with the evening breeze to the villa of the Cæsars, "drunken and overbold" with the juices of thyme and stock and cassin shrub. Even the columns of our Lady of the Acropolis, stained golden-red with sun and wind, look less austere out, for their feet are set in marguerites, white and gold, and a hundred flowering grasses.

And you, if you are wise, will go up Pentelicus. The morning dawns cool, but by ten the sun is high, and the goat-bells already sound thin and faint from the upper slopes. Below, on the left, as you look towards Athens, stands the gray monastery, with its spring of coldest water, drawn from the "brain of the purple mountain," and its frontal of tall, listless white poplars, whose leaves gleam green beneath the sun and gray beneath the cloud. The track lies close to the lip of the old marble quarries, in which Pheidias sought and found the Parthenon column, frieze, and pediment. To-day maiden-hair springs from its sides, and stalactites creep slowly from roof to floor and rise from floor to roof. A great tawny sheep-dog does his duty by barking at you as you pass, rousing from his midday sleep a brown-skinned shepherd-boy, who looks at you gravely and shyly out of his big black eyes. Every now and then you may see a large tortoise taking a slow walk, after the manner of an elderly gentleman, and long green lizards scuttle across the path. Then, as you strike the ridge which leads to the top, each step reveals miles of new horizon. To the east, Eubœa sleeps in a robe of blue, and one great snow-peaked mountain keeps watch for her. The Euripus winds snakewise between her and the mainland, and to the north, on the horizon, Parnassus stands sentinel over Delphi. But best of all is that little semicircular bay, a blue bite out of the land, which seems to be almost at your feet. The land slopes gently down in corn-fields and olive-groves to a strip of white sand, and near the beach stands a small mound, and underneath that mound sleep the Athenians who died at Marathon.

There is a time for everything under the sun. There certainly appears to be plenty of time for introspection, for the dissection of one's self and of others, for the contemplation of unlovely details; but there is a time for receptiveness, for laying one's self open to sweet natural influences. Man may or may not be vile, but when nature is wholly beautiful, it is good to mix with the elements, and when spring is strong on the side of Pentelicus and Parnes, it is good to open one's heart without thought or scrutinizing reflection, and take her in. Afterwards, if we will, we may take our scalpel

again, and see what she has done for us; but if we have let her do her best, we shall not be so anxious to examine the result. Feeling is often better than knowledge, and we have sometimes to murder a thing before we can dissect, and afterwards perhaps we are sorry it is dead. Spring may last a week or a fortnight, or even a month. Sometimes Greece reflects its image again in autumn, when the vineyards are yielding their store, and the purple grapes are to be had for the asking, but it is not the same thing. The air is hot and tired, and we can but remember the terrible days when the sky was brass and the land white dust. We have to wait till the full circle of the year brings back the golden days. But it is worth while waiting a year for golden days like these.

In the City of Prato

MARY F. ROBINSON . . . ENGLISH ILLUST. MAGAZINE

The great oval untidy Piazza is brilliant in the April sunshine, and sweet with the smell of may and honeysuckle, blown over the city wall from hedges by the Bisenzio. Only the high brown wall, bounding one side of it, separates the Piazza from the flowery plain outside. On the one side flows the little river that turns so many mills, the green hedges bloom, the corn-fields stretch away to the near blue Apennines; on the other side is the busy Piazza. Here the scent of wild flowers mingles oddly with the smell of innumerable hanks of newly dyed wool, all drying in the sun on wooden frames ranged in long lines across the worn grass which occupies the middle of the square.

Through the open gate a team of white oxen drag a cart laden with great sacks, burst at the corners, and showing scraps of every color; shreds of old carpet, torn gowns, worn-out kerchiefs, and felt shoes—every kind of woollen refuse, all to be torn up and remade in the great shoddy factories of Prato. The cart coasts the Green and slowly creaks across the Piazza towards the street of coppersmithies which skirt the cityward side. Everywhere it passes knots and groups of busy workers. Here, on the grass in the sunshine, the old women and the smallest children sit, sorting into different heaps a pile of varicolored rags; there, in the dark of the arcade, the carriage makers are building their light net-bottomed country gigs; and in every shady doorway the women and children of the house stand in twos and threes chattering and looking out, while the straw-plait flies and twists beneath their fingers, a thread of gold in every shadow. Past all these the great wagon lumbers till it is in the long street with the green on one side and the forges on the other. What a din, what a ringing of metal and thud of hammers beats through the sunny air! Every house is a coppersmith's, every doorway is full of workers, bare-armed, energetic, beating into shape the copper well-buckets, the copper cooking vessels, the urn-shaped mezzine of brass and bronze that are the pride of Prato. It is, perhaps, the busiest scene in Italy.

This is a different Italy, this little independent Tuscan city, but one no less characteristic and no less picturesque. Great carts continually pass us laden with woollen rags; the shops are full of the red fez smoking-caps which busy little Prato supplies to Egypt; of the Tuscan, Leghorn, and Panama hats and bonnets which the Prato women plait in thousands for the London market. Such a tiny, orderly little city, with never a smoke-cloud

hanging over it; with its empty streets quite sweet from the flowers outside the walls. An old tradition states how, long ago in the early middle ages, in the eleventh century, this independent little town was founded by certain vassals of Count Guidi of Monte Giavello; freedmen who left their master's villa on the hillside, and descending into the unprotected plain bought with their savings a meadow there—a *prato*—on which they built their little town, giving it their courage for defenses, and for walls their love of liberty. Until the end of the twelfth century the little town was not surrounded by strong walls and gates. Always subject to invasion from the great neighboring towns, the men of Prato still preserved their love of liberty, and earned a reputation for courage which made them redoubtable behind their dykes and palisades.

Source of the Mississippi

RENE BACHE.....PROVIDENCE JOURNAL

The origin of the Father of Waters is determined at last, after centuries of dispute. Dr. Elliott Coues has just returned to Washington from Lake Itasca and the sources of the Mississippi. He made no discovery, such not being the purpose of his trip, but his investigations have definitely established the accuracy of the observations recorded by Nicollet and Brower. The recent contention of Capt. Glazier is set at naught, and a much-vexed geographical question may now be considered as finally settled. "I have stepped across the Mississippi," said Dr. Coues. "It was easy, for the stream was only about eight inches wide and two inches deep. I have seen the Father of Waters where he rises literally out of the ground and starts as an infant rivulet, destined to cut the United States in twain with the mighty volume of his adult flood. To reach the sources is a long and difficult journey. From Duluth I went to the terminus of the Duluth and Winnipeg Railway, at the little village of Deer Lake, Itasca County, Minn. There I hired a birch-bark canoe and a man to paddle, and proceeded up the river to Lake Itasca.

"I reached the lake after ten days' paddling through a pathless wilderness. Hardly any inhabitants were to be found in the region, save a few Chippewa Indians in occasional villages, chiefly in the neighborhood of Cass Lake and Lake Winnibigoshish. Making my camp on Schoolcraft Island in Lake Itasca, I made a thorough exploration of that body of water and the surrounding country. The whole of the Itasca Basin, comprising thirty-five square miles, has been set apart by the legislature of Minnesota as a State park, in order that the natural beauty of the region of the sources of the Mississippi may be preserved. Timber and game within the limits of the park are protected by law from depredations. Lake Itasca is a lovely sheet of water, embosomed in the primeval forest 1,470 feet above the sea. It used to be called Elk Lake by the Indians, because it has a three-pronged shape, like the head of an elk with antlers outspread. Comparatively narrow throughout, it is about three miles in extreme length. Almost in the centre is a wooded island, named after the explorer and historian Schoolcraft. On the north arm of the lake are a few white settlers. Lake Itasca is the biggest of several hundred lakes and pools in the Itasca Basin. Lake Itasca is a mere expansion of the infant Mississippi. Into it flows a small stream, which is the veritable Father of Waters. It

rises from springs at a distance of only half a dozen miles from the lake. From Lake Itasca the voyage down the Mississippi is comparatively easy. Below Lake Itasca its course develops into a lake a mile broad, called by Schoolcraft Lake Irving, after Washington Irving. Then almost immediately it opens into Lake Bemidji, five miles long and two miles wide. The lake lies across the river, the name in the Indian tongue signifying 'athwart.' Leaving Lake Bemidji, the river is for many miles a continuous stretch of rocky rapids, in which navigation is impracticable, except for very small boats. For three-fourths of this distance I waded. There are many other small lakes.

"Zebulon Montgomery Pike was the first American citizen to carry the flag of the United States into Northern Minnesota. He was sent by the Government to treat with the Indians and stop the sale of liquor in that region. Incidentally, he purchased for \$250 and some whiskey a tract of land nine miles square, which included the present site of the city of Minneapolis. Of late years several examinations have been made of the sources of the Mississippi. By far the most complete and accurate survey was accomplished by the Hon J. B. Brower, under the auspices of the Minnesota State Historical Society. Through the efforts of the society and of Mr. Brower the thirty-five square miles of which I have already spoken were reserved by the State for a park. The whole subject of which I have been speaking was befogged and thrown into dispute recently by a certain Captain Glazier, who, apparently for no other purpose than to advertise himself, published his alleged discovery of a new and true source of the Mississippi. By reducing the size of Lake Itasca, ignoring Nicollet's Cradled Achilles, magnifying a small side lake which he called Lake Glazier, and by stretching out one of the feeders of the latter, he produced a distorted map which actually imposed on the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain. Many of the errors thus originated have crept into the standard maps of the United States.

"My recent investigations have verified in the minutest particulars the observations of Nicollet and Brower. As a matter of essential fact, the true Upper Mississippi River is called the Missouri. The stream that flows from Lake Itasca is merely a tributary. I ought not to forget to mention that I walked along the bed of the stream termed by Captain Glazier the infant Mississippi for a considerable distance, dry shod. The little brook was dried up. Late measurements have reduced the length of the Mississippi from 3,184 miles to 2,555 miles. The geography of to-day is full of errors. The school children of the next generation will scarcely hear of Mount St. Elias, which has hitherto been accepted as the highest mountain on this continent. That error was exploded by the recent surveys. The African Lake Nyanza, which was imagined to be larger than Lake Superior and altogether the biggest lake in the world, has been reduced by fresh discovery to a comparatively small size. One of the funniest delusions was that entertained by early explorers, who for 100 years after Columbus believed that North America was a group of islands, through which it was possible to get to China. For two centuries after the discovery of America navigators were bent on getting through the continent in boats. When they found the great lakes they were sure that North America was an archipelago.

MODERN SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

Kangaroo Hunting in Australia

J. CHARLES DAVIS....PROVIDENCE JOURNAL

We sat before the cheerful fire in the bar parlor of the old Whitehart Hotel, after a good dinner, and discussed a kangaroo hunt. Joe agreed to accompany us, and at once proceeded to lay out our campaign against the rodents, which provided for a railroad journey up through Castlemain and Sandhurst to Echuca, on the banks of the Murray River, a distance of 156 miles, which we performed in a comfortable apartment car of the English pattern. At Echuca we took an old-fashioned stage coach, drawn by six good horses, and were soon out "into the night," and a dark one at that, tooling along a good country road at a nine mile an hour gait to the station, or sheep-farm, of one of Joe's early colonial friends. The house was situated on the edge of a great forest of wild fig and eucalyptus.

After breakfast and a smoke on the veranda a ride was proposed, and in a short time the horses were brought up, and a really fine-looking lot they were. The Australian horse is, as a rule, a good mount. The saddles were the regular English pigskin, and we were soon off at a hand gallop, taking in the estate. We saw great flocks of paroquets, with an occasional flight of white, sulphur-crested cockatoos. The varied surface and rich soil of this country is highly favorable to animal as well as vegetable life, and our friend had stocked some of his preserves with English pheasants, partridges and quails, but had not began shooting them up to the time of our visit. Rabbits were so plentiful as to be a nuisance, and the water-courses in this vicinity usually furnish good duck, snipe and wild swan shooting; but what we were after was the great marsupial, for which the country is celebrated, the Australian kangaroo, that at one time was so plentiful as to completely overrun the country. They were found in New Holland, Van Dieman's Land, or Tasmania (where they are now said to be extinct), and in all parts of Australia, being so numerous and tame as to be frequently seen feeding with the herds of domestic animals quite near even the large seaport towns. Now, if one wishes to enjoy a kangaroo hunt, he must go a long way up country and be under the guidance of experienced men if he expects good sport.

We were in the saddle again at daybreak. A half a dozen neighbors had joined our party and we rode away to the kangaroo pasture. Entering the upper end of the valley, before the dew was off the grass, under the direction of our host and Joe Frisbee, we spread out and trotted slowly down the valley, until we overtook a farm-hand and a number of black fellows, as the planters all call the Australian aborigines, who had been sent on during the night with a pack of kangaroo dogs—great shaggy fellows, more closely resembling the Russian wolf-hound than any other animal I had ever seen—all of them old kangaroo hunters, which is of great importance, as green dogs often rush in on a kangaroo at bay and meet with an untimely death by incautiously attacking an old man. The old-man kangaroo is an ugly customer, and when brought to bay will fight like a tiger. Nearly every one of the dogs in our pack bore ugly scars from the great armed toe of

an old-man kangaroo's hind foot, and having learned caution by bitter experience were valuable. In order to make our sport additionally exciting, none of the party carried firearms, but we were all armed with hunting-crops having heavy iron heads, which could be used as clubs if necessary.

After covering a couple of miles a low warning call from Frisbee attracted our attention, and a gesture directed our gaze to quite a family of kangaroos quietly feeding on the hillside, a little over half a mile away. A strong breeze was blowing in our faces, and they were unaware of our approach. Without a word each man touched up his horse, and away we went. The dogs, taking their cue, stopped beating and pushed on a little ahead of us, until they sighted the game. Then began one of the wildest rides that I was ever fortunate enough to be engaged in. Away went the kangaroos out of sight over the brow of a hill, with the dogs after them. On reaching the top and getting a good look at our game I was sure the chase would be a long one, as the kangaroos were descending the slope at a fearful rate of speed, fairly distancing the dogs with tremendous bounds, apparently never touching their forefeet to the ground, but bounding from the tall and enormous hind legs in a manner that, had the course been all down hill, we would never have bagged a single one. But we were soon on nearly level ground, where the bush was fairly open. A fallen tree here and there offered an obstacle—not serious, however, as the kangaroos and dogs went over them, and our horses being good hunters cleared them in fine style. Slowly but surely we were pulling up on them, and could see that there were five kangaroos. One enormous dark-red fellow attracted the attention of M. and Frisbee, and the rest of us rode after the bunch. The big fellow, separating from the others, by swinging off to the left, was pursued by about one-half of the pack, and we lost sight of him and our friends in a few moments. A great bluish-gray hound was overhauling the hindermost kangaroo of our bunch, and as they neared a large fallen tree both kangaroo and dog seemed as if they rose in the air and took the jump together, the pack closely following.

Our big hound, having pinned his game by the back of the neck, the other dogs rushed in, and by the time we came up there was not a kick left in the kangaroo. This halt caused us to lose sight of the rest of the bunch, and although we followed our dogs for some time we saw nothing more of them, and rode back to the dead kangaroo, which one of our party ripped open and partly skinned, taking away the meaty portion of the tail and some cuts from the hind quarter, which he explained would be excellent eating, and which we found on our return home to be true, as we were treated to some kangaroo-tail soup, which I must confess was very much like oxtail soup, very palatable, while the steaks, broiled, were fairly good eating. M. and Frisbee followed the "red flyer," as they called him, until he turned and faced them at the foot of a bunch of rocks, where M. managed to knock him on the head with his hunting-crop, when the dogs soon finished him. The black fellows were sent out after the hides, which, when tanned, make a leather highly prized in Australia.

The day following we went fishing for Murray cod—a great, hulking, lazy sort of fresh-water codfish, known all over Australia. These fish are not game enough to make any sort of a fight, and although they make good eating they afford very poor sport. A few days later, while shooting parrots in one of the tracts of undergrowth not far from the house, Frisbee came suddenly upon an old-man kangaroo, half hidden in the top of a fallen tree. We were both mounted, as one seldom does anything on foot in Australia, and we gave chase without dogs. For some reason the old man did not feel inclined to make a very long run, and he soon turned and faced us. This proceeding left us in doubt as to how to get him, as we were armed with fowling-pieces and had been shooting No. 6 shot; but Frisbee solved the problem by finding a couple of cartridges loaded with double B's, with which he nearly blew the old fellow's head off. We skinned him with our hunting-knives, and cut away the portions of meat most desirable, which we were very proud of having secured.

In Modern Foot-Ball Armor

MECHANICAL PROTECTION IN SPORT.....NEW YORK WORLD

Mechanical appliances have from time to time been introduced to protect the athletic knights of "the grid-iron" from sudden death, but even these cannot wholly prevent strains and bone fractures. A knight of old, armed cap-a-pie, with corselet and greaves, and visor-hidden face, might break a lance with the social idol, but he could not kick with him, for the college sprinter would outdo him at every turn. In the window of a famous athletic goods establishment is displayed a lay figure ready for the noble sport of foot-ball. It resembles a compromise between an armored lay figure in the Tower of London and the divers in submarine armor on the pier. Whether a man in this costume could stop bullets, like Herr Dowe, or defy a cable car, is immaterial. He is simply accoutered for sport. The most striking feature of the equipment is the head-gear, or head-harness. It is the result of an evolution. First the rubber mouthpiece, which gives the intensely excited player something to clench his teeth on, and thereby prevent the breaking of the same by some sudden shock, was invented. Then the nose mask was designed by some one to protect a nasal bone already fractured from further injury. Now it is to come into general use as a preventive of first injury. Then came the padded guards for the ears, which seemed to suffer a good deal in the rushes. But previous to this shin protectors made of canvas and whalebone had been added to the quilted canvas knickerbockers (now adopted by base-ball tossers) and the tightly-laced canvas jacket. For the protection of the abdomen an ingenious arrangement of wire, cotton and chamois-skin was produced to fill a long-felt want and a ready sale was found for elastic caps and supporters for shoulders, elbows, forearms, knee-caps, ankles and wrists. An aspiring athlete clad in all of these extraneous adjuncts to the foot-ball player's outfit would be safe from injury by anything short of a railroad collision. The nose-masks have been worn more numerous each season. The elaborate head-gear will be greatly in evidence during this season. It is made of light watchspring steel, leather straps with lamb's wool facings and vulcanized rubber.

A wide band of leather, with the lambskin next to the flesh, passes across the forehead to the rear of the head.

A center strap, similarly constructed, passes back over the head. From the encircling band are wide padded straps, which encompass the ears in horseshoe shape and extend well forward to the cheeks. The rubber nose-mask, a stiff affair extending over the mouth and to the chin-line, is attached to the forehead strap and the cheek pieces. Four little slots in its widest part permit breathing. The whole harness is held securely in place by elastic bands under the chin and at the back of the head and neck by elastic bands and buckles. A team equipped with these unbeautiful arrangements might easily be mistaken for a crew of submarine divers or for a band of gnomes escaped from a Christmas pantomime. The eyes peer solemnly through the lamb's wool goggles, and a mere patch of the cheeks is presented to view. Yet it is questionable whether this harness in its very construction is not after all a temptation for a good, safe grasp by an adversary, with the subsequent churning of the head of the wearer until the surrounding turf will look as if pigs had been rooting there for potatoes. The gearing looks odd just now, but so did base-ball catchers' masks and body shields when first introduced. The pioneers were unmercifully guyed. To-day a cautious club manager will not permit his players to dispense with the approved safeguards.

In a Room Turning Somersaults

A PARISIAN AMUSEMENT.....KANSAS CITY STAR

The most decided novelty introduced in the world of amusement is perhaps the "swinging room." This is an American invention, adopted and improved according to the French idea. Some of the papers in Paris refer to it as "an instrument of torture rather than of amusement." It matters little what it is; it has such a decided "go" to it that it takes your breath away and makes your hair stand on end from fright in the bargain. After you have bought your ticket to this entertainment you are ushered into a very handsomely furnished room with a fine chandelier hanging from the ceiling. In the middle of the room runs a stout iron bar from wall to wall. To this bar is attached a large swing seating about a dozen people. You take your seat and the swing is set in motion. At first it moves rather slowly, not different from any other swing; but this does not last long. The swing soon begins to go faster and faster till it completely turns upside down. You can see the whole room, walls, furniture and all fly around at a terrific speed.

You are first seized with amazement and then fright, clutching frantically to your seat and wondering when you will be flung out against the ceiling or where you will land. You have not time to reason or to think. Everything is whirling around until your head fairly swims. Suddenly this remarkable swing stops and you step off—on the ceiling close to the chandelier, which, instead of being suspended, sticks straight up into the air. The mystery is explained by a polite attendant, who tells you that it is not the swing that has been going round, but the room itself. All the furniture, pictures, etc., are securely fastened to prevent them from flying about while the room turns its somersaults. The explanation sounds reasonable enough, but you go away in a doubtful frame of mind, feeling that you would like to bet any amount that the swing, with you in it, turned bottom side up, but why you didn't fall out—that's what puzzles your still whirling brain.

NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

A Winter Dream.....Samuel Minturn Peck.....Boston Transcript

When the bare, brown beeches writhe and wail,
Wrenched by the north wind's grasp;
When the willow trees wax stiff and pale
In the chill of his crystal clasp,
And the long night hastes with its desolate dark
O'er the wind-worn grasses gray and stark;
And each cold star cuts the wintry sky
Like the point of a poignard drawn on high;
I list to the back-log's smouldering crack
And memory softly strays
On the dead year's track,
And my thoughts flit back
To dream of the summer days.

Oh, I know a brook 'neath the green bay trees
Where the lilies rise and sink
When the cows come down through the cypress knees
With their clanking bells to drink.
I would I could scent the lily buds now
That float on the stream 'neath the rich bay bough;
I would I could hear the cowbells clang,
Straying up the lane where the blackberries hang;
I can close my eyes and almost view
Each mellow bell that sways!
And the luscious hue
Of the blackberries, too,
As I dream of the summer days.

I long to lie on my back in the grass,
Bliss-crowned in every sense;
I long for a breath of the sassafras
That fringes the zigzag fence,
Or to see the swift-winged hawk soar by,
With a half-formed wish in my heart to fly;
Or to sit in the shade where the pine boughs swing
And list to the song that the redbirds sing—
Oh, these are the thoughts that come and come
In fancy's tangled maze,
With the log-cock's drum
And the wild bees' hum,
As I dream of the summer days.

The Derelict..... John James Meehan.....Pittsburg Bulletin

I am the Hakon Jarl. The waters play
Around my battered hull; and underneath
The sharks glide fishing. From the frozen north
The icebergs gather in a spectral fleet,
Shining in lakes of sea beneath the moon.
Drifting! drifting! Unto the misty port
Where neither signal gun nor flashing wire
Sends back arrival to the anxious hearts
That wander on the highlands and the shore.
So shall ye drift, oh great, loud-clanging ships,
That pass me by, so haughty and so cold,
A mockery of death, a menace yet
To those that live and swim upon the sea.
And drifting ye shall follow all that were,
As all that are shall follow in their turn,
Until a lighthouse rises in the night,
From that dim port men call Oblivion.

To "Prowl," My Cat..... C. K. B.....London Spectator

You are life's true philosopher.
An epicure of air and sun,
An egoist in sable fur,
To whom all moralists are one.
You hold your race traditions fast—
While others toil, you simply live,
And based upon a staple past,
Remain a sound conservative!

You see the beauty of the world
Through eyes of unalloyed content,
And, in my study chair upcurled,
Move me to pensive wonderment!

I wish I knew your trick of thought,
The perfect balance of your ways.
They seem an inspiration caught
From other laws in older days.

Your padded footsteps prowl my room
Half in delight and half disdain;
You like this air of studious gloom
When streets without are cold with rain!

Some day, alas! you'll come to die,
And I shall lose a constant friend;
You'll take your last look at the sky,
And be a puzzle to the end!

The Drum Demon.....Francis Zura Stone.....Youth's Companion

It was a little drummer boy,
Who fell asleep beside his drum,
A painted parchment-covered toy,
Whose hollow voice was seldom dumb;
And in his dream the urchin saw
Long lines of soldiers in review
Defile before the emperor,
While trumpets blared and colors flew.

There's a Demon, and he dwelleth in the drum;
See the volunteers as down the street they come.
Proudly the procession marches,
Under bunting, under arches,
To the rattle, rattle, rattle,
Like a volley belched in battle,
And he saith:
I am Cain come again; on my forehead is the stain:
Come,
Come,
Come, come, come—
Unto Death.

The drummer boy awoke, and lo!
The camp-fire died below the stars,
The sentinel paced to and fro,
The river murmured o'er its bars;
A spectral sword of steely gray
Dawn cut the sombre skirts of Night,
And silent mists from where they lay
Stole ghost-like from the morning light.

There's a Demon, and he sleeps within the drum;
He awakens when the pallid dawn is come,
When the long reverberations
Summon sentries from their stations;
Soldiers to their arms are bounding
While the reveillé is sounding,
And he saith:
I am Cain come again; on my forehead is the stain:
Come,
Come,
Come, come, come—
Unto Death.

It was the drummer boy that beat
The charge that stayed the foes advance,
As headlong through the trampled wheat
They broke before the rush of France;
And louder yet, in grimy hands,
The leaping drumstick rose and fell.
Above the din of hoarse commands,
The rifle's crack, the Uhlan's yell.

There's a Demon, and he lurks within the drum,
To awaken when the bullets hiss and hum;
When the mitrailleuse it grumbles
With a roar that rolls and rumbles,
When the standards dip and flutter,
And the stricken gasp and stutter,
Then he saith:
I am Cain come again; on my forehead is the stain;
Come,
Come,
Come, come, come—
Unto Death.

It was the regiment that broke
Before the squadrons' mighty shock
And scattered, shattered in the smoke,
As sea spray scatters from a rock;
Then, while the drummer, in despair,
To madness made the drumsticks bound,
They formed the triple-fronted square,
And dying, dying, held their ground.

There's a Demon, and he dwelleth in a drum;
When the hoarsely cursing, sweating squares succumb
Through the smoke that blinds and stifles,
Palpitant to smutty rifles,
With hell raging in the valley
Where the broken columns rally,

Then he saith:
I am Cain come again; on my forehead is the stain:
Come,
Come,
Come, come, come—
Unto Death.

It was the drummer boy that lay
With peaceful face upon the field,
Just where, before they won the day,
The German squadrons broke and wheeled;
And still, as if with sullen hate
They sought to break that last repose,
With muffled thunder, stern as fate,
The victor's distant drumbeat rose.

There's a Demon, and he sleeps within a drum;
Hear his heart-throb when the battle's voice is dumb!
With trailed arms the victors follow,
Silent, to the grave's low hollow,
Their commander; moonrise darkly
Shows the corpses lying starkly,
And he saith:

It is vain, ye are lain where no cheers shall wake again:
Come,
Come,
Come, come, come—
I am Death.

The Devil's Auction.....Barry Pain.....London World

Now, gentlemen, your offers. This maiden sings and dances;
She's beautiful, and innocent, and lively as the day.
You bid a fortune? Thank you, sir. I'm waiting for advances;
And you a life's devotion? Here, take that boy away!
A title? Come, that's better. Now it's going, going, going—
She is but seventeen, sirs, and lovely as you see—
Gone! Madame, you're the property, you will be pleased at knowing,
Of a genial old roué of the age of sixty-three.
Now, here's a nice cold chicken and a bottle from the ice, sirs—
Ah, you dramatic critics, aren't you hungry? Won't you bid?
Won't some one offer me his soul—a very moderate price, sirs?
You sold your soul last week, sir? Yes—dear me—of course you did!
Here's a ticket for a prize-fight. The magistrate's the winner,
After some sharp contention—the bidding's getting bold.
Here's a poet. What, no offers? Won't some one bid a dinner?
Take the brute away and drown him; he never will be sold.
And lastly I would offer here an overdose of chloral.
That boy again? Bids two-pence? Why don't you turn him out?
I may mention that the notion that suicide's immoral
Is an antiquated fallacy—it's utterly played out.
We cannot think of two-pence; now, I'm waiting for advances—
There's not a death more painless, and I'll guarantee it true—
Oh! Here's a better offer from the maid who sings and dances.
Thank you, maiden—I'd a fancy I should sell this lot to you.

The Banjo Player.A. S. Ethridge.....Atlanta Constitution

Swart and dusky and simple-souled,
He stands in the starry dark;
The heavens are silent, the earth is cold,
He knoweth it not,
He careth naught,
In his strings are his warmth and his friendship—hark!
From the stilly depths, a low refrain,
"A-hoo-dah, a-hoo-dah!"
And echoes wake in the wide, still plain,
"A-hoo, ah-hoo!"
'Tis the banjo player a-comin', a-comin',
The banjo player a-comin'.
Tawny is he and brave of build,
Wild son of Africa's wild;
But he touches the strings and lo! are filled
The shadows with wings
And soft whisperings.

And I weep at the thought of a yellow-haired child,
I sigh for the days that are past; but he
"A-hoo-dah, a-hoo-dah!"
He sings from a heart, as a wild bird, free,
"A-hoo, a-hoo!"
'Tis the banjo player a-comin', a-comin',
The banjo player a-comin'.
Oh, his clothes may beg, his table fast,
But he stands in the starry deeps,
Of hunger unknown, of cold unoppressed,
Unheeded of sorrow,
Uncareful of morrow,
His life in the strings his eager hand sweeps;
He smiles and sings in the wide, deep space
"A-hoo-dah, a-hoo-dah!"
He sings his soul full of wide, deep peace,
"A-hoo, ah-hoo!"
'Tis the banjo player a-comin', a-comin',
The banjo player a-comin'.

LIBRARY TABLE: GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

Essays:—

Abandoning an Adopted Farm, by Kate Sanborn (Appleton), is a companion to the same author's *Adopting an Abandoned Farm*, and is a sort of an appendix to it. In it she speaks pathetically of the drudgery women have to perform upon the farm, their scant fare, and generally unhappy condition. She lays it down as a truth "that it is the city folks who enjoy all the farm luxuries, and the middlemen get the profits that should go to the farmer."

Five Thousand Words Often Misspelled, by W. H. P. Phyffe (Putnam), is in line with the author's *Seven Thousand Words Often Mispronounced*. Besides the five thousand words, which are given, other thousands are added in the interest of spelling reform, and as amended and recommended by the Philological Societies of London and America. This amended spelling is governed by ten simple rules, which are given in full, and are well worthy of study.

Talk at a Country House, by Sir Edward Strachey (Houghton & Mifflin Co.) is in reality a series of essays upon literary and political questions couched in the form of dialogues between a country squire, the author, and others. *Persian Poetry*, *The Right and Wrong of Politics*, *Love and Marriage*, *Tennyson and Maurice*, *The True and the False Camelot*, *Arrowheaded Inscriptions* are among the subjects of the chapters. The style is discursive and notable for its use of apt quotations.

Harvard College by An Oxonian, by George Birbeck Hill (Macmillan), is written by an English scholar whose opportunities for study of the subject while visiting Harvard were manifestly of the best. During a stay of two months at the American college he was apparently initiated into the innermost heart of college life, and writes interestingly and intelligently of graduates and undergraduates, of class-room and campus. The comparison between the older universities of England and our own are very marked, and are treated without bias by the author.

My First Book, edited by Jerome K. Jerome (Lippincott), contains the varied experiences of not less than twenty-two authors, chiefly writers of fiction. Besant, Payne, Clark Russell, Hall Caine, Conan Doyle, Rider Haggard, R. L. Stevenson, and so on, are all autobiographically represented. The task has apparently been an easy one, though it is difficult to see how such a series of experiences could have been written with less of objectionable egotism. The volume is quite profusely illustrated with portraits and with glimpses into the private life and surroundings of the various authors.

Character Studies, by the author of *Salad for the Solitary*, etc. (Whittaker), is a collection of reminiscences of Irving, Bryant, Longfellow, Edward Irving, Anna Jameson, and Joseph G. Cogswell, written by Frederick Saunders, the veteran librarian of the Astor Library. The essays do not aim to give a thorough portraiture of the individuals spoken of, but side-lights upon their character from the point of view of their intellectual culture and moral excellences.

Pushing to the Front, by Orson S. Marden (Houghton, Mifflin), is an examination into the careers of

Napoleon, Franklin, Bismarck, Adams, Greeley, Darwin, Grant, Gladstone, and a dozen more great men. The book is designed especially for boys, the author hoping to instill ambitions of mind and heart into the young from the examples of those who have achieved success under difficulties. He aims to show that he who scatters his efforts loses his energy; that character is success, and that money is contemptible beside innate moral worth.

Domestic Manners of the Americans, by Mrs. Trollope (Dodd, Mead), first printed in 1832, is brought out in a new and handsome edition. As the forerunner of an endless file of English criticisms about America, the outspoken judgments of Mrs. Trollope are still interesting reading. Mrs. Trollope wrote as a resident, and her book made an even greater impression in its day than did Dickens' *American Notes*. She was unable to appreciate her rough surroundings while a resident in this country, and seemed to write of America in its struggle after the refinements of Europe with some little spleen, but fortunately not with the ignorance of so many of those who have followed her.

The Power of the Will, by H. R. Sharman (Roberts Bros.), deals with the will from a practical rather than a philosophical point of view. The author believes by a proper cultivation of will power only can the full development of a man's best abilities be brought out. Originally addressed to bodies of working-men, these short essays are couched in simple language and designed to help all who are struggling to be successful.

The World Beautiful, by Lilian Whiting (Roberts Bros.), instills the duty of happiness as the first factor in making life beautiful. It is a plea for those relationships with others which create bonds of sympathy, and for the cultivation of those arts which shall make people happy and contented. The volume is filled with excellent moral maxims.

A Shelf of Old Books, by Mrs. James T. Fields (Scribner), appeared, partly, if not wholly, some time ago in one of the magazines. The volume is composed of monographs upon Leigh Hunt, Edinburgh, and a third chapter called *From Milton to Thackeray*. It comprises therein a vast amount of pleasant gossip about English authors from the days of Shakespeare onward. Numerous interesting portraits of Hunt, Keats, Shelley, Barry Cornwall and others illumine the pages. All these subjects give occasion for a host of literary recollections which captivate the reader.

Musicians and Music Lovers, by William F. Apthorp (Scribner), contains essays upon Bach, Meyerbeer, Offenbach, John S. Dwight, *Some Thoughts on Musical Criticism*, and a final chapter on *Music and Science*. Several of the essays were delivered before the Lowell Institute in Boston, and others have been contributed to different magazines and reviews. The writer argues that through hearing we can arouse all the nobler faculties to action, and that music is as a consequence one of our best sources of inspiration.

More Memories, by Dean Hole (Macmillan), is a second series of the author's reflections and reminiscences, made up chiefly of the lectures delivered by him in America. They treat of English subjects from

the distance of this continent, and cover an endless range of subjects. Among other matters of interest may be noted his liberal spirit in advocating the opening of museums on Sundays. In discoursing upon preaching, he makes the point that brevity is the soul of good sermons. He also speaks of the folly and vulgarity of those who, when poor, deny themselves ordinary comforts in order that they may send their sons to an expensive college; and he says of oratory that the definition which describes eloquence as an "infinite capacity for taking pains" is a just and true one. The Dean is best when discoursing of rural beauties and of life. His cheerful appreciation of the latter and his geniality are qualities which pervade the book and make it palatable at all times.

The Odes of Horace. Translated into English by W. E. Gladstone (Scribner). The Latin lyrists are apt to lose much of their sweetness in any translation into English verse, and no translator has as yet satisfactorily given us the Horatian odes. In Mr. Gladstone's volume the objects of the translator are summed up in his own words. "There is," he maintains, "in my view, one special necessity of translation from Horace, which has, so far as I know, heretofore received in many quarters what seems to me a very inadequate share of attention; that is to say, the necessity of compression. So far as I am aware, Milton in earlier days, and Conington in our own, are conspicuous exceptions, but are almost the only exceptions, to this observation. And without compression, in my opinion, a translation from Horace, whatever its other merits may be, ceases to be Horatian—ceases, that is, to represent the original."

Biography and History:—

Memoirs of the Duchesse de Gontaut, translated from the French by J. W. Davis (Dodd, Mead), comprises the personal reminiscences of the Gouvernante to the Children of France, during the Restoration, from 1773 to 1836. These were written in 1853, when the duchess was eighty years of age; but the recollections are vivid, and, like so many memoirs of this stirring epoch, make most romantic reading. In the by-play is an interesting episode of her encounter while the duchess was in disguise in Paris with Fulton, who made her an offer of marriage. She tells of the revolution of 1830 with great animation, having watched Paris as it burned from the windows of St. Cloud.

Life and Genius of Tintoretto, by Frank Preston Stearns (Putnam), is a careful examination of the work of a painter whose genius has been generally recognized, but about whom little has been written. Ridolfi's Life of Tintoretto has not been translated into English, and with the exception of side-lights thrown on the great painter by Ruskin, there is little appreciative literature about him. The cult of the earlier masters has somewhat overshadowed him too. Yet his grandeur and robust strength, and the brilliancy of his coloring rank him by the side of Titian. His life was a long and romantic one. As it closes the picture of the aged artist painting his famous Paradise, the largest picture ever painted by the hand of man, is full of impressiveness.

England in the Nineteenth Century, by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer (McClurg), covers the period from 1822 onward to the Jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1887. This period includes the stirring times of the Reform bill, the reign of George IV., the accession of Queen Victoria, the Indian mutiny, and the premierships of

Beaconsfield and Gladstone. Mrs. Latimer's father, Admiral Wormeley, was one of four American-born English admirals who rose from the ranks, and served throughout the earlier years of this century. This gave Miss Latimer opportunities of personal observation, which have been fully incorporated into her book.

The Winning of the West, by Theodore Roosevelt, Vol. III. (Putnam), follows two earlier volumes covering the period from 1769 to 1783. In this volume the founding of the commonwealths beyond the Allegheny Mountains, the difficulties of settlement, the wars with the Indians, and the tasks of the nation-builders and matters in general are written about with evident pains and care, yet in a graceful narrative style, which makes the volume a worthy follower of numerous books upon the West which the author has before published.

George William Curtis, by Edward Carey (Houghton, Mifflin), is the latest of the Men of Letters series edited by Charles Dudley Warner. It is an appreciative study of the influences that guided him throughout his life, forming his gentle character in early years moulding the strong political enthusiasms that developed so strongly in later times, and making him a well-rounded man of the world and a genial writer and orator, whose work has left a strong impress upon our literature. His part in the Brook Farm experiment is interesting, though his character seems to have been little affected by the communistic and reform movement. He emerged from it to be a social aristocrat, and remained such to his dying day.

The Life of Charles Loring Brace, edited by his daughter (Scribner), is a collection of the friendly letters of the philanthropist who, as organizer of the Children's Aid Society in New York, was for many years one of its very prominent citizens. These letters contain the substance of Dr. Brace's life, which was one filled with devotion to educational, industrial and philanthropic work.

Three Score and Ten Years, by W. J. Linton (Scribner), embodies the recollections of the noted engraver and advocate of liberality through the greater part of this century. The list of distinguished persons with whom he came in contact was an endless one, brought about by his zeal in behalf of notable movements as well as by his personal character, which endeared him to many. In 1866 he came to America, and spent his declining years on this side of the Atlantic, working for some of our illustrated journals. In England he saw the birth of Punch, of the Illustrated London News, with which he was connected, and of an endless number of transitory publications, about all of which he seems to have preserved some entertaining recollection.

Medieval Europe, by Ephraim Emerton (Ginn), is a manual designed for the use of schools, and covers the history of Continental Europe from 814 to the year 1300. It is clear, concise, and admirably arranged.

Letters of Emily Dickinson, edited by Mabel Loomis Todd (Roberts), contains practically all of the prose work of the poet. She was peculiarly shrinking in her nature, and in later years seems to have been abnormally so. Her letters present, therefore, what little the public may be permitted to know of her private life, as it was written down in the epistles to her intimate friends. Her love of nature, which is so strong in her poetical work, is also reflected in her letters, as well as her distrust of society and the shams that hedge it in.

BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

In a recent lecture delivered at Columbia College, William Dean Howells was quoted as placing Ambrose Bierce among the first six writers of America.

Charley's Aunt has just been translated into Greek by M. Rhangabe, the Greek Ambassador at Berlin, and will be played in Athens this winter.

In one month 25,000 copies of Hall Caine's *The Manxman* have been sold in England—a sale unequaled by any novel since *Lothair*.

The English translation of the German Kaiser's Song to Aegir was made by Professor Max Müller, probably the most competent scholar in all England to make it. This was done at the Emperor's request.

George H. Richmond & Co. have in press and will soon issue a series of satirical essays and humorous sketches relating to modern fiction, under the title of *The Literary Shop*. They are from the pen of James L. Ford, well known as the author of *Hypnotic Tales*.

Ian Maclaren, the author of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, a reading from which is given in this number, is the minister of a wealthy Presbyterian church in Liverpool. He is in real life the Rev. John Maclaren Watson, and is an imposing looking man of forty-four.

"I wish," says the Onlooker, in *Town Topics*, "some one would interpret the covers of the Christmas periodicals for me. The design of *Harper's Magazine* seems to show a Pagan inclination with Christian corrections, *Scribner's* exhibits a neat patch of red kitchen oilcloth with a yellow hole in the centre, and the *Bazar* has a Chinese girl with incandescent hair contemplating an area of colored sausages projected upon an inflamed grove of Noah's Ark trees. I suppose there is some meaning; I wonder what it is."

The late Professor Von Helmholtz, it is said, left material among his papers for a work on mathematical physics. It will be edited and published by Professor Arthur König.

By actual count, the *Standard Dictionary* contains, exclusive of the Appendix, 301,865 vocabulary words and phrases, and the Appendix of Proper Names, Foreign Phrases, etc., contains 47,468 entries, making the total vocabulary of the Dictionary 349,333—this after great care has been exercised to exclude all useless words. The immense increase of the vocabulary of the English language appears from the fact that the vocabulary of Webster's *International Dictionary* is 125,000 and the *Century Dictionary* 225,000.

Oliver Wendell Holmes received \$500—the highest price he ever touched for a single poem—for his verses eulogizing Garfield.

Goring Thomas' cantata, *The Swan and the Skylark*, which has just been brought out at Birmingham, has a strangely-constructed libretto. It consists of a poem by Mrs. Hemans, to which have been added a stanza of Keats, a stanza of Shelley, and four stanzas by Mr. Julian Sturgis.

W. H. Morton has prepared the most compact, clear, and succinct account of *Corea: The Hermit Nation* that has yet appeared. It has met with widespread

commendation throughout the country. It is published for gratuitous distribution by the American Book Company of New York.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's son, Arnold, is the clever son of a clever mother. He has won a scholarship which gives him \$300 a year during his university career.

Professor Ramsey, the famous Scotch lecturer on *The Acts of the Apostles*, holds a gold medal presented to him by the Pope, in recognition of his services to religion and his literary labors.

The *Metaphysical Magazine*, edited by J. Emery McLean and issued by the Metaphysical Pub. Co., of 503 Fifth Avenue, has just made its initial appearance. It is ably edited, and enters a field of thought at present unoccupied by periodical literature. The first number presents articles by the Countess Norraikow, Prof. Elliot Coues, Alexander Wilder, M.D.; Alice D. Le Plongeon, Henry Wood, and other writers on philosophical and scientific subjects. According to the editor's prospectus, the new venture is "dedicated to the thinking world, unbiased by prejudice, undaunted by the tenacity of error and tradition, and free from the dominance of preconceived opinion."

Miss Abigail Dodge, "Gail Hamilton," has written the English Committee to protect American negroes from lynch law; that she will give \$500 for the production of evidence, certified by the Lord Chief Justice of England and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, as proof beyond reasonable doubt that Mrs. Maybrick is guilty either of murder or of attempt to murder her husband by poisoning with arsenic. Miss Dodge says she does this to show her sympathy with the suppression of illegal outrages "in both countries."

To Dr. Roux has just been awarded the Audriffet prize of 12,000 francs by the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences for his discovery of a remedy for diphtheria.

A recent addition to military literature is *Fables from Field and Staff*, by Lieut. James A. Frye, of Boston. The book is the second of a series of stories of life among the citizen soldiery, and the seven short stories, or enclosures, as the author calls them, are brim full of pathos and humor.

Dr. E. E. Hale remarked the other day that the five distinctly American poets—Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell and Holmes—were all Unitarians. He said that Holmes was more than an ordinary Unitarian, and that one of his novels had done much to put an extinguisher on Calvinism.

Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, whose reputation is more a consequence of curiosity than of merit, is preparing to emulate Mr. Du Maurier. He has written a *Story of Venus and Tannhäuser*, and has provided twenty full-page illustrations. Mr. Beardsley is to art at present what Bunthorne is to poetry. Whether he is to be more and worthier in the future there is nothing to show.

General Booth, of the Salvation Army, reports that its publication, the *War Cry*, has an annual circulation of 52,000,000 copies, printed in forty languages.

The real name of Clifford Halifax, joint author with Mrs. L. T. Meade, of *Stories from the Diary of a Doctor*, which are being brought out in book form by Mr. George Newnes, after running through the columns of *The Strand Magazine*, is Mr. Edgar Beaumont, F.R.C.S., a doctor living at Gipsy Hill. Mr. Beaumont has collaborated with Mrs. L. T. Meade in one or two of her longer stories.

Miss Florence Marryat, the novelist, and daughter of the famous Captain Marryat, is to deliver a series of lectures in this country on *The Mistakes of Marriage*, *The New Woman*, and *Can the Dead Return?*

Will Carleton has started a new periodical, called *Every Where*. He intends to introduce some thoroughly original ideas.

There are as yet as many unpublished sermons of the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon as will require another ten years to get out.

A great many things go to show the incompetence and superficiality of those anæmic young men in London who try to give a Gallic twist to themselves, says the *New York Tribune*, but the latest revelation of all is perhaps the best. Every one knows how Mr. Oscar Wilde rose up in scorn and wrote a play in "French." The language of Shakespeare wouldn't do for his *Salome*. But it is said, and said with authority, that *Salome*, as it came from its author's pen, was unworthy of a board-school pupil, and only proved fit for publication when an obliging friend in Paris had shorn it of its errors of grammar, spelling and style!

The prize of one guinea, offered by Tit-Bits for the best definition of "Life," has been awarded for the following definition: "Life—a trial trip before the launch into eternity."

Ibsen writes very slowly and carefully, and never takes a real vacation. Every day he devotes five hours to literary work—from eight A. M. till one. It takes him about five months to write a drama, and after completing one he devotes six or seven months to mental preparation for a new one. He rewrites each play three times, it is said.

Miss Rhoda Broughton, the novelist, whose books have lost something of their early vogue, is described in an Oxford letter as "the snippy lady with the girlish figure who was drinking tea upstairs."

Dr. H. N. Van der Tunk, whose death has just been announced, is said to have been the greatest Malayan scholar of this century.

A certain poet once complained to Mr. Oscar Wilde that "There is a conspiracy of silence against my book. What would you do about it if you were I?" "Join it," was the answer.

Henry Coyle, a young Boston writer of great promise, was recently honored by a study in the *Magazine of Poetry*. Mr. Coyle's verses have been praised by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Whittier, and many others, and they find place in some of the best publications in the country.

A Boston writer, who appears to speak by the card, says that the doctor alluded to in Dr. Holmes' poem, *The Boys*, was Dr. Chandler Robbins; the judge, George T. Bigelow, of the Supreme Court; the speaker, F. B. Crowninshield; the mayor, George W. Richard-

son, of Worcester; the Member of Congress, George T. Davis, of Greenfield; the reverend, James Freeman Clarke, of Boston; the mathematician, Professor Peirce; the squire, Benjamin Curtis; the "nice youngster of excellent pith," Rev. S. F. Smith, author of *America*—all members of the Harvard class of 1829.

The short story, says the *London Speaker*, seems better fitted for descriptive purposes than the extended novel; for in the latter the temptation is to subordinate character to plot, but in the former the real plot is the exhibition of the character.

"Rudyard Kipling is, almost beyond dispute, the characteristic voice of the decade." High praise this, and from the *Spectator*! Yet there was a time, says the *London Literary World*, not so far back, when Mr. Kipling could hardly find a market for his stories. We have heard that the little shilling books which were his first venture here, and contained some of his finest work, brought him not a farthing, the copyright having been parted with to an Indian publisher.

John Tyndall once said of the late historian and biographer, James Anthony Froude: "He damaged Carlyle and damned himself."

The eminent London firm of Smith, Elder & Co. has been publishing some notes on amusing blunders made by customers in ordering books. One person asked for a copy of the *Hawarden Horace* by the funny title of *Hard on Horace*. Another called for *The Crockit Minister*, by Stickett; and a third demanded a copy of *Sheep that Pass in the Night*.

One might infer from this bit of criticism in the *Quarterly Review*, that the critic was not an enthusiastic worshiper at the shrine of Mrs. Mannington Caffyn: "And here we must leave Iota, with her mixed metaphors, her jumble of gush and priggishness, her affectation of profundity, her jargon of inept slang, her strings of adjectives, her extraordinary additions to the English language, and her superiority to pedestrian rules of grammar." She has 'chucked her consciousness' into her readers, certainly."

With the new year, says the *London Literary World*, that very progressive firm of Geo. Newnes, Ltd., will place still another iron in the fire. Music this time will be favored in a new musical monthly to be known as *The Strand Musical Magazine*.

Thoughts on Religious Problems is a posthumous work by the late Mr. G. J. Romanes, which will shortly appear, edited by the Rev. Charles Gore.

"Can you tell me," said Mr. Frank Stockton to Mr. Douglas Sladen, "why our colored folk are so apt to be shaky in their legs." Mr. Sladen thought it was because there had been so many waiters in the family. "I shan't tell you the answer now," said Mr. Stockton; "I shall use yours."

Henrick Ibsen has discovered the thief who abstracted part of the plot of his new play, *Peter Almers*, and published it, to the author's extreme annoyance. It was a Norwegian author, who accidentally came across the pages on a printer's desk and availed himself of the opportunity of making notes from them.

Some Men Are Such Gentlemen is the peculiar title of a forthcoming novel by Dr. Arabella Kenealy, author of *Dr. Janet of Harley Street*.

BORES IN SOCIETY: A STUDY FROM MEMORIES

BY REV. S. REYNOLDS HOLE

From *More Memories: Being Thoughts about England Spoken in America.* By S. Reynolds Hole (Macmillan & Co.).

I had a friend at Oxford, who, with many good qualities, had one foolish infirmity, by no means uncommon, an idolatry of titled folks. He sent me a letter, commencing with "My dear Countess," but he had drawn his pen lightly through the words, and had written over them, "Dear Hole." I lost no time in responding with "My dear Prince Albert," copying his erasure, and substituting, in place of His Royal Highness, the salutation, "Dear Dick."

A mutual friend said to me, "That Dick is an awful bore in London. He gets himself up regardless of expense, with a new hat at one end and patent-leather shoes at the other, and thinks that he is the pink of fashion and the mould of form, and he pretends to know the occupants of every swell carriage he sees, and looks as solemn as if he were in church, and if I want to gaze into a shop-window he won't wait, but remarks scornfully, 'They'll think you've never been in London before' (as if I cared what 'they' thought), but I generally get rid of him by putting my hat at the back of my head, and assuming an expression of mental debility, addressing the policeman as 'Sir,' and asking him to show us a nice little public-house, where we can be supplied at a small outlay with tea and shrimps."

The pessimist, the dreary, doleful, stern, gloom-pampered pessimist, ever,

Like the hoarse raven on the blasted bough,
presaging grief, the man who has never heard or never heeded the inspired warning, "Fret not thyself, lest thou be moved to do evil," but has as many wrongs to redress and sorrows to bewail as there are "quills upon the fretful porcupine," is one of the most depressing of bores. He revels in disasters and gloats upon malformations. He goes in quest of disagreeable and discreditable incidents, as a pointer hunts a partridge, and when he finds he stands and points. If you have a crack in your ceiling, or a worn place on your carpet, or a pimple on your countenance, thereupon he fixes his melancholy gaze. You thought that tiny scar on your horse's knee was invisible to every eye but your own; he has hardly been in the stable two minutes before you hear him exclaim, "Been down, I see," with evident satisfaction to himself. He is so absorbed in contemplating a broken pane in your library window, that you cannot induce him to look at your books. If you admire a beautiful face, he only grunts, "Awful figure!" If you praise one of your fellow men, all you hear is "Pity he drinks!" The weather with him is always "beastly." His cook is an idiot and his butler is a thief. All statesmen are place-hunters, all parsons are hypocrites, all lawyers are knaves, all doctors are quacks. Brave men are mad, generous men are spendthrifts. Chastity is an icicle and honesty dare not cheat. The world is occupied by tyrants, rogues, and fools.

He is disappointed to find you in good health, and he regards any demonstration of cheerfulness with an expression which is ghastly, though it is meant for a smile. Like an owl, he blinks in the sunshine, and can only hoot in the dark. To evoke his interest you must

be in pain or sickness, and then he states, with unintentional veracity, that "no one would believe how grieved he is to see you so sadly changed, in such a serious condition. Your symptoms seem to be exactly identical with those of his Uncle Robert, deceased. He earnestly hopes you have a clever doctor." "Yes, Doctor Coffin." "Oh, indeed—has not much faith in Coffin since that sad mistake at the Hall."

A friend of mine was standing at the door of a shop in Northampton, when two men met on the pavement in front. One of them was deaf, and, unable to hear the voice of his companion, produced from his pocket a large case, containing an elaborate ear-trumpet, which occupied some time and care in its arrangement. Finally, one end of the ingenious machine was applied to the defective organ and the other was presented to the impatient neighbor. He put his mouth close to the aperture and then bellowed to the top of his voice, "You're breaking very fast." As for himself, when he is in the most perfect health he will never allow that he is well, and if the slightest ailment affects him it is a case of "moriturus te salutat."

Then there is the Bore who is always playing the same tune on his fiddle. I like a man to have a hobby, but I don't care for him who never gets off his back. "I'm going to stay with Bobby Wilson," a friend said to me. "You remember him at Oxford—good fellow, Bobby; very fond of him, but he has set up a beastly (opprobrious but appropriate adjective) model farm, and he goes round and round it, from morn to dewy eve, like a goldfish in a bowl. I can do it twice for Bobby's sake, though I don't know Short Horns from Long Horns, nor South Downs from North Downs, nor man-golds from turnips, nor Brahmas from Cochins; my nostrils derive no gratification from the odor, nor mine ears from the utterance, of swine; I hate those reaping-machines, which shave the ground so closely that a partridge can see you half a mile off; and yet more abominable wire-fences, in place of the beloved hedges, which we jumped over on horseback, in which the partridge aforesaid hatched her young, and from which the nimble cony fled from the terrier and the sportsman's gun; and though I am perturbed in spirit by the farm bailiff, who appeals to me as though I were one of the judges of the Royal Agricultural show, as to the relative merits of sires and bulls and rams, of animal and chemical manures, as to the culture and rotation of crops; and though I feel thoroughly ashamed of myself as I am perpetually repeating, 'O splendid, grand, first rate, Ar, magnificent,' I can go through the ordeal twice; but when I have done it on the second morning of my visit, and Bob proposes that after luncheon we should have another quiet stroll, I am constrained by awful arrears of correspondence to tear myself from the fascinating scheme. 'Robert, toi que j'aime, I affix myself to the desk in your library, as Ulysses to the mast of his ship, that I may resist the allurements of your Syren song! Dear old Bob! I wish you had a wife and children! So much affection wasted, comparatively, on those Clydesdale horses, those lovely heifers, steam-ploughs, and Berkshire pigs!'"

MAGAZINE REFERENCE FOR DECEMBER, 1894

Art and Decoration

Artists and Their Work.....Munsey's.
Church Embroideries: C. C. Clark....Art Interchange.
Famous Women Painters: R. H. Titherington..Munsey's.
John La Farge on the Art of To-Day: Jane Maxon...Art In.
Living Pictures at the Louvre: Alvan F. Sanborn....Lipp.
Modern Miniature Painting: J. Clarence Harvey..Munsey's.
On Framing Pictures: By I. D. MacDonald...Art Interch.
Relations of Photography to Art: Jas. L. Breese...Cosmop.
Some Eminent Women Painters: O. L. Hall....Peterson's.
The Christ Child in Art: Archdeacon Farrar...McClure's.
The Lazarus Collection of Fans: F. T. Robinson..Art Inter.
The Principles of Ornament: W. S. Hadaway....Art Inter.
Venetian Masters: By J. L. Smith.....Art Interchange.

Biographic and Reminiscent

A Morning with Bret Harte: Henry J. W. Dam..McClure's.
Abraham Lincoln in His Relations to Women...Cosmop.
Anthony Van Dyck: Timothy Cole.....Century.
Chief Influences on My Career: Philip Hamerton..Forum.
David A. Wells' Downfall.....Arena.
Delegate Francis Satolli: John Talbot Smith....Munsey's.
Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst: Harold Parker.....Munsey's.
Dr. Holmes: The Editor.....Atlantic.
Famous Californians of Other Days: J. J. Peatfield..Over'd.
Francesco Crispi: W. J. Stillman.....Century.
Froude: Prof. Goldwin Smith.....No. Amer. Rev.
George Frederick Watts, R. A.: Cosmo Monkhouse, Scrib.
Guy De Maupassant: Count L. N. Tolstoi.....Arena.
Holmes: Senator Henry Cabot Lodge.....No. Amer. Rev.
Levi P. Morton: John Ford.....Munsey's.
Living Pictures on Broadway: Gribayedoff..F. L. Pop. Mo.
Margherita of Savoy: Felicia B. Clark.....Cosmop.
Melba—A Queen of Song: E. Meredyth Aylward..Peterson's.
Mr. Moody: Impressions and Facts: H. Drummond..McCl.
Napoleon Bonaparte: William M. Sloane.....Century.
Napoleon Bonaparte: Second Paper: Ida M. Tarbell..McCl.
Personal Reminiscences of Walter Pater: W. Sharp..Atlantic.
Reginald Pole: Harriet W. Preston and L. Dodge..Atlantic.
Sketch of Zadoc Thompson.....Popular Science Monthly.
Some Notable Women of the Past: Esmé Stuart....Lipp.
The Poet of the People: George Holme.....Munsey's.
William Penn and Peter the Great: H. Latchford...Arena.

Dramatic and Musical

Musical Instruments at the Metropolitan Museum..Art. Inter.
Musical Instruments of the World: Isaac H. Hall...Cosmop.
Successful American Play-Makers: M. Penfield..Peterson's.
Taming of the Shrew: Edwin A. Abbey.....Harper's.
The Japanese Theatre.....Outing.
Women and Amateur Acting: Fanny A. Mathews..N. A. R.

Educational Discussion

Architecture of Schoolhouses: C. Howard Walker..Atlantic.
Studies of Childhood: James Sully: IV.....Pop. Sci. Mo.
The Need of Educated Men: David S. Jordan..Pop. Sci. Mo.
The University as a Scientific Workshop: F. Paulsen..P. S. M.

Historic and National

The Decline of the Mission Indians: J. M. Scanland..Over'd.
The House of Orleans: Thomas C. Quinn.....Munsey's.
The New Criticism of Genius: Aline Gorren.....Atlantic.
The Overthrow of the Molly Maguires: C. Moffett...McCl.
The Vigilance Committee of '56: A. B. Paul..Overland Mo.

Literary Criticism

New Story-Tellers and Doom of Realism: W. R. Thayer..Fo.
No Backward Step in Copyright.....Century.
Reading Habits of the English People: Price Collier..Forum.
Regarding Book-Plates: K. Porter Garnett..Overland Mo.
Religion of Holmes' Poems: Rev. M. J. Savage....Arena.

Miscellaneous Papers

About Children: J. Mark Baldwin.....Century.
Ghosts: Agnes Repplier.....Atlantic Monthly.
Some of America's Advertisers: Chas. A. Bates..Peterson's.
The New Criticism of Genius: Aline Gorren.....Atlantic.
The Time of the Lotus: Alfred Parsons.....Harper's.

Natural History Sketches

An Odd Neighbor: Chas. C. Abbott.....Lipp.
Prickly Plants of California: Emma S. Marshall..Overland.

The Burro: Henry Russell Wray.....Peterson's.
Wild Traits in Tame Animals: II.: Dr. L. Robinson..N. A. R.

Political Questions

"Baltimore Plan" of Currency Reform: A. B. Hepburn..Fo.
Consular Reform: Henry White....North Am. Review.
Death of the Czar and the Peace of Europe.....Forum.
How the Czar's Death Affects Europe: S. Stepniak...N. A. R.
In Jackson's Administration: Lucy L. Pleasants..Atlantic.
Is the West Discontented? Chancellor J. H. Canfield..Forum.
Municipal Reform in New York: A. Lightbourn..Peterson's.
Our Experiments in Financial Legislation..No. Am. Rev.
The American Woman in Politics: Eleonora Kinnicutt..Cent.
The Catholic School System in Rome: Mon. Satolli..N. A. R.
The Growth of Civil-Service Reform.....Century.
The Meaning of the Elections...North American Review.
The Nature of Political Authority...Pop. Science Monthly.
The Proposed Increase of Army: Adj.-Gen. Ruggles..N. A. R.
Will Polygamists Control the New Utah? G. Miller..Forum.

Religious and Philosophic

Christian Missions as Seen by a Brahman.....Forum.
Christian Missions as Seen by a Missionary.....Forum.
Shinto, the Old Religion of Japan: N. Kishimoto..P. Sci. M.
The Salvation Army: Prof. Chas. A. Briggs...N. A. Rev.
The World's Parliament of Religions: Max Muller..Arena.
What Has Science to Do with Religion: A. J. DuBois..Cent.

Scientific and Industrial

Crime from Medical Standpoint: S. Brown.....P. S. M.
Geologies and Deluges: W. T. Sollas.....Pop. Sci. Mo.
Pithecoïd Man: Prof. E. P. Evans.....Pop. Sci. Monthly.
Shall I Study Medicine? A. L. Benedict.....Lippincott's.
The Chemistry of Sleep: Henry Wurtz.....Pop. Sci. Mo.
The Geology of Natural Scenery: F. J. H. Merrill...P. S. M.
The Progress of Science.....Cosmopolitan.

Sociologic Topics

An Old-Time Sorosis: Henry Baldwin.....Atlantic.
Brigandage on Our Railroads: Hon. W. Hampton...N. A. R.
Claims of Long Descent: Hon. W. Clark...No. Am. Rev.
Economic Theory of Woman's Dress: Dr. T. Veblen..P. S. M.
May a Man Conduct His Business? C. D. Wright....For.
Preventive of Labor Troubles: L. R. Ehrlich.....Forum.
Status of Women Suffrage Agitation: Dr. M. P. Jacobi..Fo.
The Abolition of War: Prof. Thomas E. Will.....Arena.
The Ethics of Peace: Rev. H. C. Vrooman.....Arena.
The Evil of "Charity": Dr. Jane E. Robbins...Forum.
The Tramp and the Reform School: W. M. Hutt...Cent.
Wellsprings and Feeders of Immorality: B. O. Flower..Arena.
Why Our Women Marry Abroad: E. S. Martin...N. A. R.

Sport and Recreation

A Day with Pennsylvania Quail.....Outing.
An Indian Ocean Turtle Chase.....Outing.
Athletics for City Girls: Mary T. Bissell, M. D..P. Sci. M.
Evolution of the Country Club: C. W. Whitney...Harper's.
Football in the South.....Outing.
Metamorphosis of Fencing: Prof. H. Ansot.....Overland.
Professional Bicycling Abroad: A. Zimmerman..Peterson's.
Shooting Mallard on Goose Lake.....Outing.
Sledging in Norway: Charles Edwards.....Outing.
The Reign of the Bicycle.....Century.

Travel and Adventure

A Sabine Sanctuary: E. C. Vansittart...F. L. Pop. Mo.
A Woman in the Mackenzie Delta.....Outing.
An Arabian Day and Night: Poultney Bigelow..Harper's.
Ghosts of Ravenna: By Vernon Lee.....F. L. Pop. Mo.
Lenz's World Tour Awheel.....Outing.
My Tomb in Thebes: Dr. George Ebers..F. L. Pop. Mo.
Old Maryland Homes and Ways: J. W. Palmer...Century.
On Frenchman's Bay: Mrs. Burton Harrison.....Cosmo.
The Haps and Mishaps of a Florida Maroon.....Outing.
The Historic Hudson: Frederique Seger...F. L. P. Mo.
The Ancient Outlet of Lake Michigan: Prof. Davis..P. S. M.
The Old and the New in Japan: E. W. Clement..F. L. P. M.
The Show-Places of Paris, Night: R. H. Davis...Harper's.
The Tribes of the Sahara: Napoleon Ney..Cosmopolitan.
Venice: Samuel V. Cole.....Atlantic Monthly.
Venetian Vistas: Elmer Ellsworth Garnsey...Peterson's.

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George William Curtis : Edw. Cary : Am. Men of Letters Series : Houghton, Mifflin, with portrait, 16mo	1 25
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Josiah Wedgwood, F.R.S. : His Personal History : Samuel Smiles : Harper & Bros., 12mo, cloth, ornam't'l	1 50
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Life and Correspondence of William Buckland : By his daughter, Mrs. Gordon : Appleton, 8vo, buckram	3 50
Life of Sir Richard Owen : By his grandson, Rev. Richard Owen, M.A. : Appleton, 2 vols., 8vo, cloth	7 50

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Musicians and Music-Lovers : William Foster Apthorp : Charles Scribner's Sons, cloth	1 50
Pelleas and Melisande : Maurice Maeterlinck : Trans. by Erving Winslow : Crowell, 16mo, cloth, gilt top	1 00
Shylock and Others : Eight Studies by G. H. Radford : Dodd, Mead & Co., 16mo, cloth, gilt top	1 50
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The Comedy of a Midsummer Night's Dream : William Shakespeare : American Book Co., cloth	20
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The Wagner Story-Book : William Henry Frost : Charles Scribner's Sons, illustrated, cloth	1 50
When We Were Strolling Players in the East : Louise J. Miln : Scribner's, with 28 illustrations, 8vo	4 50

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Before He is Twenty : Five Phases of the Boy Question : Fleming H. Revell Co., cloth	75
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The Education of Girls in the United States : By Sara A. Burstall : Macmillan, 12mo, cloth	1 00
The Education of the Greek People : Thomas Davidson : D. Appleton & Co., cloth	1 50

Essays and Miscellanies

A Little English Gallery : Louise Imogene Guiney : Harper, with portrait, 16mo, cloth	1 00
An Imaged World : Poems in Prose : Edward Garnett : Macmillan, small 4to, linen, gilt	2 00
Joseph Addison : Selected Essays : Funk & Wagnalls Co., 12mo, cloth	75
Meditations in Motley : By Walter Blackburn Harte : Arena Publishing Co., cloth	1 25
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OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make full use of this column on all literary questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received.

111. *The Cup of Agathocles*: What is the meaning of Charles Lamb's comparison of a poor relation to the pot of Agathocles?—Poor Relation, Denver, Col.

[The reference is to Agathocles, the infamous tyrant of Syracuse, who was the son of a potter and rose to royal dignity. The pot, of course, always reminded him of his origin, and as the explanation goes was, like a poor relation, a constant thorn in the flesh.]

112. *God's Temple in the Heart*: Who said: God builds his temple in the heart, on the ruins of churches and religions?—Optimist, Bangor, Maine.

[Ralph Waldo Emerson.]

113. *Biography of Galileo*: Can you give titles of any biography of Galileo? I wish fuller particulars than are given in the cyclopædias.—Chas. Y. Brown, Portland, Ore.

[See "Martyrs of Science: Lives of Galileo, Tycho Brahe and Kepler," by Sir D. Brewster, published by Harpers; and "Private Life of Galileo, from his Correspondence and that of his Daughter," published by Macmillan.]

114. *Horatio Nelson*: In "The Great Shadow," Conan Doyle says: "He (Napoleon) had always won. * * * But it is an old story how a third of the grown folk of our country took up arms, and how our little one-eyed, one-armed man crushed their fleet." Who is meant by the "little one-eyed, one-armed man?"—L. B. P., Saginaw, Mich.

[The Detroit Free Press recently answered this question thus: Horatio Nelson, the greatest of Britain's admirals. He lost an eye in the siege of Calvi, Corsica, 1793, and afterwards in an expedition which he commanded against Teneriffe he met with the loss of his right arm.]

115. *Poems of M. B. Lamar*: I have been trying for some time to get information as to the poems of M. B. Lamar. Can you help me?—Gothic, Baltimore, Md.

["Verse Memorials," by Mirabeau B. Lamar, was published by Fetridge & Co., New York, 1857. It is out of print, but a copy could no doubt be procured.]

116. *The Pope who Admired Napoleon*: A recent number of the London Spectator says: "The Pope who characterized Napoleon as 'comedian,' and immediately after as 'tragedian,' had a fine knowledge of character; yet Napoleon was hardly more histrionic than Louis XIV. or our own Chatham." Who was the Pope, and under what circumstances was the opinion expressed?—Napoleon, Lafayette, Ind.

117. *The Little Gentleman in Black Velvet*: Who was the man so-called?—Ignorant, Dubuque, Iowa.

[It was a name applied to the mole which threw up the hillock against which Sorrel, the horse of William III. stumbled, an accident which ultimately caused the king's death. This was a favorite Jacobite toast in the reign of Queen Anne.]

118. *Sunshine after Rain*: May I kindly tax Current Literature's knowledge of poetry to the extent of informing me where I may find the poem commencing:

Cometh sunshine after rain;
After mourning, joy again;
After heavy, bitter grief
Dawneth surely sweet relief:
And my soul, who from her height
Sank to realms of woe and night,
Wingeth now to heaven her flight.

[See Joy after Sorrow, by Paul Gerhardt, in Quiet Hours, First Series, page 133. (Roberts Brothers.)]

119. *Boston's Disgrace*: In Kennedy's Life of O. W. Holmes, I came across the paragraph, "Yet upon Boston has fallen the infinitely deeper disgrace of suppressing by law the writings of the most powerful poetical genius in America." Can you give me the name of the poet referred to, and the cause of the suppression.—J. B., Philadelphia, Pa.

120. *London Punch*: When did the first number of Punch appear?—Punchinello, Bay Ridge, N. Y.

[July 17, 1841.]

121. *Sally in our Alley*: In what does the special literary quality of this poem consist?—Sally's, Bismarck, Dak.

[Palgrave, an authority on poetry, speaks of the famous ballad as "a little masterpiece in a very difficult style. Catullus himself could hardly have bettered it. In grace, tenderness, simplicity, and humor, it is worthy of the ancients; and even more so, from the completeness and unity of the pictures presented."]

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

The Ghost Speaks: In an article entitled Errors of Authors, first printed in the Globe-Democrat, and reprinted in Current Literature for October, the writer himself makes, what appears to us, an unpardonable blunder. Quoting the words of the ghost in Hamlet,

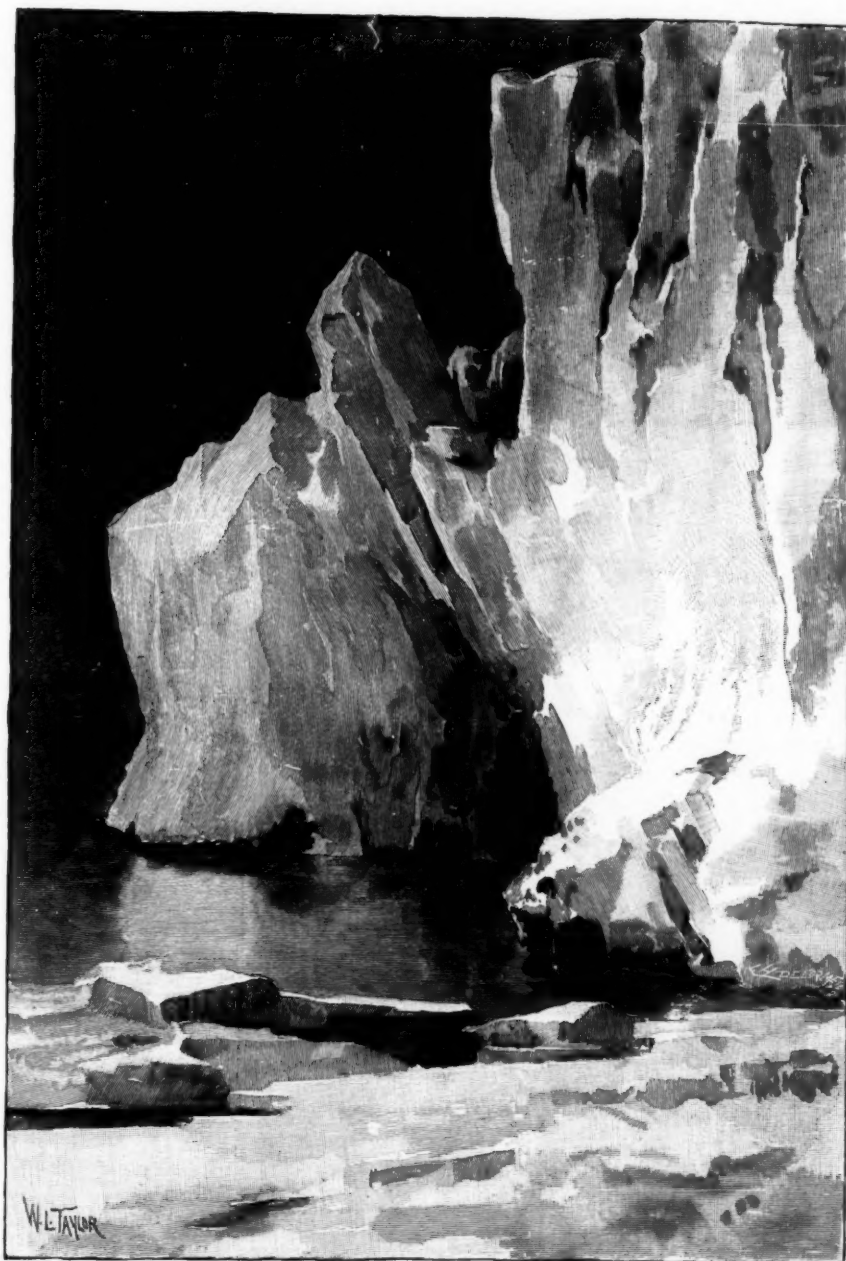
"But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house," etc.,

he declares that Shakespeare first makes the ghost assert that he is forbidden to disclose the story of the murder of the King of Denmark, and immediately after has him narrate the whole history of the crime; "for," exclaims this critic, "if the passage (the one quoted) has any meaning, it must refer to the story of the murder." Now we venture to affirm that the passage has another meaning, and one so apparent that we are surprised any reader could have been misled. Might not the secrets of any prison-house refer possibly to the secrets of that mysterious abode in the other world from which the ghost had but lately come? We have read the passage several hundred times, but we never dreamt of attaching any other meaning than this to it until we read the Errors of Authors.—Fordham Monthly.

The Gringo: The word *Gringo* is Spanish slang for Greek—*griego*, and is used in such expressions as "That is Greek to me"—"*Eso está en Gringo*." Hence came the application of the term to those who speak a foreign tongue—here, in America, as a rule, English-speaking people. The word has never been used in the sense of *green-horn*, nor as an expression of respect and admiration; on the contrary, when applied to persons, the word always implies a meaning of contempt, and some hatred—something like the *barbarian* of the Romans, or, though not quite as strong, the word *dago*, used along our Atlantic sea border.

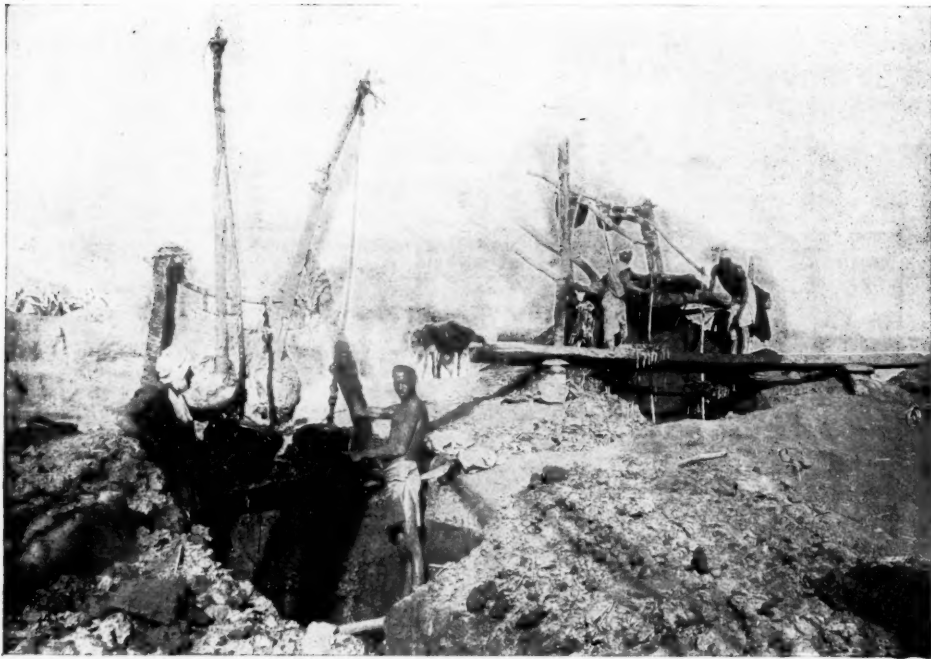
This word *dago* I do not think has been correctly interpreted. It is supposed to have its origin in the frequency of the name Diego (James) among the Spaniards. But other names are more common than Diego. I believe it more likely that the expression arose from the Spanish word *digo*. This is constantly used, especially by the lower classes, when they call out to a stranger; much as who should say in English, "hear!" or "I say!" The Spaniard cries out "*Digo!*" which, literally translated, means "I say!"—Diego, Philadelphia, Pa.

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VIEW OF THE END OF A GLACIER ABOUT TO SEPARATE

From N. S. Shafer's "Sea and Land," (Scribners)



SHADOOF



KABYLE FAMILY



STREET, ST. THOMAS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM NEW BOOKS



Frontispiece to Marguerite Bouvet's "My Lady."
(McClure.)



LADY STEWART

From "Napoleon III. and Lady Stewart." (J. S. Tait & Son.)



THE DUKE OF ALENCON

From "Henry of Navarre." (Lippincott.)

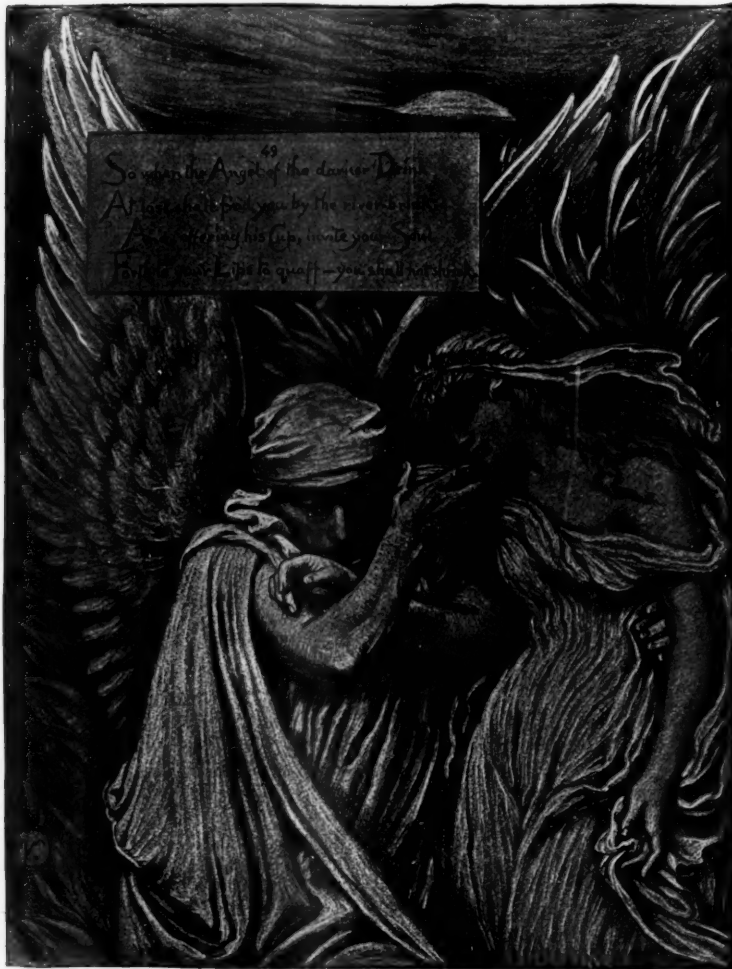


DEATH OF THE DUKE DE GUISE

From Edward T. Blair's "Henry of Navarre." (Lippincott.)

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM NEW BOOKS



THE CUP OF DEATH

From "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." (Houghton, Mifflin.)



LA VIGA CANAL

From Christian Reid's "The Land of the Sun." (Appleton.)